Sept. 23, 1974

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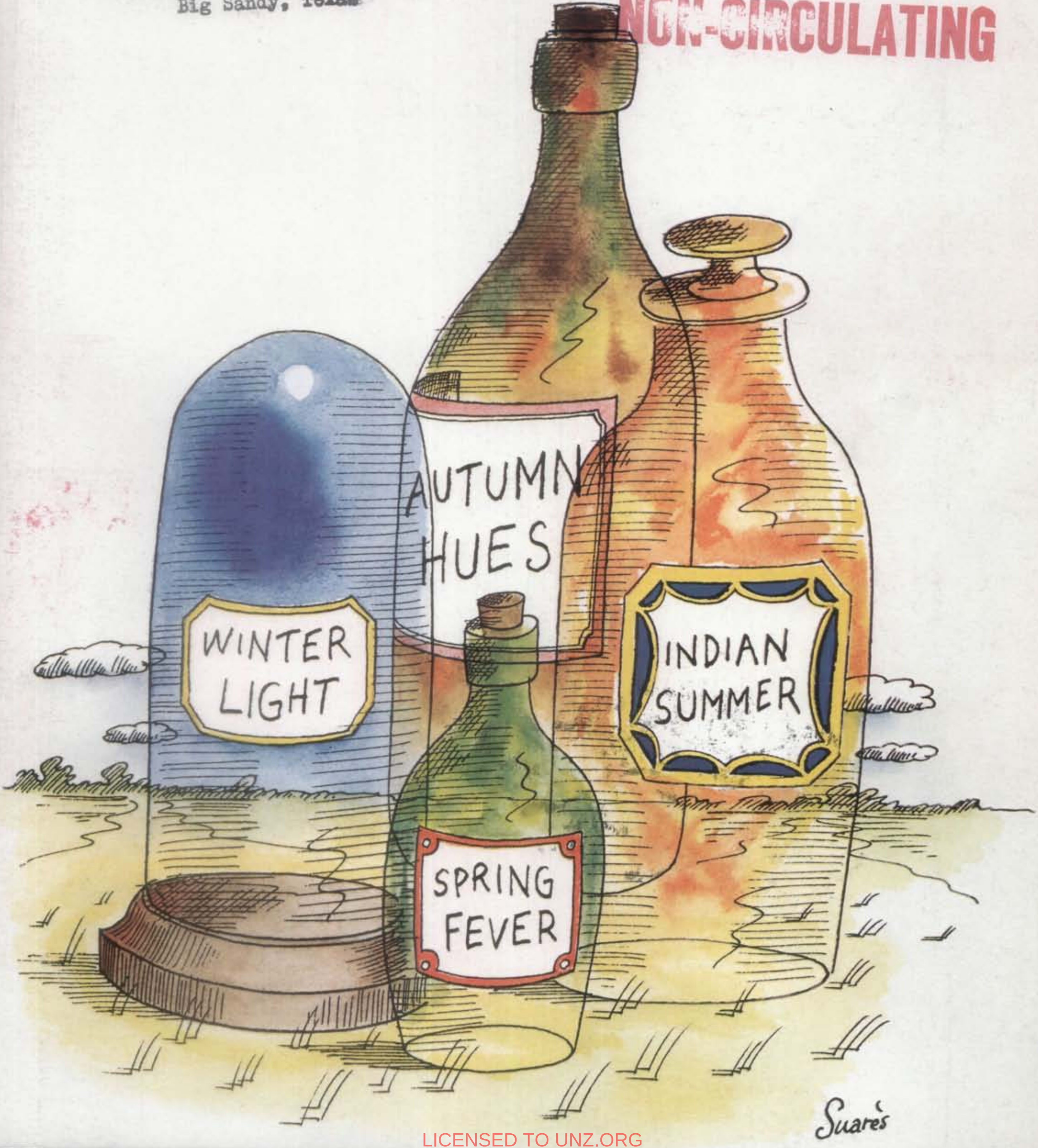
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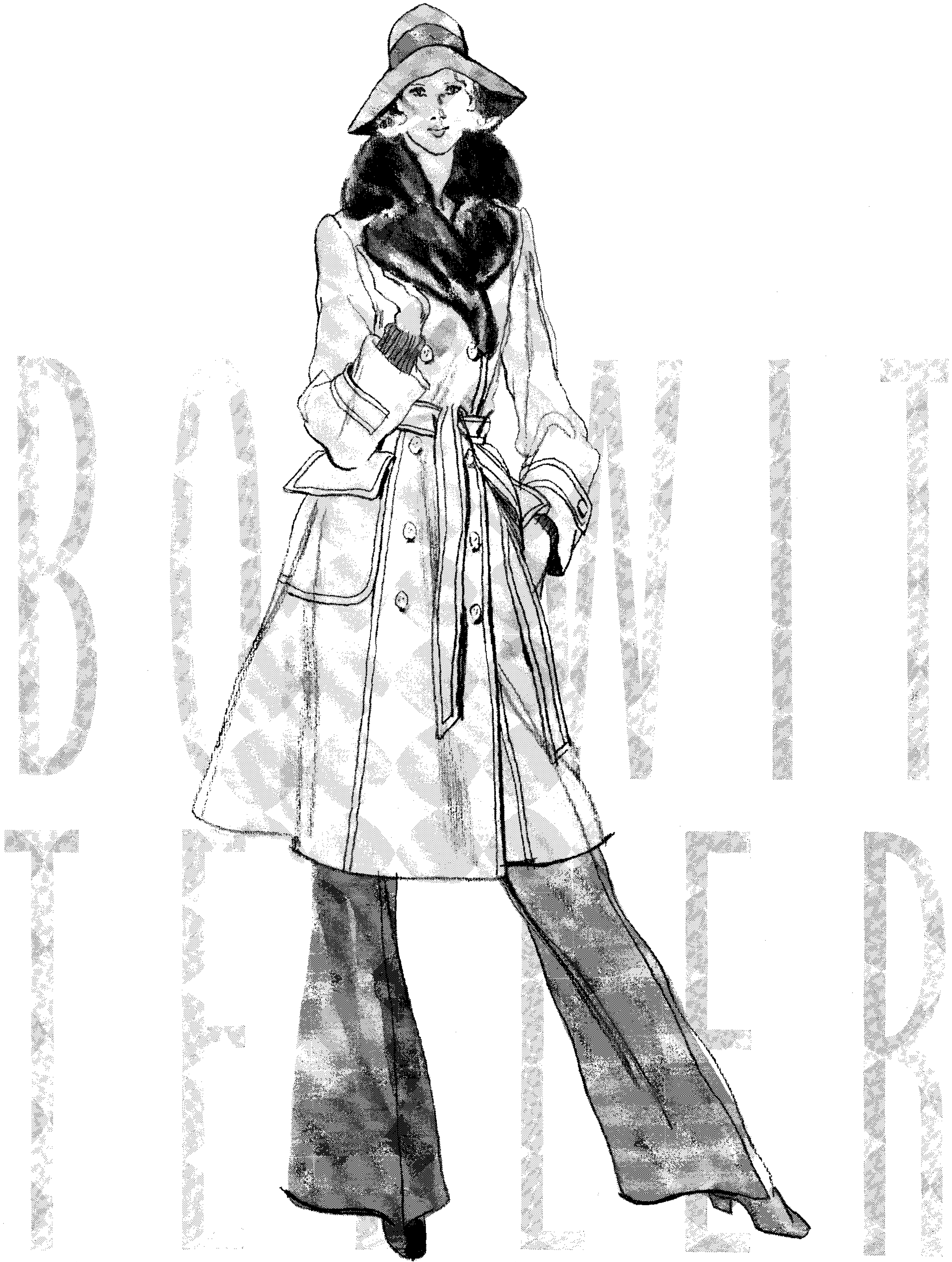

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

BAD HABITS—A pair of very funny one-acters by Terrence McNally, each of them set in a sanatorium. The performances, under the direction of Robert Drivas, couldn't be better. (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 246-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

CANDIDE—A revival, in much altered form, of the 1956 original. Leonard Bernstein's score and Richard Wilbur's lyrics sound as wonderful as ever; Hugh Wheeler's new book, making a satire into a mocking, cheerful farce, works well. Harold Prince directed the inventive, lively performance, and Eugene and Franne Lee designed the effective "environmental" setting. Be prepared to climb up ramps and steps to find a seat. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 247-7992. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

CAT ON A HOT TIN ROOF—The American Shakespeare Theatre's eight-week revival of Tennessee Williams' play. Elizabeth Ashley, Keir Dullea, Fred Gwynne, and Kate Reid head a cast directed by Michael Kahn. Previews Sunday and Monday, Sept, 22-23. Opens officially on Tuesday, Sept. 24. (ANTA Theatre, 245 W. 52nd St. 246-6270. Nightly at 7:30; opening-night curtain at 7. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

GYPSY—Angela Lansbury in a ten-week engagement of the musical taken from Gypsy Rose Lee's autobiography, with a book by Arthur Laurents, music by Jule Styne, and lyrics by Stephen Sondheim. Directed by Mr. Laurents. Previews Thursday through Saturday, Sept. 19-21. Opens officially on Monday, Sept. 23. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 245-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30; opening-night curtain at 6:45. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

LORELEI—A sadly mutilated partial reprise of the old musical, "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes." Carol Channing is the valiant star. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

THE MAGIC SHOW—A wretched musical, but the magic tricks by Doug Henning are worth going to see. (Cort, 138 W. 48th St. 489-6392. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

A MOON FOR THE MISBEGOTTEN—O'Neill's sad and comic tale of a rude farm girl and her one encounter with love has been brilliantly revived, with Colleen Dewhurst, Jason Robards, and Tom Clancy. The director is José Quintero. (Morosco, 215 W. 45th St. 246-6230. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

MY FAT FRIEND—Lynn Redgrave and George Rose are as clever as can be in a frail English comedy by Charles Laurence. Directed by Robert Moore. (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 245-3430. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

NAOMI COURT—A play by Michael Sawyer. (Stage 73, 321 E. 73rd St. 249-9214. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 2:30.)

OVER HERE!—A musical that claims to tell us what it was like on the home front during the Second World War. It is really an excuse for presenting the two surviving Andrews Sisters, who sing splendidly, and for showing off some wonderful young dancers. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

SCAPINO—Closed for four weeks; scheduled to reopen at the Ambassador Theatre, 215 W. 49th St., 265-1855, on Friday, Sept. 27.

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			18	19	20	21
22	23	24	25	26	27	28

THIEVES—A comedy about life in a high-rise apartment house. The author is Herb Gardner and the chief reason for seeing the show is Marlo Thomas. (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 246-6699. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

WHY HANNA'S SKIRT WON'T STAY DOWN—A play by Tom Eyen. (Top of the Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. YU 2-9292. Tuesdays at 7:30 and 9:45, and Wednesdays through Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3. Special performance Wednesday, Sept. 18, at 9:45.)

THE WORLD OF LENNY BRUCE—Frank Speiser in a one-man show. (Players, 115 Macdougal St. AL 4-5076. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 8 and 10:30; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

LONG RUNS—**DON'T BOTHER ME, I CAN'T COPE:** A sparkling, witty, all-black revue directed by the dynamic Vinnette Carroll and with delightful songs—music and lyrics—by Micki Grant. All the performers are good. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Wednesdays through Fridays at 7:30, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **THE FANTASTICKS:** 5,993 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **GODSPELL:** A musical adaptation of the Book of Matthew, and once a numbing prologue is over, it becomes a joyful celebration of theatre itself. Songs by Stephen Schwartz. (Promenade, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. 799-7690. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30, and Saturdays at 6 and 9. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.)... **GOOD EVENING:** Peter Cook and Dudley Moore in a series of sketches, all but one or two of which are very funny indeed. (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 246-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30 and Saturdays at 3.)... **EL GRANDE DE COCA-COLA:** A funny, brief lark, set in a tacky night club in Honduras. (Plaza 9 Theatre, Plaza Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. PL 9-3933. Tuesdays at 8; Wednesdays at 8 and 10; Thursdays at 8; Fridays and Saturdays at 8 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **GREASE:** A musical (score, book, and lyrics by Jim Jacobs and Warren Casey) that parodies, by faithful imitation, the songs and dances of the nineteen-fifties. The young cast performs capably and with spirit. (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 245-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **THE HOT L BALTIMORE:** Lanford Wilson's play about the assorted, seedy residents of a once good hotel, now shabby and threatened by bulldozers, is synthetic and sugary, but it is quite entertaining, too. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7

TABLE OF CONTENTS

THE TALK OF THE TOWN 29
"MISSING MASTERPIECES" . . . . *Dean Vietor* 34
"WILDFIRE: BERKELEY, 1923" . . . . *Hildegarde Flanner* 36
"LIKE A PRISM" (POEM) . . . . *Barry Spacks* 40
OUR FOOTLOOSE CORRESPONDENTS (SOVIET CRUISE SHIP—I) . . *Natacha Stewart* 44
"TALKING MYSELF TO SLEEP IN THE MOUNTAINS" (POEM) . . . *Gibbons Ruark* 46
THE CURRENT CINEMA . . . . *Penelope Gilliatt* 95
LETTER FROM LISBON . . . . *Jane Kramer* 101
FOOTBALL . . . . *J. W. L.* 135
THE RACE TRACK . . . . *Audax Minor* 136
"THE RESCUE" (POEM) . . . . *Frederick Morgan* 137
BOOKS . . . . *Robert Coles* 138
BRIEFLY NOTED 144

COVER: *Jean-Claude Suarès*

DRAWINGS: *Whitney Darrow, Jr., J. B. Handelsman, Frank Modell, Edward Koren, Stan Hunt, Charles E. Martin, Warren Miller, Dana Fradon, James Stevenson, Edward Frascino, Barney Tobey, Donald Reilly, Lee Lorenz, Robert Weber, Nurit Karlin, Tom Funk, Ed Arno*

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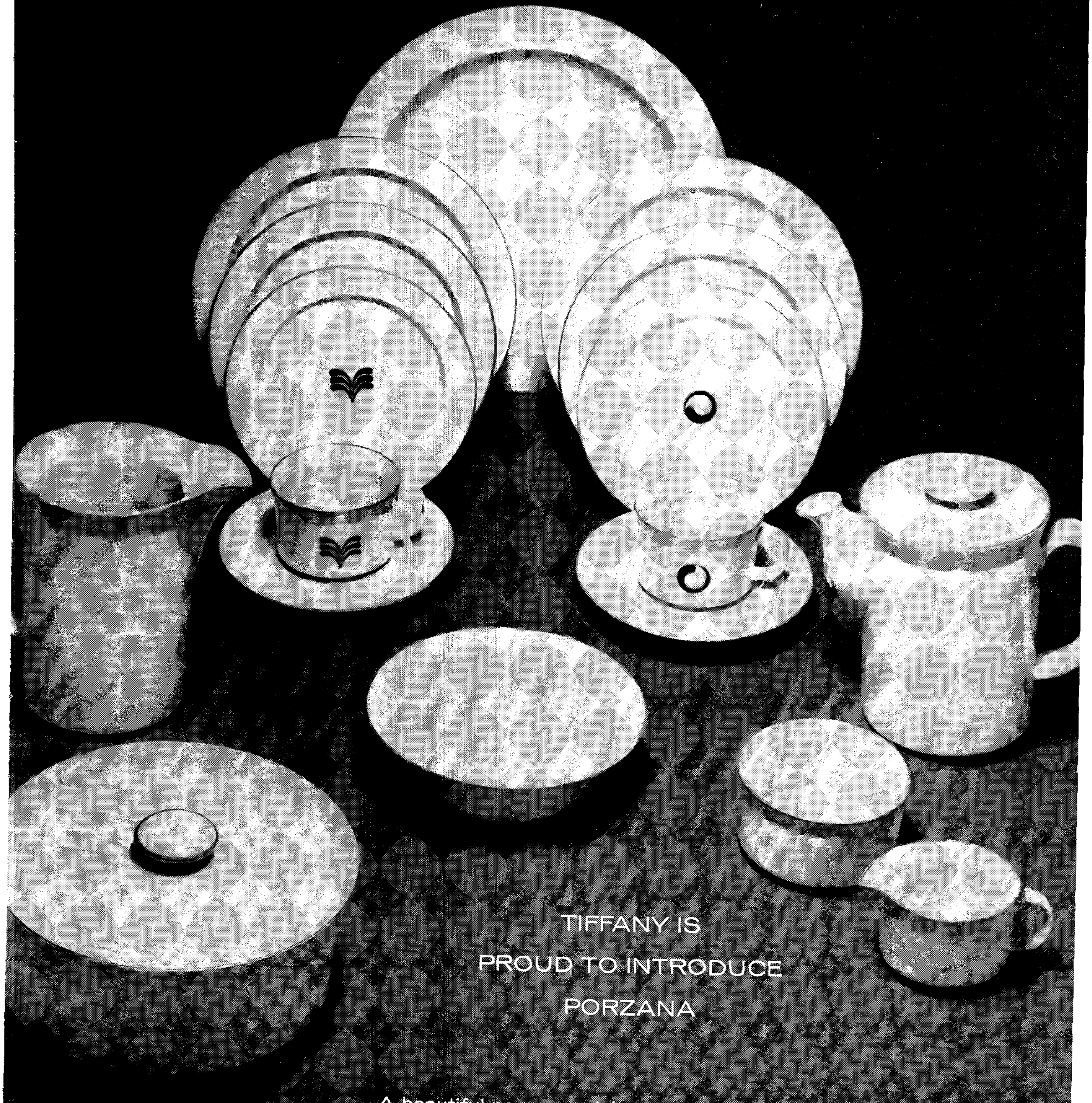

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and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **MOONCHILDREN:** Michael Weller's comedy about a group of college students living a communal life back in the sixties. Mr. Weller is a quite funny writer, and the tone of his play always seems right, but his perpetually prankish and plaintive characters, in their undergraduate limbo, become very wearing after an act or two. The production, under John Pasquin's direction, is excellent. With Jim Jansen and Renée Tadlock, among other good actors. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 6:30 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 2:30.)... **PIPPIN:** A great big show that ably conceals a tiny little musical. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 265-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **RAISIN:** Worth seeing for its appealing and gifted cast, though the book of the musical is as old-fashioned as "Uncle Tom's Cabin." (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 246-4271. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30, and Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

MISCELLANY

Ice Show—"Ice Follies." Opens Thursday, Sept. 26, and will run through Sunday, Oct. 6. (Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Wednesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 2:30 and 8; and Sundays at 1:30 and 5:30.)

BALLET

Stars of the Bolshoi Ballet—A company of a hundred and thirty, headed by Maya Plisetskaya and including a corps de ballet and a symphony orchestra, in a one-week engagement—Wednesday, Sept. 18, at 8: "Ecole de Ballet" and *divertissements* including "La Rose Malade" (New York première).... ¶ Thursday, Sept. 19, at 8: Act II of "Swan Lake," *divertissements*, and "Ecole de Ballet."... ¶ Friday, Sept. 20, at 8: Act II of "Swan Lake," *divertissements*, and "Carmen Suite."... ¶ Saturday, Sept. 21, at 2: "Ecole de Ballet" and *divertissements* including "The Dying Swan."... ¶ Saturday, Sept. 21, at 8: Act II of "Swan Lake," *divertissements*, and "Carmen Suite."... ¶ Sunday, Sept. 22, at 2: "Chopiniana" and *divertissements* including "La Rose Malade." (Metropolitan Opera House. For information about tickets, call 799-5089.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing.)

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(A few of the notable performers now in town.)

Chet Baker—Stryker's, 103 W. 86th St., at Columbus Ave. (874-8754). Trumpet, leading a trio, Mondays and Tuesdays, from nine-thirty to three.

Jaki Byard—Bradley's, 70 University Pl. (228-6440). Piano, with bassist Major Holley, from nine, on Sundays.

Barbara Carroll—Café Carlyle, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600). Piano, at nine-forty-five, eleven-thirty, and one, except Sundays and Mondays.

Ron Carter, Frank Wess, Roland Hanna, and Ben Riley—Boomer's, 340 Bleecker St., at Christopher St. (243-0245). Bass, flute and tenor saxophone, piano, and drums, respectively. From nine to three, through Saturday, Sept. 21.

Roy Eldridge—Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. *(CO 5-9505). Trumpet, with* Bobby Pratt, Dick Katz, Joe Muranyi, Major Holley, and Eddie Locke. Nine-thirty to three, except Sundays.

Gil Evans—Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (989-9011). Piano, leading a fifteen-piece band, starting Tuesday, Sept. 24, from ten.

Sonny Greer / Russell Procope / Brooks Kerr—Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220). Drums, reeds, and piano, respectively. Wednesdays through Saturdays from nine-thirty to three, and Sundays from nine-thirty to twelve-thirty.

Tiny Grimes—West End Café, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750). Guitar, leading a trio, from nine to one, Wednesdays and Thursdays.

Thad Jones-Mel Lewis Band—Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (989-9011). With vocalist Dee Dee Bridgewater, Mondays at ten.

Lee Konitz—Stryker's, 103 W. 86th St., at Columbus Ave. (874-8754). Alto saxophone, leading a trio. Wednesdays and Thursdays, from nine-thirty to three.... ¶ Gregory's, *1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220).* Mondays and Tuesdays, from nine-thirty to two-thirty.

Ellis Larkins—Cookery, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (OR 4-4450). Piano, with bassist Benny Moten, from eight to one, except Sundays.

Peggy Lee—Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000). Singing at dinner and supper, except Sundays and Mondays. Beginning Thursday, Sept. 19.

Junior Mance—Boomer's, 340 Bleecker St., at Christopher St. (243-0245). Piano, with a trio, from nine to three, beginning Wednesday, Sept. 25.

Odetta—Max's Kansas City, 213 Park Ave. S., at 17th St. (777-7870). Singing, through Monday, Sept. 23.

Buddy Rich—Buddy's Place, 1220 Second Ave., at 64th St. (752-5855). Drums, leading a septet, through Saturday, Sept. 21.

Sonny Rollins—Half Note, 149 W. 54th St. (586-5383). Tenor sax, leading a quartet, at nine-thirty, except Sundays.

Jimmy Rowles—Bradley's, 70 University Pl. (228-6440). Piano, from nine-thirty to two-thirty, except Sundays.

Zoot Sims—Soerabaja, 140 E. 74th St. (744-4150). Tenor sax with guitarist Bucky Pizzarelli, from nine-thirty to one, except Sundays and Mondays.

Mel Tormé—St. Regis-Sheraton, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500). Songs, at dinner and supper, except Sundays.

Happy and Artie Traum—Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300). Vocals and guitars, at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty, Monday and Tuesday, Sept. 23-24.

Michal Urbaniak—Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (989-9011). Electric violin, leading his quintet, Fusion. At ten, through Sunday, Sept. 22.

Chuck Wayne and Joe Puma—Stryker's, 103 W. *86th St., at Columbus Ave. (874-8754).* Guitar duo. Sundays, from nine until two.

Dick Wellstood—Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272): Piano, with trumpeter Billy Butterfield, saxophonist Kenny Davern, bassist Milt Hinton, and drummer Ronnie Cole. From nine-fifteen to one, except Sundays and Mondays.

•

(A few places where the notable performers, and others, are performing.)

Angry Squire, 216 Seventh Ave., at 23rd St. (242-9066)—A seaworthy vessel complete with dangling halyards, barrels, and a close-quartered conviviality. On Friday and Saturday, Sept. 20-21, the musical crew consists of the John Lewis Sound, a trio led by drummer-pianist Lewis. Pianist Cedar Walton's trio plays Thursday through Saturday, Sept. 26-28. Music from nine-thirty to two-thirty. Dinner.

Arthur's Tavern, 57 Grove St. (CH 2-9468)—Home base (the *only* base, in fact) for the Grove Street Stompers, a Dixieland band that brings immeasurable amounts of enthusiasm into this little bar between nine-fifteen and one every Monday. Tuesdays through Saturdays, from nine until three, pianist Mabel Godwin plays good-time oldies. Closed Sundays.

Boomer's, 340 Bleecker St., at Christopher St. (243-0245)—White brick walls, blown-up musings by R. D. Laing, succulent collard greens, and one of the most distinguished jukeboxes in town, stocked with recordings by many of the artists who appear here from time to time. Bassist Ron Carter, pianist Roland Hanna, flutist and saxophonist Frank Wess, and drummer Ben Riley, collectively known as the New York Jazz Quartet, play up-tempoed, undainty arrangements of jazz standards through Saturday, Sept. 21. On Sunday and Tuesday, Sept. 22 and 24, trombonist Matthew Gee's All-Stars, a swing quintet, take the stage. Betty Carter, known *for her distinctive vocal stylings, sings with* the Cedar Walton trio on Monday, Sept. 23. On Wednesday, Sept. 25, Junior Mance, a master of the bluesy piano, brings in his trio. Music from nine to three. Closed Sundays.

Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—The diverse and imposing roster of performers appearing at this mini-concert hall is often staggering. On Wednesday, Sept. 18, Little Feat, a popular West Coast blues band, alternates with the Deadly Nightshade, a fine tripartite and heavily amplified folk and country group. Thursday through Sunday, Sept. 19-22, Mose Allison offers jazz, blues, and country vocals and piano runs opposite Syreeta Wright, a young rhythm-and-blues singer who mainly performs Stevie Wonder songs. Happy and Artie Traum—singers, guitarists, composers, and brothers—come running down the Thruway with a buckboard load of their fine Catskill Mountain music. They will pick and sing Monday and Tuesday, Sept. 23-24, along with singer-guitarist Roger McGuinn—an ex-member of the Byrds, a sixties folk-rock band that won a wide but knowledgeable following by grafting the sitar and Bob Dylan compositions to their California-Beach-Boy-derivative sound. And finally, on Friday, Sept. 27, Boston-based folksinger Tom Rush begins trading sets with Diana Marcovitz, who is a bluesy singer and pianist. Shows begin at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty. Snacks.

Bradley's, 70 University Pl. (228-6440)—An animated, crowded, wood-panelled bar that is highly regarded by the Village artisans and musicians who patronize it. Jimmy Rowles, working with bassist Bill Takas, provides the music from nine-thirty to two-thirty. Sundays, from nine to one, are devoted to the piano of Jaki Byard—composer, New England Conservatory professor, and multifaceted jazzman—along with the bass of Major Holley. Dinner.

Buddy's Place, 1220 Second Ave., at 64th St. (752-5855)—Whiz-bang drummer Buddy Rich's club is a most agreeable spot: a warm, red-carpeted square room with a helpful, amiable staff. There is, in addition, no problem with committed conversationalists or hecklers, thanks to the outspokenness of Rich, who makes short work of restoring order. His septet is exciting and talented: saxophonists Sal Nistico and Joe Romano, pianist John Bunch, guitarist Jack Wilkins, bassist Anthony Jackson, and Angel Aaende on congas. Rich and company depart after Saturday, Sept. 21, and on Monday, Sept. 23, drummer and, sometimes, singer Grady Tate begins filling in with his quartet. Two shows Mondays through Thursdays; three shows Fridays and Saturdays. Snacks. Closed Sundays.

Café Carlyle, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600)—Barbara Carroll, who plays a swinging, full-bodied piano, has taken up residence in these elegant surroundings. Supported by her bassist, she goes to work Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine-forty-five, eleven-thirty, and one. Dinner and supper.

Cookery, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (OR 4-4450)—Ellis Larkins, a subtle, facile pianist, *manages to subdue even the most dedicated* of diners in this bustling restaurant. Bassist Benny Moten helps him out. Sundays, Dick Hyman takes over the keyboard. Music from eight to one.

Grand Finale, 210 W. 70th St. (595-4206)—Alaina Reed, a sturdy, poised, and talented young singer who should concentrate on the songs she sings rather than on her monologues, performs Tuesdays through Saturdays. On Sunday, Sept. 22, singer Marion Cantone steps into the spotlight. Mondays are devoted to unveiling new talent. Nightly shows at nine and midnight. Dinner.

Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—Formerly a hamburger stand, this

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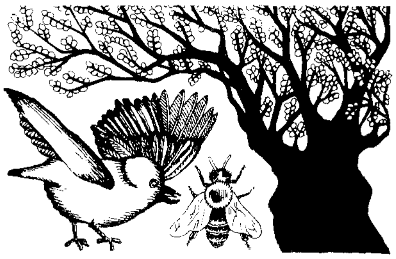

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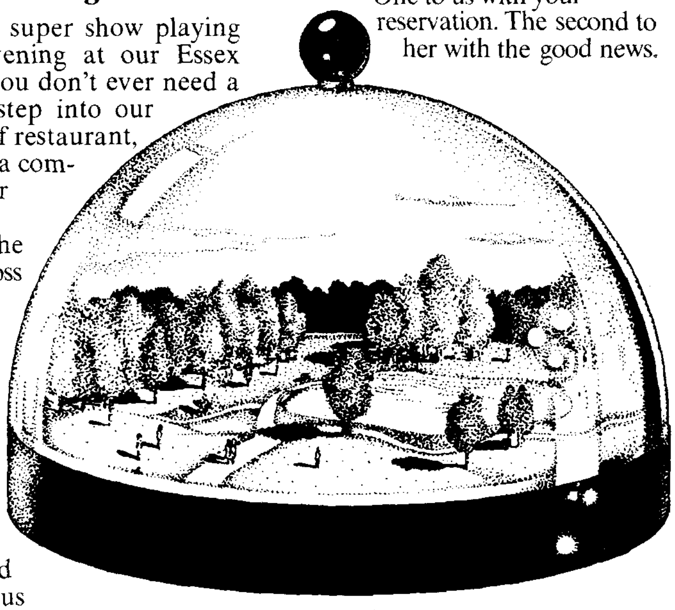

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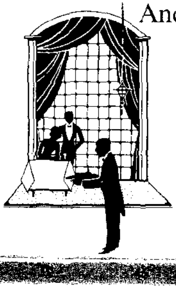

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tiny bar is a warm, unruffled refuge situated in a bustling neighborhood. The senior member of the threesome that plays swing tunes here is Sonny Greer, who worked with Duke Ellington for more than thirty years, beginning in 1919. Russell Procope carries out his duties on the alto saxophone and clarinet with the gusto and smooth finesse that typified Ellington reeds (he joined Ellington in 1945). Twenty-two-year-old Brooks Kerr, a stride stylist and an Ellington scholar, sits at the piano between Greer and Procope, generating much of the excitement. Wednesdays through Saturdays from nine-thirty to three, and Sundays from nine-thirty to twelve-thirty. Lee Konitz, still one of the most pleasing alto saxophonists around, plays with a trio and behind vocalist Lynn Crane on Mondays and Tuesdays from nine-thirty to two-thirty. Wednesdays through Saturdays from six until nine, Gene Roland heads up a quartet. Snacks.

Half Note, 149 W. 54th St. (586-5383)—A jazz club in a sombre, modern setting, complete with black-tied waiters. The usual double-bill policy of first-rate or name groups often manages to fill the neat rows of tables and the banquette-lined wall. The hard-driving, crisply melodic tenor saxophone master, Sonny Rollins, is here with his young, energetic quartet. Guitarist Attila Zoller alternates with Rollins from nine-thirty to three-thirty. Closed Sundays.

Jacques, 168 Bleecker St., at Sullivan St. (254-5920)—Dart boards and piano music. Lance Hayward is seated in the corner at the keyboard every night but Wednesday, when pianist Jim Roberts substitutes. Bassist Lyn Christie participates on Fridays and Saturdays, and on Sundays, Jane Valentine sings along. Music from nine-thirty to three.

Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505)—It came up the river from New Orleans and, *mutatis mutandis*, it found its way here. Roy Eldridge, Bobby Pratt, Dick Katz, Joe Muranyi, Major Holley, and Eddie Locke play from nine-thirty to three. Sundays, the Frankie Dash quartet holds forth.

Max's Kansas City, 213 Park Ave. S., at 17th St. (777-7870)—This famous musical emporium has recently changed ownership, and the new owner, apparently a traditionalist, reportedly plans to preserve the status quo. Meanwhile, the cramped, humid, second-story quarters continue to attract rock celebrities, who squeeze through the audiences onto the stage night after night. Odetta, who has been a powerful blues interpreter for some time, now does an occasional rock or country tune. She shares the facilities with the Mission Mountain Wood Band through Monday, Sept. 23. On Wednesday, Sept. 25, Eric Weissberg, a Juilliard-schooled banjo technician, who was known primarily for his studio work until "Dueling Banjos," begins leading a half-rock, half-bluegrass, often half-together band called Deliverance. The other half of that bill belongs to folklorist, singer, and guitarist Oscar Brand, a polished performer whose specialties are union songs and traditional bawdy songs. Three shows Fridays and Saturdays. Two shows other nights. On Tuesdays, folk and rock groups play from nine to midnight. Drinks and snacks.

Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—Chicago-jazz sessions are currently under way with pianist Dick Wellstood, trumpeter Billy Butterfield, Kenny Davern on soprano saxophone, Milt Hinton on bass, and drummer Ronnie Cole. Nine-fifteen to one are the hours. On Mondays, a Dixieland sextet plays from nine to midnight. Dinner and supper. Closed Sundays.

Mikell's, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—Located in an upper-West Side, urban-renewed, high-rise area, this corner restaurant, with its plastic-windowed sidewalk gallery, spaciousness, and easygoing atmosphere, is one of the neighborhood's major assets. Organist Charles Earland, whose music has been categorized as funky, is capable of flashing, exciting, high-intensity solos. One is always aware of his rhythmic organ's powerful presence, whether he is soloing or comping. On Sunday, Sept. 22, Esther Marrow, a low-keyed, crafty rhythm-and-blues singer, works with her backing group. Music from ten until three. Dining.

Reno Sweeney, 126 W. 13th St. (691-0900)—Genevieve Waite, who has been in the movies, tries her hand at singing. Her childlike intonations are aided by her husband, John Phillips, who was formerly one of the Mamas and the Papas. Through Saturday, Sept. 21. Jackie Curtis, a female impersonator with a liberal sense of humor, will sing on Sunday, Sept. 22. On Tuesday, Sept. 24, things pick up a bit with a relatively lively double bill: Manhattan Transfer, a talented group (singers and musicians) of nineteen-thirties and forties revivalists, and folksinger Raun MacKinnon and her band. Shows at nine and midnight. Mondays are showcases for new talent. Dining.

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Soerabaja, 140 E. 74th St. (744-4150)—A couple of rooms, one of them with an illustrated ceiling, above a Greek-French restaurant. Guitarist Bucky Pizzarelli collaborates with tenor saxophonist Zoot Sims from nine-thirty to one nightly, except Sundays and Mondays.

Stryker's, 103 W. 86th St., at Columbus Ave. (874-8754)—A dark but friendly and attractive little upper-West Side outpost devoted to live jazz (and to recorded soul, rhythm and blues, and similar Motown fare on its jukebox). Other points of interest include recessed yellow ceiling lights and a flamboyant bartender. Mondays and Tuesdays have been turned over to cool and placid Chet Baker and his trio. The Lee Konitz trio crosses town (after Monday- and Tuesday-night stands at Gregory's) to perform Wednesdays and Thursdays here. Saxophonist Harold Ousley and his quartet perform Friday and Saturday, Sept. 20-21, and vibraharpist David Friedman's trio comes in the following Friday and Saturday (Sept. 27-28). Sundays are claimed by the silken guitar duo of Chuck Wayne and Joe Puma. Music from nine-thirty until three Mondays through Saturdays, and from nine until two on Sundays. Snacks.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (989-9011)—This murky basement of a night club still keeps tabs on some of the best jazz around. Electric violinist Michal Urbaniak and his exciting jazz-rock quintet, Fusion, play some of it through Sunday, Sept. 22. On Tuesday, Sept. 24, pianist, composer, and sage Gil Evans brings in his fifteen-piece band. Mondays, the fifteen-member Thad Jones-Mel Lewis aggregation blasts off, along with the band's vocalist, Dee Dee Bridgewater. The entertainment begins at ten.

West Boondock, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (924-9723)—A hanging tetrahedron made of plastic straws and pipe-cleaner ligaments, stained-glass windows, and nicely constructed jazz help this restaurant sustain the interest its kitchen formerly aroused. Pianist Hugh Lawson, a pleasing interpreter, especially of Horace Silver compositions, plays with Carl Pruitt Thursdays through Sundays from eight to two. Mondays through Wednesdays, the musical chores are taken on by pianist Kenny Brawner and a bassist. Dinner.

West End Café, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—The old stamping ground of Kerouac and Ginsberg when they were Columbia students. Now it's a modernized and enlarged cafeteria, with jazz. The patrons here—still for the most part students—form an interested and enthusiastic audience for Eddie Durham on trombone and electric guitar, trumpeter Franc Williams, drummer Sam Woodyard, and a pianist, on Monday and Tuesday nights. Wednesdays and Thursdays, Tiny Grimes, a bluesy, bebopping four-string-guitarist, glides along with his trio. Fridays and Saturdays, boogie-woogie pianist Sammy Price works out with Ed Lewis on trumpet, Paul Quinichette on tenor sax, and drummer Ditto. Sundays, Mabel Godwin plays piano and sings with the No Gap Generation Jazz Band, a going outfit. All this and student food at student prices, starting at nine.

BIG DEALS

(Dinner and supper, music, and all that.)

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (838-8000)—In the **café,** pianist Herb Winner's new dance threesome is around Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine to twelve-thirty.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (PL 9-3000)—The **persian room** affords the songs of Don Cornell at dinner Mondays through Thursdays and at dinner and supper Fridays and Saturdays. The trios of Barry Levitt and René Martel put forth dance tunes from seven to one. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ Violinist George Cardini and pianist Jules Feuerstein are playing in the newly refurbished **plaza restaurant,** from seven-thirty to ten-thirty, Mondays through Fridays. . . . ¶ In the **palm court,** pianists Joan St. James and Ruth Andrews play Mondays through Fridays from five to one. Saturdays from five to one-forty-five and Sundays from four to midnight. Sandu Marcu supplies violin music.

Rainbow Grill, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-8970)—The sumptuous mountain fastness is presenting singer Kelly Garrett at dinner and supper. On Monday, Sept. 23, Miss Garrett will be succeeded by Frank Sinatra, Jr. Closed Sundays.

Rainbow Room, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-9090)—This room with a view affords harp music by Eleanor Fell, from seven to eleven, every night but Monday.

St. Regis-Sheraton, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—The **maisonette,** still a fair copy of a royal palace, amuses its house guests with dinner and supper visitations by singer Mel Tormé. The dance bands are Al Porcino's orchestra and Anthony Terini's quartet. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ The **st. regis room** is host to the songs of Ronny Whyte and Travis Hudson. Their hours are ten and midnight Tuesdays through Saturdays.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—The **empire room** reopens on Thursday, Sept. 19, and Peggy Lee will preëmpt the podium at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty. Dancing to the Bob Rosengarden orchestra. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

Herbert Aach—Acrylic paintings. Starts Thursday, Sept. 19. (Jackson, 32 E. 69th St. Closed Mondays.)

Agnetti—Nine works in mixed mediums by an Italian; first one-man show here. Starts Saturday, Sept. 21. (Feldman, 33 E. 74th St.)

Peggy Bacon—Witty portrayals of many art and literary notables of the twenties and thirties, plus paintings by other artists working in the same period. Through Saturday, Sept. 28. (Kraushaar, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St. Closed Mondays and Saturday, Sept. 21.)

Helen Beling—Abstract sculptures. Through Oct. 9. (Sculpture Center, 167 E. 69th St. Closed Mondays.)

Mimi Boyer and Philip Boyer—Pastels of birds by Mrs. Boyer and photographs of birds by her husband. Through Saturday, Sept. 28. (Bodley, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St. Closed Mondays.)

Ljuba—Surrealist paintings and aquatints. Through Oct. 5. (Aberbach, 988 Madison Ave., at 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

Barbara Phillips Perle—Wood carvings and bronze and terra-cotta reliefs, plus drawings. Through Oct. 5. (Phoenix, 939 Madison Ave., at 74th St. Closed Mondays.)

Deborah Remington—Abstractions. Through Thursday, Sept. 26. (Bykert, 24 E. 81st St. Closed Mondays.)

Group Shows—At the **alonzo,** 26 E. 63rd St.: Works in various mediums by gallery artists and guest artists. Through Saturday, Sept. 28. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **bartholet,** 55 E. 76th St.: A brownstone apartment crammed with paintings and other memorabilia of *la Belle Epoque*, arranged to emphasize works by The Eight, particularly John Sloan and Arthur B. Davies, and also ringing in later artists, like Ben Shahn and Joseph Stella. Through Oct. 15. . . . **borgenicht,** 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Paintings and sculptures by Avery, de Rivera, Bolotowsky, and others. Through Thursday, Sept. 26. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **dintenfass,** 18 E. 67th St.: Mixed mediums on paper by Hyman Bloom, Herbert Katzman, Jacob Lawrence, and others. Through Oct. 5. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **krasner,** 1043 Madison Ave., at 80th St.: Paintings, drawings, and sculptures

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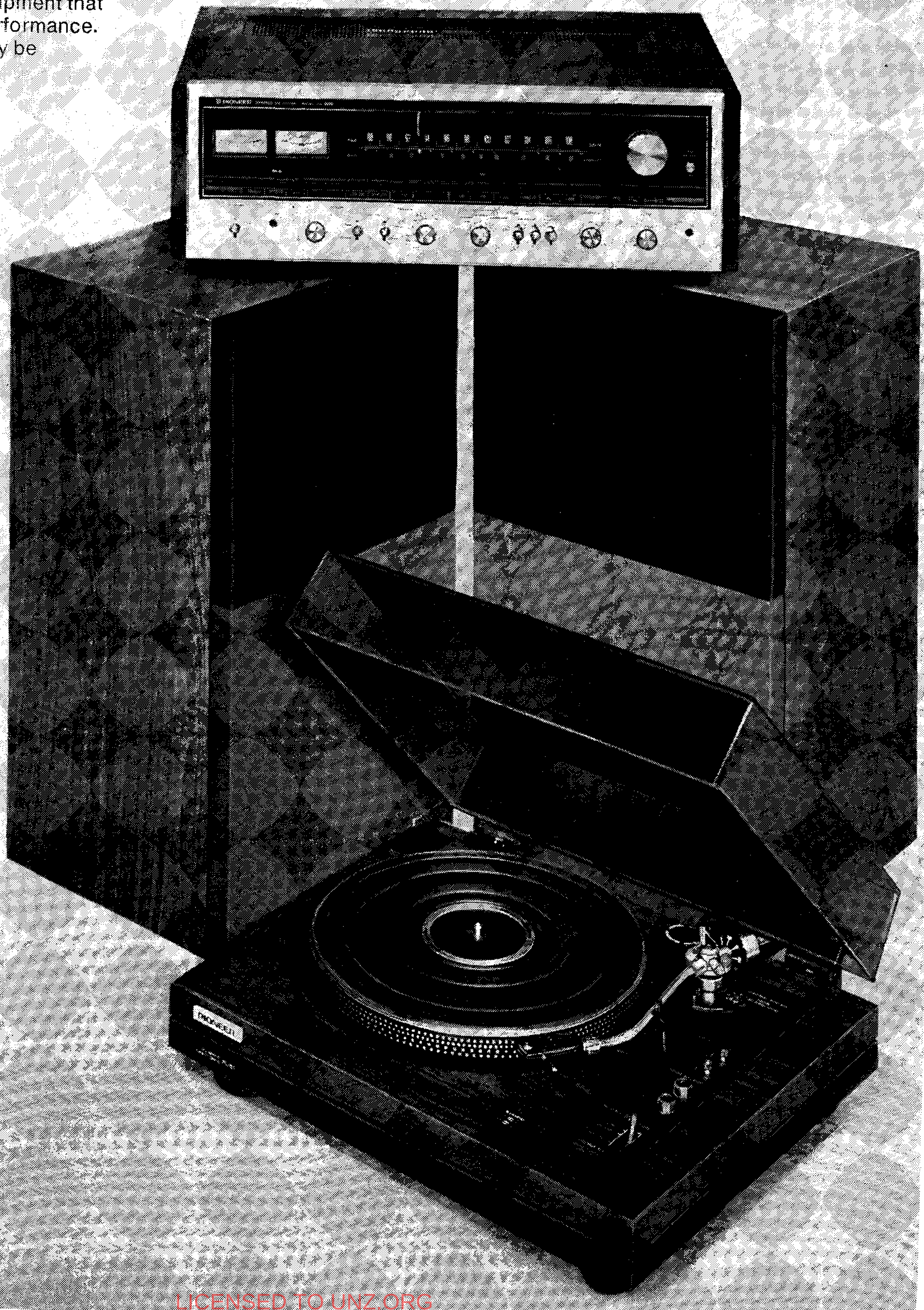

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
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22	23	24	25	26	27	28

by Appel, Calder, Feininger, and others. Through Oct. 12. (Closed Mondays.)... **LERNER-HELLER,** 789 Madison Ave., at 67th St.: Oil and acrylic paintings, plus sculptures, by the gallery artists. Through Oct. 5. (Closed Mondays.)... **NICHOLLS,** 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: Cartoons and cover paintings by Charles Addams, Whitney Darrow, Jr., Arthur Getz, Helen Hokinson, Charles E. Martin, Warren Miller, Frank Modell, George Price, Charles Saxon, James Stevenson, and Barney Tobey. Through Saturday, Sept. 28. (Tuesdays through Fridays, noon to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5.)... **RAYDON,** 1091 Madison Ave., at 82nd St.: Paintings, drawings, watercolors, and sculptures done by American artists of the eighteenth, nineteenth, and twentieth centuries while living, travelling, or studying abroad. Artists included are Bierstadt, Prendergast, and Hiram Powers. Through Oct. 19. (Closed Mondays.)... **WASHBURN,** 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St.: Nineteenth- and twentieth-century works on paper by T. Addison Richards, Alice Trumbull Mason, and others. Through Saturday, Sept. 28. (Closed Mondays.)... **WILDENSTEIN,** 19 E. 64th St.: Old and modern drawings by Bosch, Klee, de Kooning, and others. Through Oct. 12.... **ZIERLER,** 956 Madison Ave., at 75th St.: Paintings by Avery, Davis, Marin, and others. Through Oct. 31. (Closed Mondays.)

SCULPTURE—Pieces by, among others, Giacometti, Lipchitz, Manzù, and Moore. Through Saturday, Sept. 28. (Weintraub, 992 Madison Ave., at 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

GALLERIES—57TH STREET AREA

OLLE BAERTLING—Paintings and sculptures. Starts Saturday, Sept. 21. (René, 6 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

NATALIE EDGAR—Abstract paintings. Through Thursday, Sept. 26. (Schaefer, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

KOSSO ELOUL—Sculptures, graphics, and photomontage proposals for monumental sculptures. Through Oct. 10. (Arras, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

SHERRON FRANCIS—Abstract paintings. Through Oct. 2. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

CLETUS JOHNSON—Constructions. Through Oct. 10. (Sachs, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

MIA LE COMTE—Painted-wooden cutouts of celebrated figures. Through Saturday, Sept. 28. (De Nagy, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

ROBERT LOBE / ROBERT CRONIN—Wood sculptures. / Small reed constructions. Through Oct. 5. (Zabriskie, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

BILL TAGGART—Paintings. Through Saturday, Sept. 28. (Parsons, 24 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

JOAN THORNE—Abstract paintings and mixed mediums on paper; first solo show here. Through Oct. 5. (Fischbach, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

GROUP SHOWS—At the **KENNEDY,** 20 E. 56th St.: Twentieth-century American drawings by Shahn, Hopper, Hassam, and others. Through Oct. 4. (Closed Mondays.)... **MARLBOROUGH,** 40 W. 57th St.: Paintings and sculptures by thirteen artists from the Marlborough Godard Gallery of Montreal and Toronto. Through Oct. 5. (Closed Mondays.)... **MIDTOWN,** 11 E. 57th St.: Paintings and sculptures by gallery artists. Through Saturday, Sept. 28. (Closed Mondays.)

SCULPTURE—Over a hundred and fifty African pieces, including examples from private and museum collections. Starts Saturday, Sept. 21. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

GALLERIES—SoHo

LOUIS FRUCHTER—Sculptures. Through Oct. 3. (Meisel, 141 Prince St. Closed Mondays.)

JAMES HENDRICKS—Paintings. Through Saturday, Sept. 28. (Benedek, 380 West Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

YAN HSIA / NORMAN TUCK / A. H. GORSON (1872-1933)—Paintings. / Sculptures. / Early twentieth-century paintings of the industrial landscape. Through Oct. 5. (O. K. Harris, 465 West Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

BILL McGEE—Minimal color-field paintings. Through Oct. 5. (Hutchinson, 127 Greene St. Closed Mondays.)

ALEX SIBURNEY—Photo-Realist paintings based on vacation snapshots taken by friends of the stay-at-home artist. Through Oct. 5. (Hundred Acres, 456 West Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

SYLVIA SLEIGH—Portraits and nudes. Through Oct. 2. (A.I.R., 97 Wooster St. Closed Mondays.)

RICHARD TUM SUDEN / ALAN SIEGEL—Abstract paintings. / Painted wood and metal figures arrayed in sandboxes, plus color-field paintings with figures. Through Oct. 3. (Hoffman, 429 West Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

ANTHE ZACHARIAS—Large abstract paintings. Through Oct. 3. (Green Mountain, 135 Greene St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6.)

GROUP SHOWS—At the **COOPER,** 155 Wooster St.: Paintings and sculptures by Jennifer Bartlett, Lynda Benglis, Robert Grosvenor, and other gallery artists. Through Oct. 10. (Closed Mondays.)... **SECOND STORY SPRING STREET SOCIETY,** 167 Spring St.: Paintings, sculptures, and environmental pieces. Starts Saturday, Sept. 21. (Closed Mondays.)

OTHER GALLERIES

GEORGE MITTENDORF—Serpentine aluminum sculptures. Through Friday, Sept. 27. (City University Graduate Center, ground-floor arcade, 33 W. 42nd St. Mondays through Fridays, 9 to 6; Saturdays, 11 to 3.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

C. L. DODGSON (LEWIS CARROLL) (1832-98) / **JULIA MARGARET CAMERON** (1815-79)—Portraits from the eighteen-sixties by two of the greatest of Victorian amateur photographers. Through Sept. 30. (Elliott, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

ELLIOTT ERWITT—Photographs of dogs. Through Oct. 5. (Witkin, 243 E. 60th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 8.)

CHARLES HARBUTT—Works by a photo-journalist and teacher. Through Oct. 1. (Midtown "Y" Gallery, 334 E. 14th St. Sundays through Thursdays, noon to 8; Fridays, noon to 4.)

ARNOLD NEWMAN—Portraits. Through Oct. 12. (Light, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

GROUP SHOWS—At the **MUSEUM OF MODERN ART,** 11 W. 53rd St.: An exhibit examining the ways that billboards and road signs have been portrayed by about twenty photographers, including Atget, Evans, and Friedlander. Through Dec. 1. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)... **NEIKRUG,** 224 E. 68th St.: Vintage photographs, plus scenes of Kansas by Brian Lanker. Through Oct. 27. (Thursdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6; Sundays, 2 to 5.)... **NEW-YORK HISTORICAL SOCIETY,** 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.: Photographs of lower Manhattan by fourteen photographers. Through Oct. 31. (Tuesdays through Fridays and Sundays, 1 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 5.)... **SOHO PHOTO,** 30 W. 13th St.: Photographs by Bert Stern and others. Through Oct. 1. (Fridays through Sundays, 1 to 6; Tuesdays, 7:30 P.M. to 9 P.M.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave., at 82nd St.—Photographs, models, studies, and replicas of nineteenth-century New York public sculptures by, among others, Augustus Saint-Gaudens, Daniel Chester French, and Frederick William MacMonnies. Through Sept. 29.... ¶ About fifty Indian miniatures from the Jeffrey Paley collection. Through Sept. 29.... ¶ "The Belles Heures of Jean, Duke of Berry," an exhibit of the illuminated Book of Hours, the newly published facsimile of it, and color transparencies. Through Dec. 31. (Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—Nine lithographs by the Japanese artist Arakawa. Through Oct. 27.... ¶ Drawings by German Expressionists, selected from the museum's collection. Through Nov. 10. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)... **NOTE:** The museum's sculpture garden, 8 W. 54th St., is open, free, Fridays through Sundays, 6 to 11. Casual entertainment Fridays and Saturdays at 8: folk stuff, ballet, and such.

GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—Paintings and sculptures by the Russian-born artist Ilya Bolotowsky. Starts Friday, Sept. 20. (Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge from 6 to 9; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—One hundred years of American genre painting by seventy-one artists, including Krimmel, Eakins, Cassatt, Bellows, and Sloan. Starts Friday, Sept. 20.... ¶ Abstract paintings in acrylic by Jack Whitten, a young New York artist. Through Sunday, Sept. 22.... ¶ Fantasy paintings in acrylic on canvas, metal, wood, and Plexiglas, plus pencil on paper, by Jim Nutt, an original member of Chicago's "Hairy Who" group. Through Oct. 23.... ¶ Graphic works from 1965 to the present, by Alex Katz. Through Oct. 27. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Tuesday evenings until 10; Sundays, noon to 6.)

WHITNEY DOWNTOWN MUSEUM, 55 Water St., two blocks south of Wall St.—Abstractions by younger artists, among them David Diao, Joan Snyder, and David Novros. Starts Thursday, Sept. 19. (Mondays through Fridays, 11 to 3.)

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—Paintings, watercolors, drawings, and sculptures by Cézanne, van Gogh, Degas, Toulouse-Lautrec, Soutine, and others, from the collection of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Pearlman and the Henry and Rose Pearlman Foundation. Through Sept. 29.... ¶ Puerto Rican stone and terra-cotta artifacts from the Taino culture (1000 to 1500 A.D.). Through Sept. 20. (Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY, Central Park W. at 79th St.—The scanning electron microscope can magnify objects, such as grains of sugar or a segment of a fly's eye, up to two hundred thousand times. About a hundred photographic blowups of S.E.M. magnifications are on exhibit here. Through Sept. 30. (Weekdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

FINCH COLLEGE MUSEUM OF ART, 62 E. 78th St.—An educationally designed show of etchings, aquatints, and other graphics produced at Studio 2RC, in Rome, by Afro, Nevelson, Man Ray, and others. Starts Friday, Sept. 20. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK, Fifth Ave. at 104th St.—A show called "Toys from the Attic," of which the centerpiece is the ten-room, two-bath doll house designed in the twenties by Carrie Walter Stettheimer and decorated by William Zorach, Gaston Lachaise, Marcel Duchamp, Marguerite Zorach, Alexander Archipenko, and other artist friends. Through Nov. 30. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

NEW YORK CULTURAL CENTER, 2 Columbus Circle—A travelling exhibition (oils, watercolors, and drawings) of landscapes, figures, and still-lifes by Henri Manguin (1874-1949), one of the original Fauves. Through Oct. 10.... ¶ Approximately two thousand photographic postcards from the turn of the century to the present. Through Oct. 27. (Daily, except Mondays, 11 to 6.)

NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—An exhaustive exhibition of manuscripts, books, newspapers, etchings, and documents by or pertaining to Washington Irving. Through Oct. 12. (Weekdays, 9 to 5.)... ¶ "Am I in It: Gertrude Stein Is 100," a display of the author's letters, manuscripts, plays, and operas. Through Sept. 30. (Weekdays, 9 to 9.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 799-4420, for Avery Fisher Hall at Lincoln Center TR 4-2424, and for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7459. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

METROPOLITAN OPERA—Opening performances of the season, which will continue through Saturday, April 19—Monday, Sept. 23, at 8: "I Vespri Siciliani," with Cristina Deutekom

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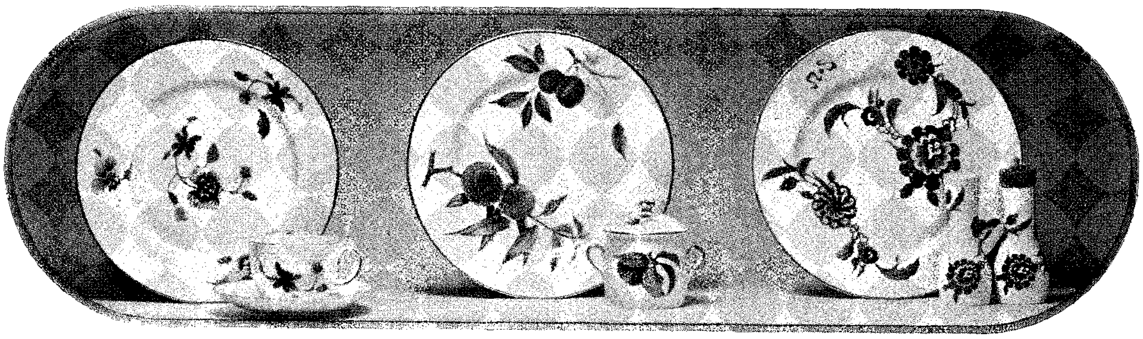

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Placido Domingo, Sherrill Milnes, and Paul Plishka; conducted by James Levine. (A non-subscription performance.)... ¶ Tuesday, Sept. 24, at 8: "Turandot," with Elinor Ross, Teresa Zylis-Gara, Franco Corelli, Robert Goodloe, James Morris, and Andrea Velis; Alberto Erede.... ¶ Wednesday, Sept. 25, at 8: "L'Italiana in Algeri," with Marilyn Horne, Christine Weidinger, Shirley Love, Enrico Di Giuseppe, Theodor Uppman, Fernando Corena, and Gene Boucher; Henry Lewis.... ¶ Thursday, Sept. 26, at 8:30: "Tosca," with Maralin Niska, Franco Tagliavini, Peter Glossop, and Fernando Corena; Alberto Erede.... ¶ Friday, Sept. 27, at 8: "Madame Butterfly," with Enriqueta Tarrés, Jean Kraft, Harry Theyard, John Reardon, and Robert Schmorr; Richard Woitach.... ¶ Saturday, Sept. 28, at 2: "Roméo et Juliette," with Judith Blegen, Christine Weidinger, Placido Domingo, Dominic Cossa, Richard T. Gill, Maurizio Mazzieri, and Charles Anthony; Henry Lewis.... ¶ Saturday, Sept. 28, at 8: "Don Giovanni," with Cristina Deutekom, Teresa Zylis-Gara, Roberta Peters, Sherrill Milnes, Leo Goeke, Paul Plishka, Raymond Michalski, and James Morris; Max Rudolf.

New York City Opera—Wednesday, Sept. 18, at 7: A new production of Strauss's "Die Fledermaus" (in English), with Johanna Meier, Ruth Welting, Gary Glaze, Alan Titus, and Dominic Cossa; conducted by Mario Bernardi.... ¶ Thursday, Sept. 19, at 8: "I Puritani," with Beverly Sills, Diane Curry, Enrico Di Giuseppe, and Pablo Elvira; Julius Rudel.... ¶ Friday, Sept. 20, at 8: "Faust," with Carol Bayard, Susanne Marsee, Kenneth Riegel, and Samuel Ramey; Christopher Keene.... ¶ Saturday, Sept. 21, at 2: "Die Fledermaus" (in English), with Johanna Meier, Ruth Welting, Gary Glaze, Alan Titus, and Dominic Cossa; Mario Bernardi.... ¶ Saturday, Sept. 21, at 8: "La Bohème," with Catherine Malfitano, Noelle Rogers, Tullio Pane, and Willard White; Giuseppe Morelli.... ¶ Sunday, Sept. 22, at 1: "Carmen," with Olivia Stapp, Faye Robinson, Herman Malamood, and William Justus; Christopher Keene.... ¶ Sunday, Sept. 22, at 7: "I Puritani," with Beverly Sills, Diane Curry, Pablo Elvira, and Robert Hale; Julius Rudel.... ¶ Tuesday, Sept. 24, at 8: "Medea," with Marisa Galvany, Frances Bible, Barbara Hocher, and Eric Townsend; Giuseppe Morelli.... ¶ Wednesday, Sept. 25, at 8: "Tosca," with Johanna Meier, Gaetano Scano, William Justus, and Joaquin Romaguera; Giuseppe Morelli.... ¶ Thursday, Sept. 26, at 8: "I Puritani," with Patricia Brooks, Diane Curry, Pablo Elvira, and David Griffith; Julius Rudel.... ¶ Friday, Sept. 27, at 8: "Die Fledermaus" (in English), with Carol Bayard, Ruth Welting, Gary Glaze, David Rae Smith, and David Holloway; Mario Bernardi.... ¶ Saturday, Sept. 28, at 2: "Ariadne auf Naxos" (in English and German), with Carol Neblett, Maralin Niska, Patricia Wise, and John Alexander; Julius Rudel.... ¶ Saturday, Sept. 28, at 8: "I Puritani," with Patricia Brooks, Kathleen Hegierski, Enrico Di Giuseppe, and Richard Fredricks; Julius Rudel. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Through Sunday, Nov. 10.)

ORCHESTRAS

New York Philharmonic—At Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center, Pierre Boulez conducting the opening performances of the season, which will run through May 17—Wednesday, Sept. 18, at 8:30, a non-subscription benefit concert (with André Watts, piano); Thursday, Sept. 19, at 8:30; Friday, Sept. 20, at 2; Saturday, Sept. 21, at 8:30; and Tuesday, Sept. 24, at 7:30 (all with Janos Starker, cello, and Frederica von Stade, mezzo-soprano); and Thursday, Sept. 26, at 8:30; Friday, Sept. 27, at 2; Saturday, Sept. 28, at 8:30; and Tuesday, Oct. 1, at 7:30 (all with Gerard Schwarz, trumpet).

Camerata Bariloche—Rubén González conducting this Argentine chamber orchestra and acting as violin soloist. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Monday, Sept. 23, at 8:30.)

RECITALS

Rollin Smith—Organ, in a program of music by Philip James. (Frick Collection, 1 E. 70th St. Wednesday, Sept. 18, at 5:15. No tickets necessary.)

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Elizabeth Rich—Piano. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Tuesday, Sept. 24, at 8.)

Note—The Guarneri String Quartet will give a recital at the Frick Collection (1 E. 70th St.) on Sunday, Oct. 6, at 2:55. Free tickets, limited to one per applicant, will be issued starting Monday, Sept. 23, in the order that written applications are received on that day or thereafter (not before). More than one request may be sent in a single envelope.

MISCELLANY

Welsh Guards and Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders—The massed bands, pipes, drums, and dancers of these two British regiments. (Felt Forum, Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Friday and Saturday, Sept. 20-21, at 8, and Sunday, Sept. 22, at 1:30.)

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK/ETC.

Traffic and Lindisfarne—Academy of Music, 126 E. 14th St. Wednesday and Thursday, Sept. 18-19, at 8 and 11:30. For tickets, call 541-7290.

John Denver—Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Friday through Sunday, Sept. 20-22, at 8.

Tribute to Duke Ellington—A benefit concert, with, among others, Diana Ross, Carol Channing, Robin Kenyatta, Betty Carter, David Harris, and Billy Taylor's orchestra. (Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center. Friday, Sept. 20, at 8:30. For information about tickets, call PL 1-0700, Ext. 36.)

Joe Cocker, Little Feat, and Montrose—Academy of Music. Saturday, Sept. 21, at 8 and 11:30.

Ray and Mousey Alexander—New York Jazz Museum, 125 W. 55th St. Sunday, Sept. 22, at 3. No tickets necessary.

The Black Classics—Don Shirley, Robin Kenyatta, Joe Newman, Charles McPherson, Stella Marrs, Sandman Sims, and others. (Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center. Wednesday, Sept. 25, at 8.)

Marvin Gaye—Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 246-4600. Thursday and Friday, Sept. 26-27, at 8; Saturday, Sept. 28, at 7:30 and at midnight; Sunday, Sept. 29, at 7 and 10:30; and Tuesday and Wednesday, Oct. 1-2, at 8.

Hot Tuna and Kansas—Academy of Music. Thursday and Friday, Sept. 26-27, at 8 and 11:30.

Pharoah Sanders and Michal Urbaniak—Carnegie Hall. Friday, Sept. 27, at 8.

Jerry Jeff Walker—With Doug Sahm and the Lost Gonzo Band. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Sept. 28, at 8.)

Nektar—Academy of Music. Saturday, Sept. 28, at midnight.

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts., is 564-4400.)

Baseball—At Shea Stadium—METS: Vs. Pittsburgh, Thursday and Friday, Sept. 26-27, at 8:05, and Saturday, Sept. 28, at 2:15.... YANKEES: Vs. Baltimore, Wednesday and Thursday, Sept. 18-19, at 8.... ¶ Cleveland, Friday, Sept. 20, at 5:30 (twi-night doubleheader), and Saturday and Sunday, Sept. 21-22, at 2.... ¶ Boston, Tuesday, Sept. 24, at 5:30 (twi-night doubleheader), and Wednesday, Sept. 25, at 8.

Professional Basketball—Nets vs. Detroit, exhibition game. (Nassau Coliseum, Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I. 516 794-9100. Friday, Sept. 27, at 8:05.)

Boxing: Closed-Circuit TV—Muhammad Ali vs. George Foreman, 15 rounds, for the World Heavyweight Championship. (Madison Square Garden. Tuesday, Sept. 24, at 10; films of previous World Heavyweight Championship bouts will be shown starting at 8:30.)

College Football—SATURDAY, SEPT. 21: Army vs. Tulane, at West Point, at 2.... ¶ Holy Cross vs. Brown, at Worcester, at 1:30.... FRIDAY, SEPT. 27: Fordham vs. Widener, at Fordham, at 8.... SATURDAY, SEPT. 28: Columbia vs. Lafayette, at Baker Field, at 1:30.... ¶ Cornell vs. Colgate, at Ithaca, at 1:30.... ¶ Harvard vs. Holy Cross, at Cambridge, at 1:50.... ¶ Princeton vs. Rutgers, at Princeton, at 1:30.... ¶ Trinity vs. Williams, at Hartford, at 1:30.... ¶ Yale vs. Connecticut, at New Haven, at 1:30.

Professional Football—WEDNESDAY, SEPT. 18: New York Stars vs. Hawaiians, at Honolulu.... SUNDAY, SEPT. 22: Giants vs. New England Patriots, at the Yale Bowl, New Haven, at 1. ... ¶ Jets vs. Chicago Bears, at Chicago.... TUESDAY, SEPT. 24: New York Stars vs. Detroit Wheels, at Downing Stadium, Randall's Island, at 8. (For tickets, call 355-1213.)

Hockey—Rangers vs. Boston Bruins, exhibition game. (Madison Square Garden. Monday, Sept. 23, at 7:35.)

Polo—At Bethpage Polo Field, Farmingdale, L.I.: Sundays at 3.

Racing—At BELMONT: Weekdays at 1:30; through Saturday, Oct. 12. The Beldame, Saturday, Sept. 21; the Cowdin, Wednesday, Sept. 25; the Frizette, Thursday, Sept. 26; and the Woodward, Saturday, Sept. 28. (Frequent trains leave Penn Station for the track Mondays through Fridays between 10:15 and 1, and Saturdays between 10:15 and 1:15.) ... ATLANTIC CITY, Mays Landing, N.J.: Weekdays, except Tuesdays, at 1:30; through Saturday, Oct. 19. The Atlantic City Handicap, Saturday, Sept. 28.... BOWIE, Md.: Weekdays at 1; through Saturday, Oct. 19. The Chesapeake Handicap, Saturday, Sept. 21.

Trotting—At Yonkers Raceway: Weekdays at 8; through Saturday, Oct. 12.

ET ALIA

Rosalind Russell—In an informal interview and discussion with the audience, following a showing of film clips from some of her motion pictures. (Town Hall. JU 2-4536. Sunday, Sept. 22, at 7:30.)

Auctions—At the Sotheby Parke Bernet, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Thursday, Sept. 19, at 2: Old Master paintings, from various sources.... ¶ Saturday, Sept. 21, at 2: English furniture, decorations, and pewter; from several owners.... ¶ Saturday, Sept. 28, at 2: Oriental rugs and other carpets, from many owners. Exhibition starts Saturday, Sept. 21.

THE GREAT OUTDOORS

(The New York Parks Department number to call for information about all free entertainment in the city is 472-1003.)

Bob Hope—Taping a TV show, with Jackie Gleason and others. (Central Park's Sheep Meadow. Wednesday, Sept. 18, at 3:30.)

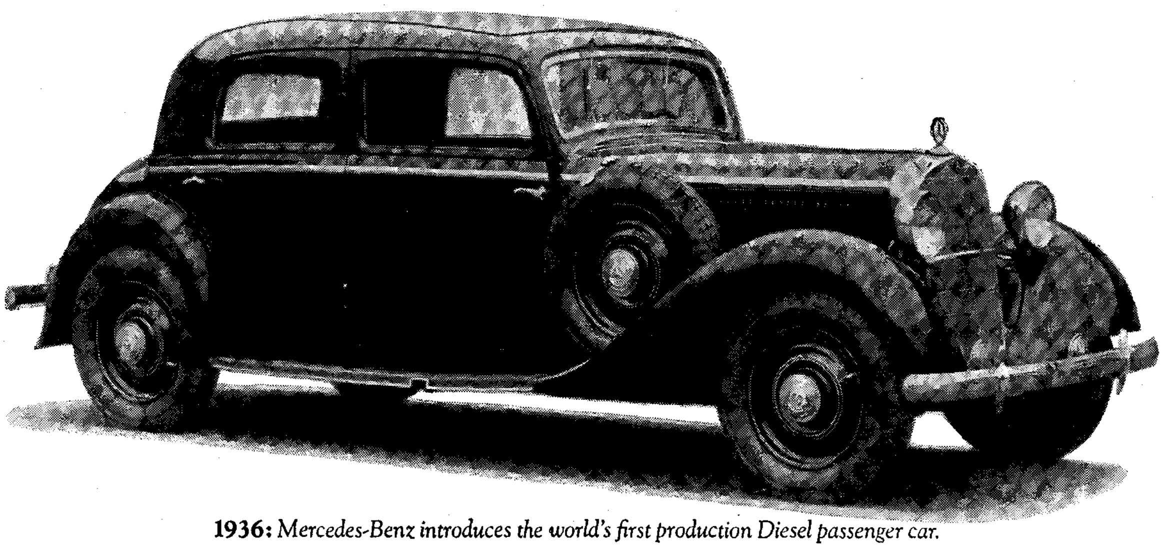
Jazz on the River—The river is the Hudson, the vehicle is an off-course Staten Island ferry, the starting point is Slip 3, South Ferry Terminal, and the jazz (three hours' worth) is as follows: Friday, Sept. 20, at 7:30, Howard McGhee's orchestra and Charles McPherson's quintet.... Friday, Sept. 27, at 7:30, the Collective Black Artists Orchestra and the Jazz Adventures Orchestra (with Chet Baker). (For information about tickets, call 541-5390.)... ¶ Wednesday, Sept. 25, at 7:30, Art Blakey Jazz Messengers and Shirley Scott's trio. (For information about tickets, call 489-0654.)

Bus Tours—Sundays, at noon, 1:30, 3, and 4:30, a London double-decker bus operated by the Municipal Art Society leaves from the Metropolitan Museum on a conducted architectural tour of Fifth Avenue, to Washington Square (with additional boarding stops at 59th Street and at Washington Arch), thence across to Third Avenue and back uptown to the museum by way of Third, Park, and Madison Avenues. The complete trip takes an hour and a half, and the number to call for information about tickets is 628-4555. Nothing doing on rainy days and parade days.

Flea Market—The New York Flea Market (6th Ave. at 25th St.) is open every Sunday, weather permitting, from noon to 7.

Delacorte Geyser—The big spout in the East River, off 48th Street. Flourishes 11:45 A.M. to 1:15 P.M., 4:30 P.M. to 6 P.M., and 8:30 P.M. to 10 P.M.

Mercedes-Benz cannot introduce the Diesel passenger car as a new idea. We did that 38 years ago.



1936: *Mercedes-Benz introduces the world's first production Diesel passenger car.*

We've sold well over a million Diesel automobiles—more than 60,000 in America alone. What we've learned is that before you offer a Diesel to the world, you'd better know exactly what you're doing.

IN 1936, the world's first series-produced Diesel passenger car rolled out of our Stuttgart, Germany, plant. The experience we have accumulated since then has paid dividends.

The Mercedes-Benz Diesel of today is a motor vehicle unique in all the world. It delivers extraordinary mileage. Its durability is legendary. And it already meets the tough 1975 Federal clean air standards for automobile engines.

Diesel power introduced new economy and reliability to the automobile. It also fostered new problems. Some manufacturers judged the enigmas greater than the rewards. Mercedes-Benz was not one of them.

We alone held to our convictions concerning the Diesel, refining it year by year over the past four decades.

Today, our Diesel engines are unique. Two sophisticated developments are among the reasons why:

1. Multistage fuel injection. With this system, the injection nozzles and pump vary the amount of fuel entering the combustion chambers to meet load conditions.

2. Precombustion design. Two interconnected chambers are used for each cylinder. Air and fuel are mixed and burned in two stages, providing a longer power pulse for smoother running.

Result: uniquely smooth, quiet,

clean-burning Diesel power.

Engineering advances like these take years to perfect. Small wonder that the specialized development of Diesel automobiles has discouraged other manufacturers. Why has Mercedes-Benz alone consistently championed the idea of the Diesel passenger car for so long? Consider the following:

Extraordinary fuel economy

In a strictly supervised test conducted by *Motor Trend* magazine, a 240D—even with automatic transmission—recorded an honest 24.4 miles per gallon. This test was a combination of actual urban and highway driving—no "economy run" or "proving ground" tests.

No full-sized sedan, foreign or domestic, delivers this kind of mileage. And even the domestic mid-sized sedan which came out best in the *Motor Trend* tests was still nearly 30% behind the Mercedes-Benz 240 Diesel Sedan.

How to avoid being a guinea pig

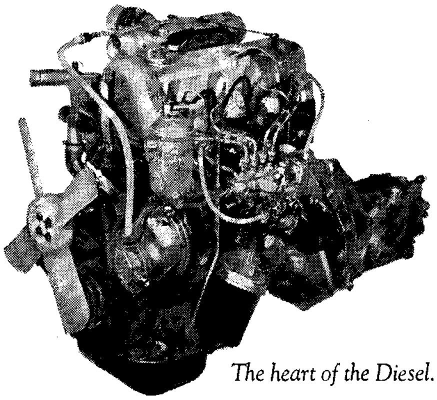
Buy a Mercedes-Benz Diesel. We alone have sold and serviced Diesels in America for over a decade. For us, Diesels are hardly a novelty. Highly skilled mechanics familiar with our Diesels work in our 390 dealerships all over the U. S. So, when it's time for the little routine maintenance your Mercedes-Benz Diesel requires, you're an old friend, not a guinea pig.

Another plus: because Diesel fuel is often less expensive than gasoline, Diesel owners get more miles from cheaper gallons.

Economy car

Operating economies depend on far more than fuel appetites. Periodic maintenance and reliability are equally critical.

How does the Mercedes-Benz Diesel measure up? Any car needs some routine servicing, but with a Mercedes-Benz Diesel you can forget about tune-ups. Diesels need no spark plugs, no points, no distributor, and no carburetor.



The heart of the Diesel.

No conventional ignition or carburetion systems—no tune-ups, ever. And parts that aren't there can't break down.

Amazing resale value

There is one area where a Mercedes-Benz Diesel is just like any other Mercedes-Benz. Resale value. The automobile industry's most authoritative sources agree that any Mercedes-Benz has a better resale value than *any* full- or mid-sized sedan made in America.

Because the 240D is so new, there has not been time to gather the proven figures which previous Mercedes-Benz Diesels can boast. But consider the history of the 220D, the 240 Diesel's immediate predecessor. As an average owner, if you had bought a 220D two years ago, it would now be worth over 90% of the price you paid. If your Diesel were now three years old, it would still have retained more than 80% of its original value.

An absolute nonconformist

Obviously, the Mercedes-Benz Diesel is an iconoclast in its approach to modern driving problems. Like all Mercedes-Benz automobiles, it carries its dissidence to every element of its construction.

The Mercedes-Benz 240D is a full 5-passenger sedan. It has interior space and trunk room on a par with the finest domestic luxury cars. It has disc brakes on all four wheels. It has a separate suspension system for each wheel. It embodies the decades of safety innovation and advanced engineering that are so much of the Mercedes-Benz philosophy.

If you seek exceptional mileage, maintenance economy, dependability and resale value—without the "economy car" penalties that usually go along with them—it's time to consider a Mercedes-Benz Diesel.

Mercedes-Benz

Engineered like no other car in the world.

1974: *The most advanced Diesel automobile sold in America.*

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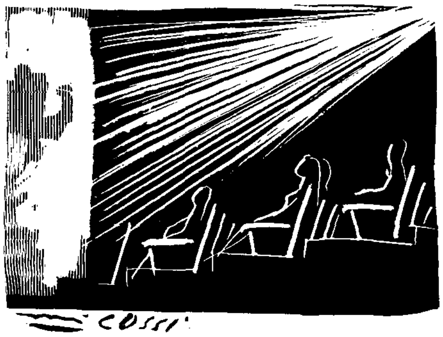
GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES



S	M	T	W	T	F	S
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THE FILMS PLAYING THE REGULAR MOVIE HOUSES ARE DESCRIBED IN BRIEF IN THE SECTION BELOW

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
Through Sept. 19: "The Mad Adventures of 'Rabbi' Jacob."
From Sept. 20: "Brief Encounter" and "Genevieve."

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)
Through Sept. 21: "It's Love I'm After" and "Jezebel."
Sept. 22-24: "The Firefly" and "San Francisco."
From Sept. 25: "Oedipus Rex" and "Falstaff."

St. Marks Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (777-1955)
Through Sept. 24: "The Parallax View" and "Ash Wednesday."
From Sept. 25: "Love and Anarchy" and "Le Sex Shop."

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through Sept. 24: "The Parallax View" and "Catch-22."
From Sept. 25: "The Mad Adventures of 'Rabbi' Jacob" and "The Paper Chase."

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
"California Split."

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"Chinatown."

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
"Animal Crackers."

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
"California Split."

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
Through Sept. 25: "The Mad Adventures of 'Rabbi' Jacob."
From Sept. 26: "11 Harrowhouse."

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (755-6030)
Through Sept. 24: "Spellbound" and "The Paradine Case."
From Sept. 25: To be announced.

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
Sept. 18: "Flesh Gordon."
From Sept. 19: "Amarcord."

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"The Apprenticeship of Duddy Kravitz."

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Chinatown."

East 59th Street I, 220 E. 59th. (688-1717)
"Bananas," "Sleeper," and "Everything You Always Wanted to Know About Sex."

East 59th Street II, 220 E. 59th. (688-0750)
"Bring Me the Head of Alfredo Garcia."

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
"Scenes from a Marriage."

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
"Escape to Nowhere."

First Avenue Screening Room, 1st Ave. at 61st. (753-5755)
Sept. 18: "The Harder They Come."
From Sept. 19: "The Promised Land."

Columbia I, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
Sept. 18: "Bed and Board" and "Claire's Knee."
Sept. 19-25: "Bob & Carol & Ted & Alice" and "The Producers."
From Sept. 26: To be announced.

Columbia II, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-2720)
"The Tamarind Seed."

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
Sept. 18: "The Sting."
From Sept. 19: "Flesh Gordon."

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
"The Seduction of Mimi."

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"The Longest Yard."

72nd Street East, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through Sept. 24: "The Parallax View."
From Sept. 25: "For Pete's Sake."

Juliet I, 3rd Ave. at 83rd. (249-1806)
"The Tamarind Seed."

Juliet 2, 3rd Ave. at 83rd. (249-1806)
"Walking Tall."

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
Through Sept. 19: "Our Time."
From Sept. 20: "Claudine."

U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
"Animal Crackers."

Loews Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
"The Longest Yard."

Loews Ciné, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
"Death Wish."

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
Through Sept. 24: "Steel Edge of Revenge."
From Sept. 25: To be announced.

R.K.O. 86th St. Twin I, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
Through Sept. 24: "Savage Sisters."
From Sept. 25: "Foxy Brown" and "Truck Turner."

R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2, Lexington at 86th. (289-8932)
"Bring Me the Head of Alfredo Garcia."

WEST SIDE

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
"Pink Floyd" and "Fellini Satyricon."

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
"Flesh Gordon."

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Through Sept. 19: "Bananas," "Sleeper," and "Everything You Always Wanted to Know About Sex."
From Sept. 20: "Claudine."

Quad Cinemas I, 2, 3, and 4, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Through Sept. 24 at one or another of the theatres: "Animal Crackers" / "Memories Within Miss Aggie" and "Is There Sex After Death?" / "Harold and Maude" and "Play It Again, Sam."... ¶ Through Sept. 21: "Rain" and "The Blue Angel."... ¶ Sept. 22-24: "Something to Sing About" and "Great Guy."
From Sept. 25: To be announced.

Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th. (675-0935)
Through Sept. 19: "Key Largo" and "The Treasure of Sierra Madre."
Sept. 20-22: "The Big Sleep" and "To Have and Have Not."
Sept. 23-24: "The Petrified Forest" and "High Sierra."
Sept. 25-26: "Greaser's Palace" and "No More Excuses."
Note: Sunday, Sept. 22, one performance, at noon: "The General."

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
"The Tamarind Seed."

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (757-3100)
Through Sept. 25: "The Girl from Petrovka." (After 5:30 on Tuesday, Sept. 24, the theatre will be turned over to the telecast of the Foreman-Ali fight.)
From Sept. 26: Theatre temporarily closed.

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"That's Entertainment!"

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (581-2323)
Through Sept. 24: "The Inspector General" and "Arsenic and Old Lace."
From Sept. 25: To be announced.

Playboy, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
"Animal Crackers."

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
"The Apprenticeship of Duddy Kravitz."

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)
Sept. 18: "The Lady Eve" and "Midnight."
Sept. 19-21: Three programs of films shown at this year's Atlanta Film Festival.
Sept. 22: "Mary of Scotland" and "The Private Lives of Elizabeth and Essex."
Sept. 23: "The Milky Way" and "The Nun."
Sept. 24: "The Chase" and Mickey One."
Sept. 25: "L'Atalante" and "Gertrud."
Sept. 26: "The Manchurian Candidate" and "Seconds."

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"Harry & Tonto."

Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
Through Sept. 26: "The Parallax View" and "Catch-22."

Cinema Studio, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
"King of Hearts."

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
Sept. 18: "In the Name of the Father" and "Adieu Philippine."
Sept. 19: "Partner" and "Les Créatures."
Sept. 20: "Tokyo Story" and "Letter from Siberia."
Sept. 21: "The Spider's Stratagem" and "The Merchant of Four Seasons."
Sept. 22: "The Idiot" and "The Koumiko Mystery."
Sept. 23: "Jonathan" and "The Gods and the Dead."
Sept. 24: "L'Amour Fou."
Sept. 25-26: "The Sudden Wealth of the Poor People of Kombach."

Embassy 72nd St., B'way at 72nd. (SC 4-6745)
Through Sept. 24: "Buster and Billie" and "The King of Marvin Gardens."
From Sept. 25: "The Mad Adventures of 'Rabbi' Jacob" and "Little Murders."

Beacon, B'way at 74th. (874-1717)
To be announced.

Loews 83rd St., B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
"The Tamarind Seed." (After 8 on Tuesday, Sept. 24, the theatre will be turned over to the telecast of the Foreman-Ali fight.)

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Through Sept. 24: "Pink Floyd" and "Fellini Satyricon."
From Sept. 25: "Early Spring."

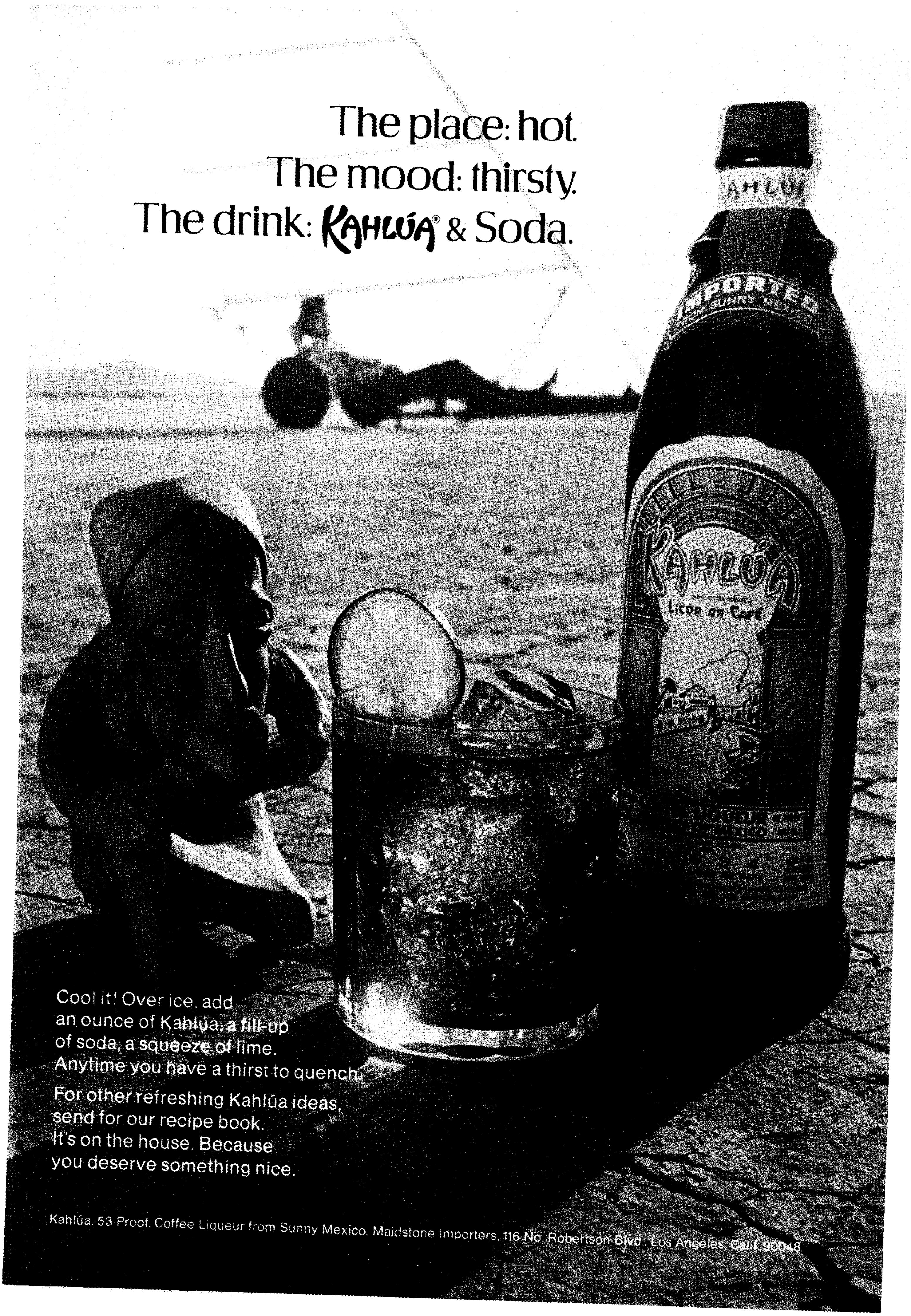
Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
"Animal Crackers."

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)
"Harold and Maude."

Olympia, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Through Sept. 24: "The Parallax View" and "Ash Wednesday."
From Sept. 25: "Going Places" and "I Could Never Have Sex with Any Man Who Has So Little Regard for My Husband."

FILM LIBRARIES

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—Sept. 18 at noon: "A Day in the Country" (1936), in French, directed by Jean Renoir; English subtitles.... ¶ Sept. 18 at 2: "Sidewalks of New York" (1931), directed by Jules White and Zion Myers, with Buster Keaton.... ¶ Sept. 18 at 5:30: "Exclusive Story" (1936), directed by George B. Seitz, with Franchot Tone and Madge Evans.... ¶ Sept. 19 at 2: "Tales of the Navajo" (1949), directed by Jack Schaidlin.... ¶ Sept. 19 at 5:30: "Smilin' Through" (1941), directed by Frank Borzage, with Jeanette MacDonald and Brian Aherne.... ¶ Sept. 19 at 8: "Smilin' Through" (1932), directed by Sidney Franklin, with Norma Shearer and Fredric March.... ¶ Sept. 20 at 2: "Exclusive Story."... ¶ Sept. 20 at 5:30: "Ah Wilderness!" (1935), directed by Clarence Brown, with Wallace Beery and Eric Linden.... ¶ Sept. 21 at noon: "The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari" (1920), a German silent film, directed by Robert Wiene, with Conrad Veidt and Werner Krauss; English inter-titles.... ¶ Sept. 21 at 3: "General Spanky" (1936), directed by Fred Newmeyer and Gordon Douglas, with Spanky MacFarland.... ¶ Sept. 21 at 5:30: "Girl Crazy" (1943), directed by Norman Taurog, with Judy Garland and Mickey Rooney.... ¶ Sept. 22 at 12:30 and 3: "Bonnie Scotland" (1935), directed by James Horne, with Stan Laurel and Oliver Hardy.... ¶ Sept. 22 at 5:30: "The Wet Parade" (1932), directed by Victor Fleming, with Dorothy Jordan and Lewis Stone.... ¶ Sept. 23 at 2: "Wife Versus Secretary" (1936), directed by Clarence Brown, with Clark Gable and Jean Harlow.... ¶ Sept. 23 at 5:30: "The Firefly" (1937), directed by Robert Z. Leonard, with Jeanette MacDonald and Allan Jones.... ¶ Sept. 24 at 2: "The Murder Man" (1935), directed by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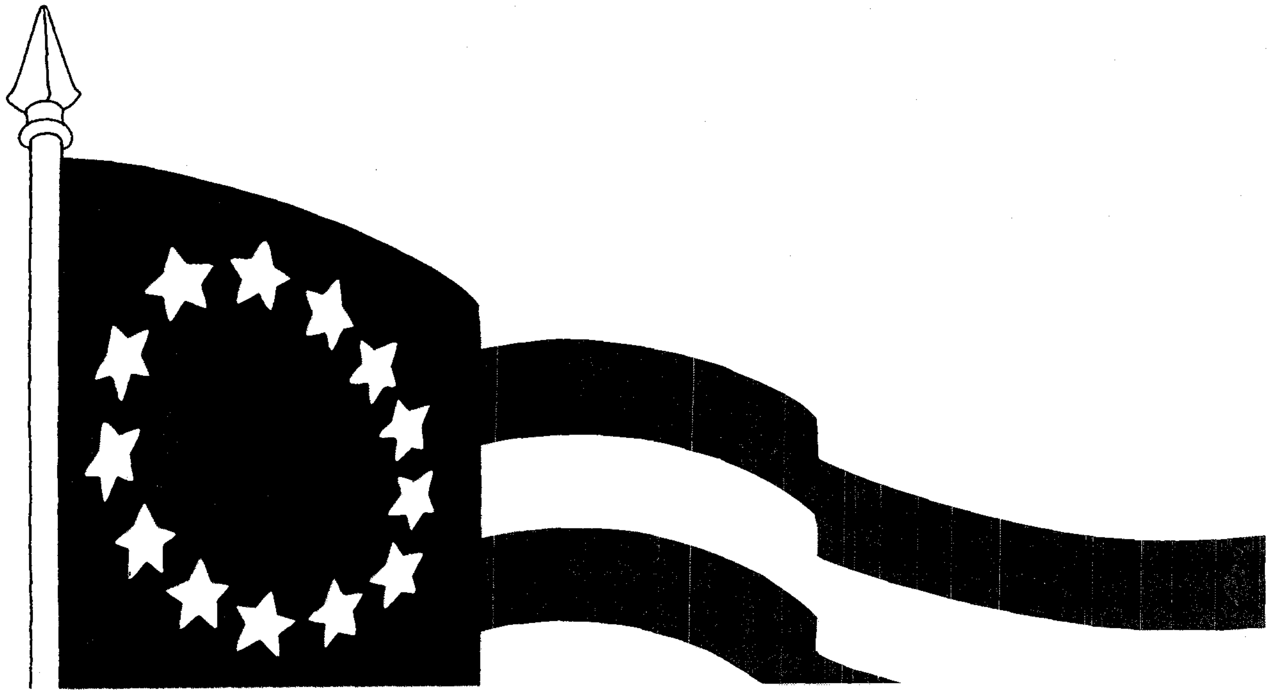

WE MADE THE FIRST LOAN TO AMERICA.

Tim Whelan, with Spencer Tracy and Virginia Bruce. . . . ¶ Sept. 24 at 5:30: "Mad Love" (1935), directed by Karl Freund, with Peter Lorre and Frances Drake. . . . ¶ Sept. 25 at noon: M-G-M cartoons and featurettes. . . . ¶ Sept. 25 at 2: "The Wet Parade.". . . ¶ Sept. 25 at 5:30: "The Murder Man.". . . ¶ Sept. 26 at 2: M-G-M cartoons and featurettes. . . . ¶ Sept. 26 at 5:30: "Nick Carter—Master Detective" (1939), directed by Jacques Tourneur, with Walter Pidgeon. . . . ¶ Sept. 26 at 8: "Good News" (1930), directed by Nick Grinde and Edgar J. McGregor, with Bessie Love and Mary Lawlor, final sequence missing; and "Good News" (1947), directed by Charles Walters, with June Allyson and Peter Lawford. (A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon. Reservations for the showings at 8 will not be accepted before 5:30. Wednesday, admission on a first-come, first-served basis.)

New York Cultural Center, 2 Columbus Circle. (LT 1-2311)—Seven programs in a series of films directed by Rainer Werner Fassbinder, in German, English subtitles: Sept. 18 at 3 and 6: "Beware of a Holy Whore" (1970). . . . ¶ Sept. 19 at 4 and 6: "Katzelmacher" (1969). . . . ¶ Sept. 20 at 5 and 7:30: "The American Soldier" (1970). . . . ¶ Sept. 21 at 3 and 6: "Effi Briest" (1974). . . . ¶ Sept. 22 at 4 and 6: "The Merchant of Four Seasons" (1971). . . . ¶ Sept. 25 at 4 and 6: "Why Does Herr R. Run Amok?" (1969). . . . ¶ Sept. 26 at 3 and 6: "The Bitter Tears of Petra von Kant" (1972). (A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the center after 11 on the day of the showing.)

Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—"Antonia: A Portrait of the Woman," directed by Judy Collins and Jill Godmilow. Showings at noon (except Wednesdays), 1:30, 3, and 4:30 (plus 6, 7:30, and 9 on Tuesday evenings). Call desk (861-5322) for ticket information.

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
THE DATE OF REVIEW IN THESE PAGES IS GIVEN FOR FILMS LESS THAN TWO YEARS OLD.

Adieu Philippine (1961)—Directed by Jacques Rozier. In French. (Regency; Sept. 18.)

Amarcord—Directed by Federico Fellini. In Italian. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Plaza; starting Sept. 19.)

L'Amour Fou (1968)—During the first half hour, there's a strong temptation to flee from this legendary Jacques Rivette film, which moves back and forth between the rehearsals for an experimental production of Racine's "Andromaque" and the disintegrating marriage of the actor-director (Jean-Pierre Kalfon) and his actress-wife (Bulle Ogier). But those who stick with the film may find that Rivette's measured, unemphatic style begins to take hold. Tight little Bulle Ogier is ominously compelling; she gives a superlative performance. And there has never been anything like the *folie-à-deux* sex-and-destruction orgy that climaxes the marriage. The purpose of the juxtapositions remains damned elusive, but a highly intellectualized horror story develops inside the smooth, elegantly patterned, abstract camera movement. Rivette has a hypnotic style, partly because of his unusual spatial sense and his "normal" use of time. Four hours and twelve minutes. In French. (Regency; Sept. 24.)

Animal Crackers (1930)—The Marx Brothers in their pre-Hollywood period; like "The Cocoanuts" of the year before, it was filmed in Astoria and it looks stagey. But the film is too joyous for cavilling. Groucho is the fearless African explorer Captain Spaulding, who deigns to attend a party at Rittenhouse Manor, on Long Island; Margaret Dumont is Mrs. Rittenhouse, and Lillian Roth is her daughter Arabella. Once again, the script was by George S. Kaufman and Morrie Ryskind; this time the songs ("Hooray for Captain Spaulding" and "Why Am I So Romantic") are by Bert Kalmar and Harry Ruby. (Eastside Cinema, U. A. East, Playboy, and Symphony. . . . ¶ Quad Cinema; through Sept. 24.)

The Apprenticeship of Duddy Kravitz—Mordecai Richler's very long pulp novel has been made into a longish, novelistic movie by Ted Kotcheff. Nineteen-year-old Duddy Kravitz (Richard Dreyfuss) lives in the biggest Jewish community in Canada, in the Montreal of 1948. His father (Jack Warden) pimps to add to his income as a taxi-driver; his uncle (Joseph Wiseman) is putting Duddy's elder brother through medical school. Duddy works as a summer waiter at a Jewish resort hotel, where he is mortified by the other summer waiters, who are a cut above him and come from McGill. The word "apprenticeship" makes the film sound ironic, but apprenticeship to what? Life? Or the hinted-at fake existence of money-making? The screenplay was adapted from Richler's novel by Lionel Chetwynd. Denholm Elliott, as a posh English film director oratorically devoted to Art while filming bar mitzvahs and weddings, is the best thing in the film. (Reviewed in these pages 7/22/74.) (Baronet, and Little Carnegie.)

Arsenic and Old Lace (1944)—Maybe the success of the play rubbed off on the movie, because it was inexplicably popular. Frank Capra directed this laborious farce in which Cary Grant gives one of his rare terrible performances—he runs around in a frenzied, dithering manner, doing enormous double takes. With Raymond Massey and Peter Lorre, and, as the little old murderesses, Josephine Hull and Jean Adair. (Festival; through Sept. 24.)

Ash Wednesday—In a few scenes, Elizabeth Taylor is done up like Arletty playing Garance in "Children of Paradise," and she's absolutely ravishing, in an unearthly, ageless way. But the film is a long-drawn-out ghoulish commercial for cosmetic surgery—made, apparently, for people who can't think of anything to do with their lives but go backward. Jean-Claude Tramont is credited with the script and Larry Peerce is credited with the direction, but there is no script and there is no direction. With Keith Baxter, Helmut Berger, and Henry Fonda giving a sour, dumb performance. (St. Marks Cinema, and Olympia; through Sept. 24.)

L'Atalante (1934)—Jean Vigo's sensuous, poetic love story about a young barge captain on the Seine who takes a bride and loses her and nearly goes mad before he gets her back. Jean Dasté and Dita Parlo are the lovers, Michel Simon is a tattooed barge hand. A wonderfully spontaneous, unarranged-looking film, photographed by Boris Kaufman, and with a lovely score by Maurice Jaubert. In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Sept. 25.)

Bananas (1971)—Woody Allen directed, wrote (with Mickey Rose), and stars in this agreeable mess, which is slightly about revolution in a banana republic. The first half is often very, very funny. (East 59th Street I. . . . ¶ Greenwich; through Sept. 19.)

Bed and Board (1971)—About the married life of Truffaut's hero, Antoine Doinel (Jean-Pierre Léaud). Léaud appears to have developed a dogged resistance to acting, but Antoine's bride, Claude Jade, who looks like a less ethereal, more practical Catherine Deneuve, is lovely. The movie is cheerful, if conventionally "beguiling." In French. (Columbia I; Sept. 18.)

The Big Sleep (1946)—Humphrey Bogart is Raymond Chandler's private eye in a fast, tense, amusingly lurid thriller peopled with sophisticated monsters who talk in innuendos. Lauren Bacall and Martha Vickers are a baffling pair of rich, spoiled sisters; the latter sucks her thumb. It hardly matters that the plot gets so complicated that William Faulkner and the other writers of the screenplay had to appeal to Chandler for guidance, and that he couldn't exactly figure it out either. Howard Hawks directed, smashingly. (Elgin; Sept. 20-22.)

The Blue Angel (1929)—An almost legendary film. As Lola Lola, Marlene Dietrich is a rather coarse and plump young beauty—the incarnation of sex without romance or sentiment. Emil Jannings is the inhibited, tyrannical teacher who succumbs to her. Directed by Josef von Sternberg. In German. (Quad Cinema; through Sept. 21.)

Bob & Carol & Ted & Alice (1969)—A very commercial but also very funny American comedy on modern sexual mores. Dyan Cannon and Elliott Gould give a classic portrait of a dreadful modern marriage; Robert Culp and Natalie Wood are the other couple. Written by Paul Mazursky and Larry Tucker. Mazursky directed. (Columbia I; Sept. 19-25.)

Brief Encounter (1946)—David Lean directed this romantic expansion of Noël Coward's one-act play "Still Life," and Celia Johnson and Trevor Howard played the lovers with such touching restraint that they broke hearts all over the world. A craftsmanlike tearjerker. (Art; starting Sept. 20.)

Bring Me the Head of Alfredo Garcia—Directed by Sam Peckinpah. Someone snitched the head of the film, too. (East 59th Street II, and R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2.)

Buster and Billie—Set in Georgia in 1948, about coed friendship. The film ends with a communal rape and killing, so it's not for the young. It has a faintly faked aura of lyricism and of homesickness for a far from good time in the forties, which makes it not for anyone else, either, though there are a few good, incomplete touches about a believably unlikely friendship. Directed by Daniel Petrie. (Embassy 72nd St.; through Sept. 24.)

California Split—Robert Altman's beautiful, smoky, funny film about gambling, with Elliott Gould as a retaliatory-minded joker and George Segal as a magazine writer with something clenched about him. Gould's performance is perfect, disguising an abandoned face in a gregarious ape's mask. Segal has entirely entered into Altman's quixotic style. As with gambling itself, the impulses of the characters seem a matter of luck or catastrophe, lived out in a world denuded of everything that can't be hocked. The film seems to be being improvised. We catch at events and personalities by the ends of threads. The sound track of Joseph Walsh's first-rate screenplay is full of murmurs and densely packed with talk, recorded on eight tracks, often with eleven mikes going at once. This is Altman's best film since "McCabe & Mrs. Miller"—comic, loose-limbed, dangerous, with a kindly eye for the out-of-step. (8/19/74) (Murray Hill, and Sutton.)

Catch-22 (1970)—A rational man vs. the Army. Joseph Heller's novel, adapted by Buck Henry, directed by Mike Nichols, and, most important, starring Alan Arkin. (Gramercy; through Sept. 24. . . . ¶ Paramount; through Sept. 26.)

The Chase (1966)—Overripe melodrama about the South, directed by Arthur Penn—he regrets the film as a far-from-personal piece of work—and written nominally by Lillian Hellman, who has elsewhere disowned it. Marlon Brando, Jane Fonda, Janice Rule, Robert Redford, Robert Duvall. What was intended as a modest picture about some aimless people on an aimless Saturday night got purple and Thought Big. Produced by Sam Spiegel. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Sept. 24.)

Chinatown—A thriller for grownups—more about greed than about blood-spilling—directed by Roman Polanski. The film is obviously steeped in knowledge of older Hollywood-thriller masters, but it is full of young verve, and bows to no one. John Huston plays a Biblical figure called Noah Cross; Faye Dunaway is a mysteriously widowed beauty called Mrs. Mulwray, who hires a private eye (Jack Nicholson) to solve the puzzle of her husband's death. The main topic is really the misuse of the Los Angeles water system. Who would have thought that that could provide the matter for such a good thriller? Jack Nicholson's performances get better and more lissome every time. The film, set in the thirties, from a script by Robert Towne, is wickedly skillful and funny, and socially alert. (7/1/74) (34th St. East, and Coronet.)

Claire's Knee (1970)—The air is thick with summer and leisure in Eric Rohmer's serene story of a vacationing diplomat (Jean-Claude Brialy) who says he is interested only in women's minds and then has an "undefined desire" to stroke a young girl's knee. There's a rather enigmatic woman novelist who stands in for the director and makes ponderous remarks, but Rohmer's quiet, complacent movie-novel game is pleasing, and an exquisitely gawky teen-age actress, Beatrice Romand, who plays a subsidiary role, looks like a Pisanello princess. In French. (Columbia I; Sept. 18.)

Claudine—A Harlem love story that would reflect a sophisticated, knowing exhaustion if it concerned whites, but maintains its stam-

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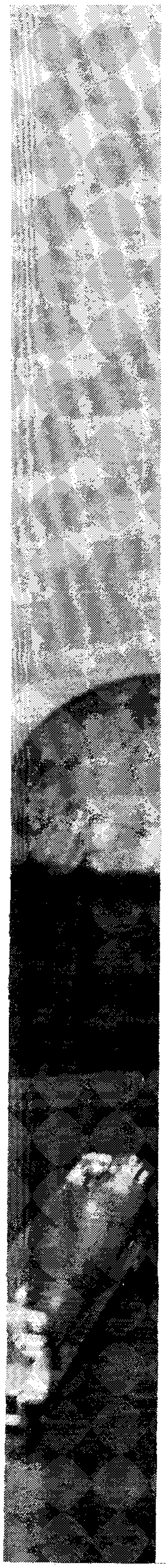

The gasoline crisis may have eased off, but the energy crunch is still with us. Obviously, it’s going to be some time before the energy crisis is solved. There are so many things that have to be accomplished before we’re out of the dark.

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ina, good humor, and cheek because it is played, and mostly made, by blacks. A mother on welfare (Diahann Carroll) with six children is loved by a garbage man called Roop, himself supporting three children. James Earl Jones plays the character with an endearing mixture of romance, cowardice, and natural sexiness about his beautiful but obstinate catch of a girl. Produced by Hannah Weinstein, directed by John Berry, written by Tina and Lester Pine. (4/29/74) (Trans-Lux 85th St., and Greenwich; starting Sept. 20.)

Les Créatures (1966)—Michel Piccoli plays a writer with a beautiful pregnant wife (Catherine Deneuve, looking inhumanly beautiful) who has lost the power of speech; Eva Dahlbeck is a hotelkeeper. Complicated, full of gamesmanship and subplots, and maybe only for those who like to play chess—if for them. Agnès Varda wrote and directed. In French. (Regency; Sept. 19.)

Death Wish—A death-wishing, irresponsible picture about muggings in New York, with a hammy performance by Charles Bronson. The thesis (if there is one in this film, which has a head full of shrapnel and wood shavings) is that good old American-frontier individualism is represented by a vigilante who manages to kill muggers every time because of the abominable freedom of the American gun laws. The director is that untalented youngish Englishman Michael Winner. Wrongly named, though probably not at the box office. (8/26/74) (Loews Ciné.)

Early Spring (1956)—Directed by Yasujiro Ozu. In Japanese. (New Yorker; starting Sept. 25.)

11 Harrowhouse—With Charles Grodin and Candice Bergen, directed by Aram Avakian. (Trans-Lux East; starting Sept. 26.)

Escape to Nowhere—About a stoic spy (Lino Ventura) divided between two loyalties. Today he is Haliakov, a liberal Russian scientist; sixteen years ago he was French. There are moments of tension that rival Hitchcock—at concerts in Geneva and Paris, for instance, or while we wait for the French Secret Service to decode another spy's music manuscript. Directed by Claude Pinoteau, this film (bad title) is a good spy story, and a stingingly alert study in ambiguity. In French. (8/12/74) (Cinema II.)

Everything You Always Wanted to Know About Sex (1972)—Woody Allen, who has the anesthetized face of a Jewish Buster Keaton combined with a sensible woman shopper's, wrote and directed this intermittently inspired take-off on Dr. David Reuben's waggish best-seller. (East 59th Street I. . . . ¶ Greenwich; through Sept. 19.)

Falstaff (1967)—Orson Welles plays Sir John and stages a battle sequence that rivals the battles of Eisenstein and Kurosawa. One of Welles' best films, though damaged by technical problems resulting from lack of funds. With John Gielgud, Keith Baxter, Margaret Rutherford, and Jeanne Moreau. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; starting Sept. 25.)

Fellini Satyricon (1970)—Fellini, basking in sin, in the De Mille godlessness-is-lawlessness tradition. The fresco effect of the film becomes monotonous, as if his phantasmagoria of the pagan world were a stage panorama set on a treadmill. In Italian. (Waverly. . . . ¶ New Yorker; through Sept. 24.)

The Firefly (1937)—Jeanette MacDonald and Allan Jones in a lavish musical monstrosity from M-G-M. Strictly for those who are prepared to listen to such songs as "Love Is Like a Firefly" and "He Who Loves and Runs Away" and "When a Maid Comes Knocking at Your Heart"—and, of course, Allan Jones going at "The Donkey Serenade." Rudolf Friml dominates the music department; Robert Z. Leonard directed fairly energetically. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Sept. 22-24.)

Flesh Gordon—With Jason Williams, directed by Howard Ziehm and Michael Benveniste. X rated. (8th St. Playhouse. . . . ¶ Plaza; Sept. 18. . . . ¶ Beekman; starting Sept. 19.)

For Pete's Sake—A good-looking young taxi-driver played by Michael Sarrazin is married to a Brooklyn girl played by Barbra Streisand. The film, directed by Peter Yates and written by Stanley Shapiro and Maurice Richlin, was obviously produced to suit her runaway talents. In an effort to repay money the heroine has borrowed for an investment in pork-bellies, on which the couple has a hot tip, she secretly takes to prostitution, then to drug dealing, then to cattle rustling. The picture sometimes seems to be a series of decreasingly funny revue sketches, though Miss Streisand's unstoppable energy exercises its usual garrulous, star-quality appeal. Molly Picon is genuinely comic, not farcical (unlike a lot of the film), as an apparently nice old lady in little hats who efficiently runs a stable of novice criminals. (7/8/74) (72nd Street East; starting Sept. 25.)

Foxy Brown—With Pam Grier and Peter Brown, directed by Jack Hill. (R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1; starting Sept. 25.)

The General (1926)—Buster Keaton at his very greatest, except perhaps for "The Navigator." He did it all himself; stunt jobs, props, script, the lot. The film has all the sweet earnestness in the world. It is about trains, frontier America, flower-faced girls. (Elgin; Sunday, Sept. 22, one performance, at noon.)

Genevieve (1954)—Funny English comedy, directed by Henry Cornelius, with Kenneth More as an amiable old-car nut who goes on the London-to-Brighton annual motor race for petrol-driven antiques. Good about English mews life, with an entrancing sequence when the beautiful late Kay Kendall plays the trumpet. (Art; starting Sept. 20.)

Gertrud (1965)—One of the most maddening films ever made, but in some ways it's also fascinating. Gertrud (Nina Pens Rode) seeks perfect love and is contemptuous of human weakness. Carl Dreyer's last film before his death is stylized to a degree that makes it seem insanely old-fashioned and at the same time innovative. From a play by Hjalmar Söderberg. In Danish. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Sept. 25.)

The Girl from Petrovka—Cold soup. Clammy sentimentality about an Iron Curtain love affair set in bitter winter. Hal Holbrook, gentle, mustached, and tall—looking very like Kurt Vonnegut, Jr.—plays a United States news correspondent in Moscow. He sells his dead wife's clothing to his friend (Anthony Hopkins), who is officially a swimming instructor but actually a dealer in anything from black-market clothes to girls. Watching a ballet class, Holbrook meets Zoran Andric, as a jazz musician, and Goldie Hawn, as a suspiciously childlike ballet waif who turns out to be an agile opportunist. Unintentionally funny moments of dialogue, and a perilous amount of naïveté about the Soviet Union's approach to "decadent" jazz and obvious dissidents. Directed by Robert Ellis Miller from a poor book by George Feifer. (Music Hall; through Sept. 25. No evening performances on Tuesday, Sept. 24.)

The Gods and the Dead (1972)—A Brazilian film, directed by Ruy Guerra. Rather mysterious but interesting. In Portuguese. (Regency; Sept. 23.)

Going Places—Gérard Depardieu and Patrick Dewaere as two Rabelaisian young layabouts who serve as tokens of the pursuit of void pleasures. They spend their time like boys on a spree of truancy and shoplifting—teasing middle-aged women, stealing cars, making idle love to a girl whom they cruelly call frigid when they have always treated her abominably. They say to themselves that they are having fun, but this is bluster. So is a lot of the film, in its desolately aimless way. Jeanne Moreau, as an ex-convict, provides the one gleam of fire and poise. Directed by Bertrand Blier from his own novel. In French. (5/20/74) (Olympia; starting Sept. 25.)

Greaser's Palace (1972)—Robert Downey wrote and directed this comic extravaganza, which is very, very slow and more humorous than exactly funny. None of Downey's earlier cock-a-hoop, lazily satiric style. Pity. (Elgin; Sept. 25-26.)

Great Guy (1937)—James Cagney on the side of the reformers: as Chief Deputy of the Department of Weights and Measures, he fights the shysters, grafters, and racketeers. The atmosphere is reasonably tough, but there's nothing to raise the film above mediocrity. Mae Clarke reappears sans grapefruit; with Edward Brophy. John G. Blystone directed. (Quad Cinema; Sept. 22-24.)

The Harder They Come (1973)—Jimmy Cliff, the reggae singer, has the verve of an instinctive actor. In this crude but sensual Jamaican film, he plays a country boy who wants to become a pop star and who achieves his ambition only by becoming a famous killer; he reaches the top of the hit-record charts when he's on the Most Wanted posters. The film, directed by Perry Henzell, is feverish and haphazard, but the music redeems much of it, and the rhythmic swing of the Jamaican speech is hypnotic. (2/24/73) (First Avenue Screening Room; Sept. 18.)

Harold and Maude (1971)—The love story of Harold (Bud Cort), almost twenty, and Maude (Ruth Gordon), almost eighty. Directed by Hal Ashby. (Thalia. . . . ¶ Quad Cinema; through Sept. 24.)

Harry & Tonto—Directed by Paul Mazursky and written by him with Josh Greenfeld. A vivacious and affectionate folktale. Harry (Art Carney) is a limping old man with a buoyant spirit who buys cheap food for himself and good liver for his cat, a heavyset marmalade companion called Tonto, who has a complicated temperament that inclines audiences to anthropomorphism. The old Lear has three disappointing children strung across the country, whom he visits in an image of an ancient quest after the demolition of his one-room flat. He eventually decides they represent a rope on his liberty. The narrative sounds sentimental, but the film isn't. Children may get upset about Tonto's death, which happens at the feline equivalent of seventy-seven. (8/26/74) (Paris.)

High Sierra (1941)—This Humphrey Bogart picture, directed by Raoul Walsh, was imitated widely both abroad and here, and it set a new style in gangster movies—the gangster as anachronism in a changing world. Bogart's performance as the weary Dillinger-like gangster is a classic, and about half the movie is definitive in setting the new pattern. With Ida Lupino, Joan Leslie (as a lame girl, in an expendable subplot), Arthur Kennedy, Alan Curtis, and Cornel Wilde. John Huston and W. R. Burnett adapted the Burnett novel. (Elgin; Sept. 23-24.)

I Could Never Have Sex with Any Man Who Has So Little Regard for My Husband (1973)—Chronicle of a Martha's Vineyard holiday spent by two dozily married couples who think of wife swapping but don't do it. Humorous rather than funny. Written by Dan Greenburg from his own novel "Chewsday: A Sex Novel." The rain pours, the fog swirls, the cold bites hard, the knife-edge of the dialogue slips off the bone. (7/30/73) (Olympia; starting Sept. 25.)

The Idiot (1951)—Kurosawa made this version of the Dostoevski novel right after "Rashomon," using the same two men—Masayuki Mori (the husband in "Rashomon") as Prince Myshkin, and Toshiro Mifune (the bandit in "Rashomon") as Rogozhin. It's a long, uneven, fascinating film, with such curiosities as a Nastasya Filipovna (Setsuko Hara) modelled on Maria Casarès in Cocteau's "Orpheus." In Japanese. (Regency; Sept. 22.)

The Inspector General (1949)—Danny Kaye creating some happy confusion in the Napoleonic era. (Festival; through Sept. 24.)

In the Name of the Father—A gaudy, splintered piece of work in which a satanically clever boy at a Jesuit school outwits the priests at their own game of power-by-diabolism when he asks for more science and less Dark Ages obscurantism, though his raucous cruelty actually drags science back to the day of the thumbscrew to serve his megalomanic purpose. A beautiful-looking, muddleheaded film, directed by Marco Bellocchio. In Italian. (4/8/74) (Regency; Sept. 18.)

Is There Sex After Death? (1971)—Porno-spoof with the usual sex scenes and the usual sex jokes. And the usual fatigue sets in, because the scenes and jokes in films of this type are repetitive and interchangeable. However, this one has some funnier-than-usual skits involving Buck Henry, Jim Moran, and Marshall

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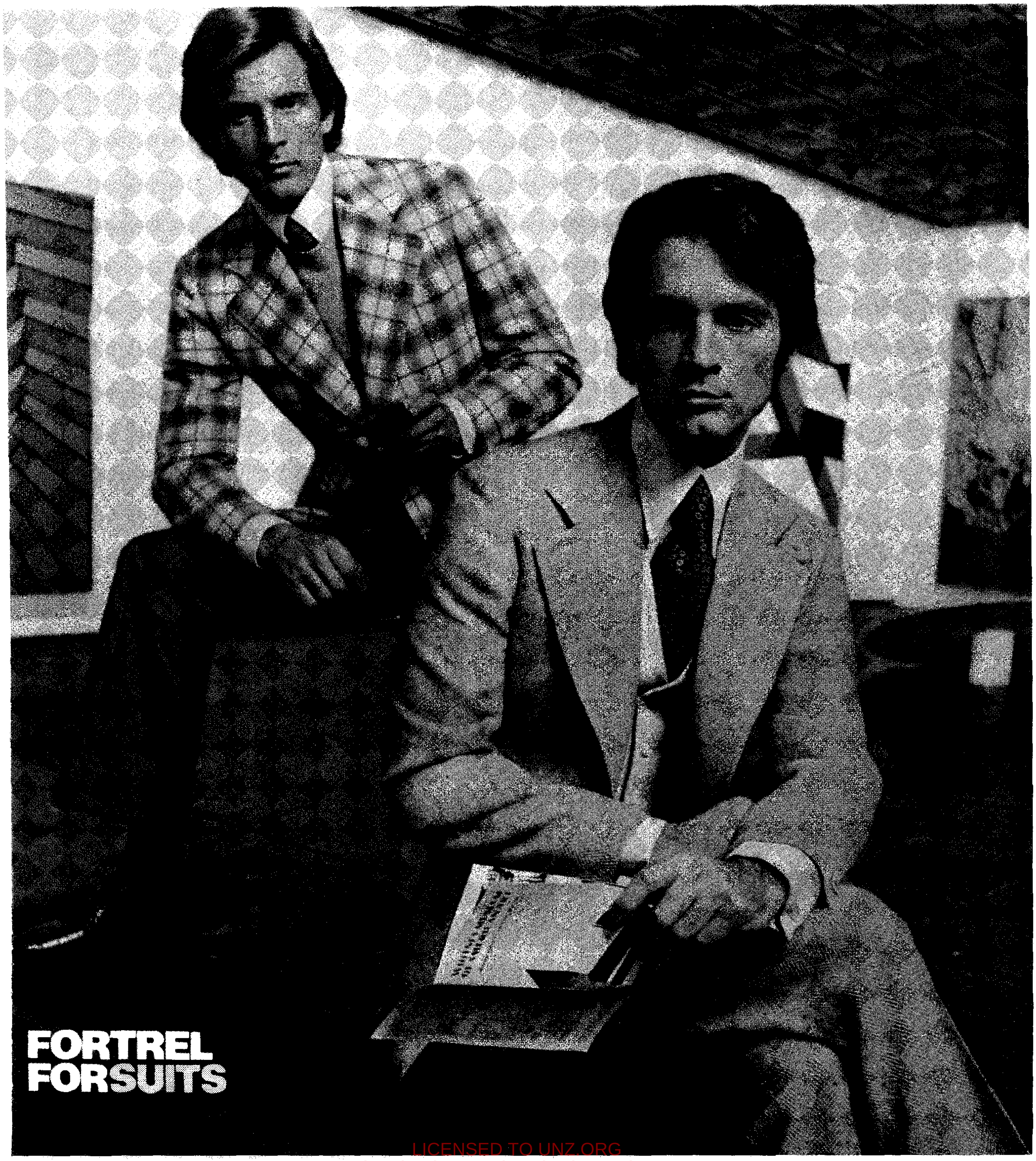

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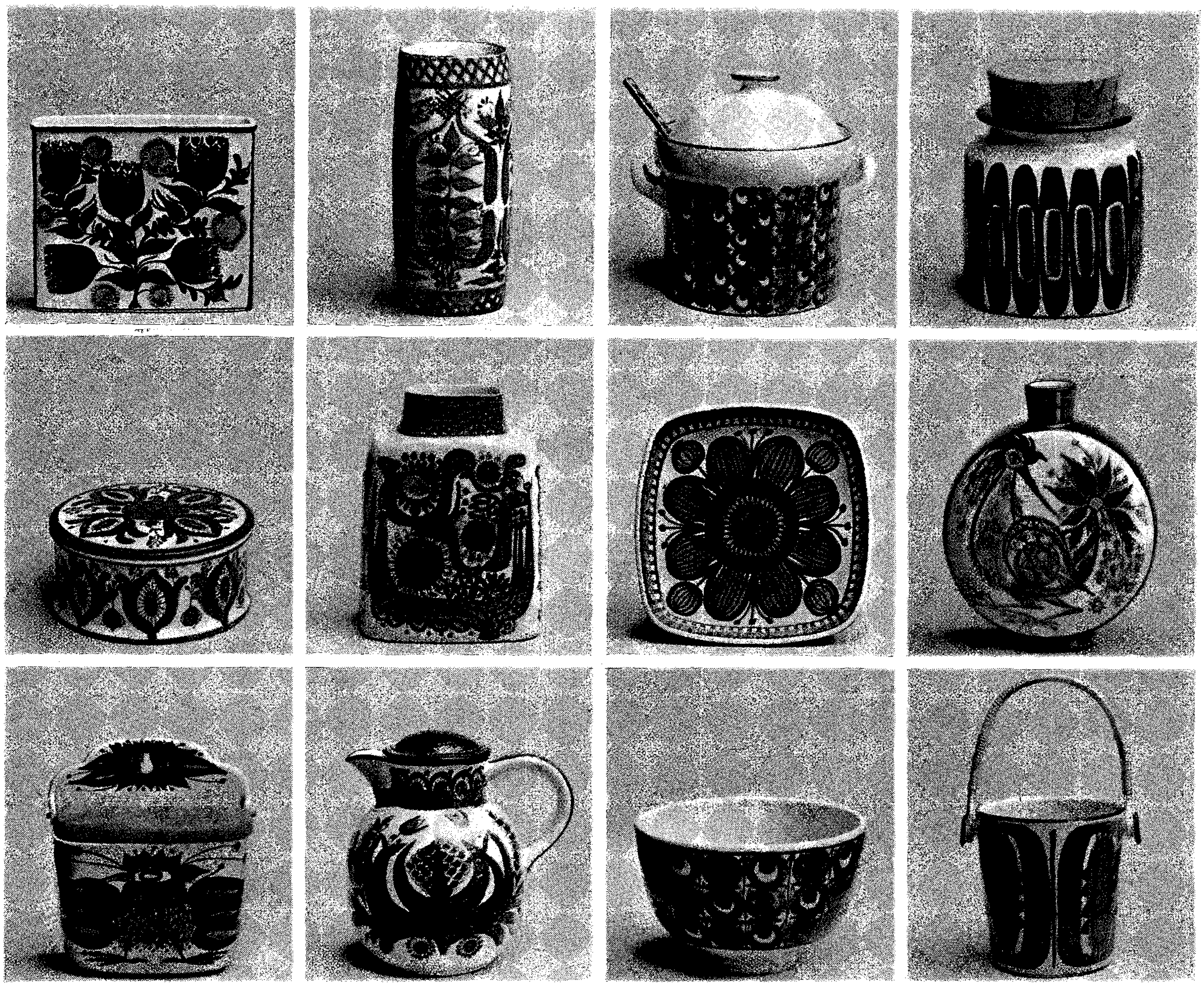

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Efron. Written and directed by Jeanne and Alan Abel. (Quad Cinema; through Sept. 24.)

It's Love I'm After (1937)—A light farce in which Leslie Howard and Bette Davis play a shallow, vanity-ridden matinée idol and his hot-tempered leading lady, and relish every hammy, slapstick minute of it. They are surrounded by the millionaires (George Barbier), valets and butlers (Eric Blore, E. E. Clive), and silly heiresses (Olivia de Havilland) who were at one time as much of a convention in American comedy as the fops of Restoration theatre. Casey Robinson's script is musty and Archie Mayo's direction is sluggish, but the movie is pleasantly bad. With Bonita Granville, Patric Knowles, and Spring Byington. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; through Sept. 21.)

Jezebel (1938)—Bette Davis at her dazzling best—as a Southern belle who confuses perversity with coquetry. A full-scale demonstration of the talent of a star who can act. William Wyler directed. With Henry Fonda, George Brent, and Fay Bainter. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; through Sept. 21.)

Jonathan (1973)—Intellectual vampire picture. Not for true fanciers of bloodsucking. Directed by Hans Geissendörfer. In German. (Regency; Sept. 23.)

Key Largo (1948)—John Huston, who directed, and Richard Brooks, then a screenwriter, rewrote the soporific Maxwell Anderson play and added so many good hammy bits that they turned it into an entertaining movie, though what the play was supposed to be about—which was dim enough in the original—is thoroughly obscured. But it's a confidently directed, handsomely shot movie, and the cast all go at it as if the nonsense about gangsters and human dignity were high drama. Humphrey Bogart gets Lauren Bacall, who looks wonderful but can't seem to find a character to play; Edward G. Robinson chomps on a cigar while soaking in a bathtub; Claire Trevor makes her bid for an Academy Award in the role of a pathetic drunk; and Thomas Gomez and Lionel Barrymore do their usual overrated overacting. (Elgin; through Sept. 19.)

King of Hearts (1967)—Philippe de Broca makes a lulling and rather winsome period comedy about a 1918 soldier in an evacuated village now inhabited only by zoo animals and lunatics in fancy dress. With Alan Bates. In French and English. (Cinema Studio.)

The King of Marvin Gardens (1972)—Indecipherable dark nonsense about brothers and spurious goals and the American Dream. An unqualified disaster, though Ellen Burstyn tries, valiantly, and so does Bruce Dern. Jack Nicholson is dim and ploddingly self-serious. Directed by Bob Rafelson, from a script by Jacob Brackman. (Embassy 72nd St.; through Sept. 24.)

The Koumiko Mystery (1966)—This lovely hour-long documentary about a modern Japanese girl was shot by Chris Marker in Tokyo during the Olympics. The mystery is the mystery of human individuality; Koumiko, with her archaic Oriental beauty, walks through the transient World's Fair atmosphere seeing herself as an outsider in modern Japan. In French. (Regency; Sept. 22.)

The Lady Eve (1941)—A frivolous masterpiece. Like "Bringing Up Baby," "The Lady Eve" is a mixture of visual and verbal slapstick, and of high artifice and pratfalls. Barbara Stanwyck keeps sticking out a sensational leg, and Henry Fonda keeps tripping over it. She's a cardsharp, and he's a millionaire scientist who knows more about snakes than about women; neither performer has ever been funnier. The film, with screenplay and direction by Preston Sturges, is full of classic moments and classic lines; it represents the dizzy high point of his comedy writing. With Charles Coburn, Eugene Pallette, William Demarest, and Eric Blore. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Sept. 18.)

Letter from Siberia (1957)—Chris Marker's hour-long delicately comic documentary about a remote Siberian village. (Regency; Sept. 20.)

Little Murders (1971)—Jules Feiffer's satirical comedy about urban decay and living between assassinations has become fairly gross in this movie version, directed by Alan Arkin. Elliott Gould is the catatonic hero. (Embassy 72nd St.; starting Sept. 25.)

The Longest Yard—Football in prison. If you relish the squeak of a brutally broken nose being twisted back into place, this is your picture. Directed by Robert Aldrich, with Burt Reynolds and Eddie Albert. (Loews Tower East, and Loews Orpheum.)

Love and Anarchy—Lina Wertmuller's large, epic film is set mostly in a thirties brothel; there, a young country bumpkin (Giancarlo Giannini, looking like a freckled young chicken), who intends to assassinate Mussolini, falls in love and botches his plans. The movie is uneven; it often seems like a silent film, and sometimes it is extravagant and operatic. But when Wertmuller concentrates on the whores' faces and attitudes it can be very beautiful. In Italian. (St. Marks Cinema; starting Sept. 25.)

The Mad Adventures of 'Rabbi' Jacob—Gérard Oury directs the great Louis de Funès, who looks as if he were perpetually quenching a sneeze. The film is a complicated gangster comedy, with de Funès disguised as a rabbi. There are also numerous French Catholic detectives and Muslim revolutionaries, and a great slide down a chute into a bath of green bubble gum. Joy for kids. In French. (7/22/74) (Art; through Sept. 19.... ¶ Trans-Lux East; through Sept. 25.... ¶ Gramercy, and Embassy 72nd St.; starting Sept. 25.)

The Manchurian Candidate (1962)—A witty, far-out thriller about political extremists, with some chilling moments. George Axelrod adapted the Richard Condon novel, and John Frankenheimer came to life as a director. With Angela Lansbury, Frank Sinatra, Laurence Harvey, Janet Leigh, James Gregory, and John McGiver. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Sept. 26.)

Mary of Scotland (1936)—Not a vintage year for Katharine Hepburn films; this was one of three flops. John Ford directed and Dudley Nichols adapted the Maxwell Anderson play. And poor Fredric March was enlisted to play the fighting Scotsman Bothwell, who loved Mary and proved to be her undoing. The picture drips prestige. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Sept. 22.)

The Merchant of Four Seasons (1971)—A measured, distanced study of a victim (Hans Hirschmuller)—a rejected son of a middle-class family—and how he loses the will to live. The film is considered by many to be a masterpiece, but the style of the director, Rainer Werner Fassbinder, doesn't have enough authority; an American viewer may be uncertain how to react to the distancing devices, and how to react to the masochism and the misogyny and the view of women as coldhearted betrayers. When is Fassbinder being sardonic, and when is the degradation and futility meant to be taken straight? The picture, which has some conceptual resemblances to the later films of Robert Bresson and to Dreyer's "Gertrud," and some psychological resemblances to such Emil Jannings films as "Variety," is an art thing, all right, but perhaps not a work of art. In German. (Regency; Sept. 21.)

Mickey One (1965)—An overfreighted allegory by Arthur Penn, fancily put together and fancily photographed. If "art cinema" means anything, it means something portentous—something that hints at more intellect within the portals than there actually is. "Mickey One" is Arthur Penn's piece of art cinema, though anyone who cares a lot for Penn's work will still find rewarding signals in it of his true talent. The film was mostly over-criticized in its time. Warren Beatty plays a night-club comedian looking for a better way to cope. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Sept. 24.)

Midnight (1939)—Rapturous fun. Slim-hipped, wide-eyed Claudette Colbert, stranded in Paris in an evening gown, gets involved with John Barrymore, who is trying to regain the affections of his straying wife, Mary Astor, who is hooked on dapper Francis Lederer. This romantic comedy, written by Brackett and Wilder, and directed by Mitchell Leisen, is one of the authentic delights of the thirties. The cast includes Hedda Hopper, Monty Woolley, and Don Ameche. Ameche actually has an important role; he isn't bad—for Ameche. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Sept. 18.)

The Milky Way (1970)—A genial guided tour of Catholic heresies. Luis Buñuel, in an impudent, rather than blasphemous, spirit, and a bit fusty. In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Sept. 23.)

No More Excuses (1968)—Robert Downey's hour-long Surrealist potpourri of a film. No narrative, certainly no dramatic conflict, but a good many laughs. (Elgin; Sept. 25-26.)

The Nun ("La Religieuse;" 1965)—Anna Karina plays Diderot's mid-eighteenth-century nun, boxed into a convent to save her parents the cost of her marriage dowry and the embarrassment of her illegitimacy. Directed by Jacques Rivette. Slow, stately, suffocating stuff, full of images to inspire high-bred dread in atheists and claustrophobics, and entirely missing the point that Diderot's novel is funny. In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Sept. 23.)

Oedipus Rex (1957)—With co-directing help from Irving Lerner, Tyrone Guthrie transcribed his famous production, as it was performed at Stratford (Canada) in 1954 and 1955. Guthrie uses the Yeats translation of Sophocles' tragedy, and the cast performs in masks. This is certainly authentic, and no doubt onstage it helps to suggest that the actors represent figures larger than life. The hypnotic effect of the masked, endlessly moving robed figures does begin to suggest a ritual experience, and the readings are very fine, but the camera destroys even ordinary stage distance and brings us smack up against painted, sculpted papier-mâché. One may feel benumbed, looking at the mouth openings for a sign of life underneath. With Douglas Campbell in the lead. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; starting Sept. 25.)

Our Time—From an overprotected script by Jane C. Stanton, aged twenty-six, about a swanky girls' boarding school full of incredibly euphemistic and ignorant seventeen-year-olds who whisper about sex as though it were some kind of strictly forbidden Sanskrit. License ends in disaster, and so this story of 1955, which was certainly meant to be a piece of lyrical/tragical propaganda for legal abortion, finishes up meaning hellfire for those who, in the film's words, "go all the way." Directed by Peter Hyams, with a beauty named Pamela Sue Martin as Abby, born lucky, and Betsy Slade as Muffy, a plain Jane whose plastic barrettes define something about her hopelessness about herself. (Trans-Lux 85th St.; through Sept. 10.)

The Paper Chase—Timothy Bottoms as a first-year law student at Harvard, and John Houseman as the professor he idolizes. Bottoms meets the professor's daughter (Lindsay Wagner), who's derisive about everything, and he becomes confused about why he's studying. The picture, directed by James Bridges, tries to be thoughtful and provocative, but it has nothing to say. (10/29/73) (Gramercy; starting Sept. 25.)

The Paradine Case (1948)—There are few thrills in this big misconceived courtroom thriller, directed by Hitchcock and ornately produced by David O. Selznick. Alida Valli, at the center, is surrounded by Gregory Peck, Charles Laughton, Ann Todd, Ethel Barrymore, Louis Jourdan, Charles Coburn, and Leo G. Carroll, who are mostly miserably miscast. The characters and their problems don't make much imprint on a viewer; if you can't remember whether you've seen the picture or not, chances are that you did and forgot it. (Fine Arts; through Sept. 24.)

The Parallax View—Alan J. Pakula directs a rather trite and cautious movie about an imaginary political assassination of a Presidential aspirant which skirts carefully around the question of whether the traumatic killings of the Kennedy brothers were a question of organized political murders or of lone men's madness. With Warren Beatty as a rumpled newspaper reporter, Paula Prentiss trying vainly to look as hard as nails, Hume Cronyn. (6/24/74) (St. Marks Cinema, Gramercy, 72nd Street East, and Olympia; through Sept. 24.... ¶ Paramount; through Sept. 26.)

Partner (1969)—Two years before "The Conformist," Bernardo Bertolucci made this inventive but bewildering political vaudeville—a modernization of Dostoevski's "The Double," in which a young drama teacher (Pierre Clémenti) has fantasies of extending the theatre of cruelty into political revolution. Clémenti doesn't convey enough intellectuality for an audience to understand the character, who seems to be a comic-strip Artaud. Visually extraordinary, and with original and

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daring tricks of style, but not easy to take. With Stefania Sandrelli and Tina Aumont. In Italian. (Regency; Sept. 19.)

The Petrified Forest (1936)—Archie Mayo turned Robert Sherwood's famous play into this pretty good movie about the ironic ascendancy of a strongly physical man in a society of sophisticates. An escaped gangster, played by Humphrey Bogart, holds Leslie Howard and Bette Davis hostage at a roadside restaurant in Arizona. Bogart is at his best, the irresistible type of the sardonic bandit. (Elgin; Sept. 23-24.)

Pink Floyd—A concert-*cum*-puff by the famous London rock group, playing in Pompeii in quadraphonically recorded sound. The young men are adept musicians but even more adept at technology. They can make a Steinway piano sound like demonic stomach rumblings. (9/9/74) (Waverly. . . . ¶ New Yorker; through Sept. 24.)

Play It Again, Sam (1972)—Woody Allen incarnating the spirit of Neurotic Love in a funny picture made from his own Broadway hit. Allen plays a Bogart nut, and most of the film is about hapless girl-chasing. Herbert Ross directs in a style of suitably loose-limbed laconicism. (Quad Cinema; through Sept. 24.)

The Private Lives of Elizabeth and Essex (1939)—Bette Davis, well painted and dressed for the role of the shrewd old Queen, looks the part and gives a magnetic, tough performance, but an impossible task was set for her, since as Essex Errol Flynn couldn't come halfway to meet her. His talents were in other directions; the role was totally outside his range, and the poor man seemed to know it. Davis's performance is bound to suffer from comparison with Glenda Jackson's multi-faceted Elizabeth on television, but Davis's Elizabeth is a precursor of Jackson's—it might almost be a sketch for the Jackson portrait. Michael Curtiz directed this adaptation of the Maxwell Anderson play. With Olivia de Havilland, Henry Daniell, Leo G. Carroll, James Stephenson, Vincent Price, Donald Crisp, and Ralph Forbes. Music is by Erich Wolfgang Korngold. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Sept. 22.)

The Producers (1968)—Satire of the theatre, with Zero Mostel as a producer who sells twenty-five thousand per cent of a play, intending to produce a flop so that he won't have to pay the backers anything. Some of it is very funny, but Mel Brooks, who wrote and directed, doesn't develop the ideas. With Dick Shawn and Gene Wilder, whose whining, strangled-voice bit is almost a shtick of genius. (Columbia I; Sept. 19-25.)

The Promised Land—A Chilean film, directed by Miguel Littin. In Spanish. (First Avenue Screening Room; starting Sept. 19.)

Rain (1932)—You don't have to be a great actress to play Sadie Thompson; you don't even have to be an actress—practically any transvestite could do it. But Joan Crawford took the role *seriously;* she really works at it—eyes flashing, scar-mouth twisting. Every nuance feels like an earthquake. Lewis Milestone is the director; Walter Huston is the Reverend. (Quad Cinema; through Sept. 21.)

San Francisco (1936)—Jeanette MacDonald, courted by Clark Gable, comes carolling out of the appalling San Francisco earthquake in one of her most famous and effulgently absurd scenes. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Sept. 22-24.)

Savage Sisters—With Gloria Hendry and Cheri Caffaro, directed by Eddie Romero. (R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1; through Sept. 24.)

Scenes from a Marriage—With Liv Ullmann and Erland Josephson, directed by Ingmar Bergman. In Swedish. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Cinema I.)

Seconds (1966)—John Frankenheimer's macabre sci-fi thriller about a diabolical conspiratorial organization that arranges for people to be "reborn" via plastic surgery. There are some good ideas tucked away inside the scrambled unpleasantness; the best of them concerns a banker (John Randolph) who is vaguely dissatisfied with his life and arranges a Faustian bargain for a second chance (he comes back as Rock Hudson) but doesn't have any conception of a new life. Unfortunately, Hudson seems dull to us as well as to himself. Frankenheimer shows off (he even stages a bacchanal), and James Wong Howe displays his camera pyrotechnics as if they were going on sale in the nation's supermarkets; Lewis John Carlino did the screenplay, from David Ely's novel. With Salome Jens, Jeff Corey, Murray Hamilton, Wesley Addy, and Will Geer. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Sept. 26.)

The Seduction of Mimi—Written and directed by Lina Wertmuller. A very funny bedroom and church-step farce, set in Italy and Sicily, about a sexual round robin, with the Mafia intervening. The hero is dead serious, above a subterranean freneticism, about his cold wife in Sicily and his Cranach-faced mistress in Turin and Catania. His wife vengefully gets pregnant by a tax officer; the hero makes love back to the tax officer's mountainous wife, who already has five children before this sixth one by him. The Mafia plants a murder on him, and he emerges from a jail sentence to find even his mistress and their beloved growing son disappearing into the distance. In Italian. (6/24/74) (68th St. Playhouse.)

Le Sex Shop (1973)—A film written and directed by Claude Berri, and starring Berri himself as Claude, a disconsolate husband with an adored wife and two small children. He opens up a store called Le Sex Shop, which sells sex manuals, fetishists' gadgetry, and lovers' armory that looks like cart-horse harness. A funny picture about a man who is physically in love with his wife but haplessly goes along with the idea that progress in sex should keep up with the moon walk. In French. (8/6/73) (St. Marks Cinema; starting Sept. 25.)

Sleeper—A modern slapstick-comedy classic, directed by and starring Woody Allen. Set two hundred years in the future, it's the most stable and sustained of his films, with a clean visual style and an elegant design. It's a very even work, with no thudding bad lines and no low stretches, but it doesn't have the loose, magic highs of some of his other films. You laugh all the way through and come out smiling and perfectly happy, but you're not driven crazy—not really turned on the way his messier movies can turn you on. With Diane Keaton. (12/31/73) (East 59th Street I. . . . ¶ Greenwich; through Sept. 19.)

Something to Sing About (1937)—The title represents unjustified optimism. James Cagney plays a bandleader who goes to Hollywood to make a musical. Cagney gets a chance to do some of that hoofing of his that's not like anybody else's, but the story is a leaden satire of Hollywood, with a feeble suggestion of "A Star Is Born." Mona Barrie, in a blond wig, does a refreshing parody of Garbo; the heroine is overpowering Evelyn Daw, of whom not much more was heard. With William Frawley and Gene Lockhart. Victor Schertzinger directed; the story idea was his, too. (Quad Cinema; Sept. 22-24.)

Spellbound (1945)—The idea is intriguing: a murder mystery set among a group of psychoanalysts, with a solution to be arrived at by clues found in a dream. It was carried out in 1945 by one of the most highly publicized collaborations of all time: Alfred Hitchcock and Salvador Dali, with Ben Hecht writing the script. Ingrid Bergman is the analyst, Gregory Peck her amnesiac patient—the murder suspect. With all the obvious ingredients for success, "Spellbound" is a disaster. It was fitting that the actress who was once described as a "fine, strong, cow-country maiden" should be cast as a good, solid analyst, dispensing cures with the wholesome simplicity of a mother adding wheat germ to the family diet, but Bergman's apple-cheeked sincerity has rarely been so out of place as in this confection whipped up by jaded chefs. With Michael Chekhov, John Emery, Leo G. Carroll. Academy Award for Best Original Score (!), by Miklos Rozsa. (Fine Arts; through Sept. 24.)

The Spider's Stratagem (1970)—Before he made "The Conformist," Bernardo Bertolucci made this adaptation of Jorge Luis Borges's enigmatic "Theme of the Traitor and Hero" for Italian television. Shot in Sabbioneta, a miniature city between Mantua and Parma, with colonnades that suggest de Chirico, the film is mysteriously beautiful; it has heightened colors and evocative imagery. But Giulio Brogi, playing both the son and the hero-father whose death the son is investigating, is given no character as either, and he lacks energy. The film itself is enervated, and the themes are frustratingly elusive; it's all atmosphere and no strength. With Alida Valli, still splendidly handsome, and with that same secret look she had in "The Third Man." In Italian. (Regency; Sept. 21.)

The Sting—Paul Newman, Robert Redford, and director George Roy Hill trying to recapture the box-office glow of "Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid." This time, the happy twosome are cardsharps and swindlers of the thirties; the mood isn't as coyly lyrical as before—the first blush of their romance has faded. It's a visually claustrophobic, mechanically plotted movie that's meant to be a roguishly charming entertainment, and many people probably consider it just that. With Robert Shaw as the stiff-necked menace. (12/31/73) (Beekman; Sept. 18.)

The Sudden Wealth of the Poor People of Kombach (1971)—Directed by Volker Schlöndorff. In German. (Regency; Sept. 25-26.)

The Tamarind Seed—Written and directed by Blake Edwards. According to the legend of the tamarind seed, a slave accused of stealing a sheep was hanged from a tamarind tree. He protested his innocence; since then, the tree has regularly borne a seed in the shape of a man's head. The film has a slave to Communism in it, played by Omar Sharif, and a sheep, or woman, played by Julie Andrews. The slave is something or other in the Soviet Embassy in Paris; the sheep is something or other in the Foreign Office in London. They twice go to Barbados, and the first time, incredibly, Nothing Happens. Sharif looks very hirsute, like a Scottish terrier racked with helpless eroticism. The well-known words "We mustn't" are used not only for sexuality but also for spying. Bilge. (7/15/74) (Columbia II, Juliet 1, and Guild. . . . ¶Loews 83rd St. No evening performances on Tuesday, Sept. 24.)

That's Entertainment!—An invigorating movie made up of clips from old M-G-M musicals. The linking commentary sounds a bit like an Oscar evening promoting M-G-M (the comperes include the present-day Mickey Rooney, James Stewart, Frank Sinatra, Bing Crosby, and Liza Minnelli), but the things that are linked together are terrific, especially the clips of Gene Kelly, in the incomparable Comden and Green's movie "Singin' in the Rain;" the melting, featherweight Fred Astaire; Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy, that inimitable dollop of soup, ham, and classy yearning, their love-filled eyes slipping around to the camera to check what they look like; and Esther Williams, swimming in larger and larger pools, and rising from the chlorinated M-G-M water regally wet. (6/10/74) (Ziegfeld.)

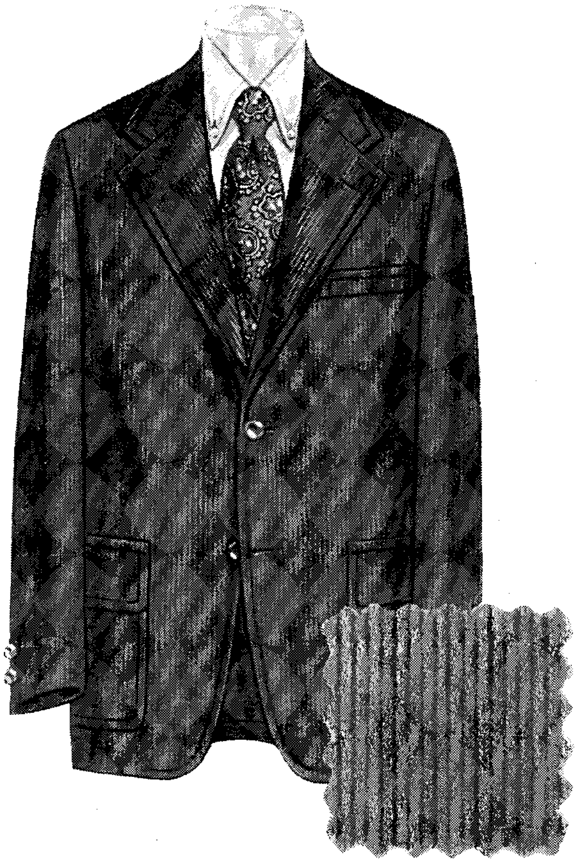
To Have and Have Not (1944)—Directed by Howard Hawks, with a general jokey love of honky-tonk. Courtship sparring between Humphrey Bogart at his most proficient and a then newcomer called Lauren Bacall, dusky-voiced and nervy, all mock toughness. Loosely based on Hemingway, about Bogart tangled up in Vichy violence in the West Indies. (Elgin; Sept. 20-22.)

Tokyo Story (1953)—One of the most honored of all Japanese films, directed by Yasujiro Ozu, who has made a gentle-natured masterpiece of wonderful complexity out of a simple story about elderly parents who go to visit their grown-up children in Tokyo and find that the children have no interest in them. In Japanese. (Regency; Sept. 20.)

The Treasure of Sierra Madre (1948)—One of the strongest of all American movies. Three Americans stranded in Mexico strike it rich, and the director, John Huston, lets them stew in their own juice. Humphrey Bogart is the paranoid tough guy, Fred C. Dobbs; Walter Huston is the toothless, shrewd old prospector; and Tim Holt is a blunt, honest young man. With Alfonso Bedoya, as a primitive bandit who makes one appreciate civilization, and the director himself appearing as the victim of Bogart's cadging. From the B. Traven novel. If one is prepared for the terrible Max Steiner score, it may be easier to shut it out. (Elgin; through Sept. 19.)

Truck Turner—With Isaac Hayes and Yaphet Kotto, directed by Jonathan Kaplan. (R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1; starting Sept. 25.)

Walking Tall—A rabble-rousing movie that appeals to a deep-seated belief in simple, swift, Biblical justice; the visceral impact of the film makes one know how crowds must feel when they're being swayed by demagogues. Joe Don Baker gives a powerful performance as the crusading Tennessee sheriff Buford Pusser—who just died—but it's a tall tale: a fiction derived from early Westerns. The director, Phil Karlson, is brutally effective; he makes the battle of virtuous force against organized evil seem primordial. With Elizabeth Hartman as Mrs. Pusser. (2/25/74) (Juliet 2.)



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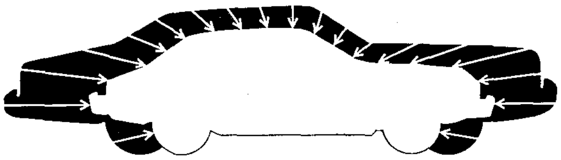


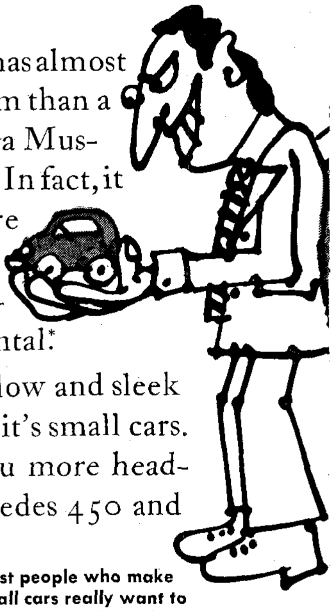
A small car shouldn't be a big car made smaller.

For us at Fiat, small car expertise came not as painlessly or as suddenly. We've been making small cars for 70 years. And little by little we've made them better and better.

The difference between our slow ev tion and their instant knowledge is obviou the cars we make.

The Fiat 124 has almost a foot more legroom than a Maverick, a Nova, a Mustang II, and a Capri. In fact, it even gives you more legroom than an Eldorado, an Imperial, and a Continental.*

The 124 isn't low and sleek like some of Detroit's small cars. Instead it gives you more headroom than a Mercedes 450 and a Rolls Royce.*



Most people who make small cars really want to sell you something else.

This height, plus exceptionally large win- ws, keeps you from the claustrophobia those ek small cars are becoming famous for.

The backseat of the 124 isn't the typical all car backseat. You don't have to be a con- tionist to get into it. And you don't have to a 5-year-old. There's enough room in the ck for two people 6′6″ without their knees ing up around their chins.

The 124 doesn't only have a real backseat, as a real trunk that will hold 7 pieces of lug- ge for those 4 full-sized people.

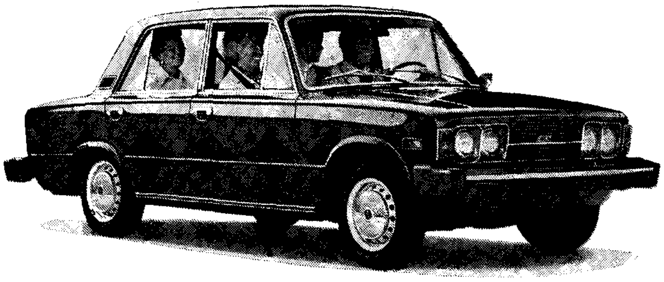
Unlike many small cars, the 124 isn't un- powered. It has good acceleration, and will ise faster than you'd normally care to go. e car holds solidly to the road. It corners flat l steers precisely. (These qualities are unique even in some of Detroit's big cars.)

Of course, we did learn a few things from the big car boys. Our 124 comes with automatic transmission and air conditioning.

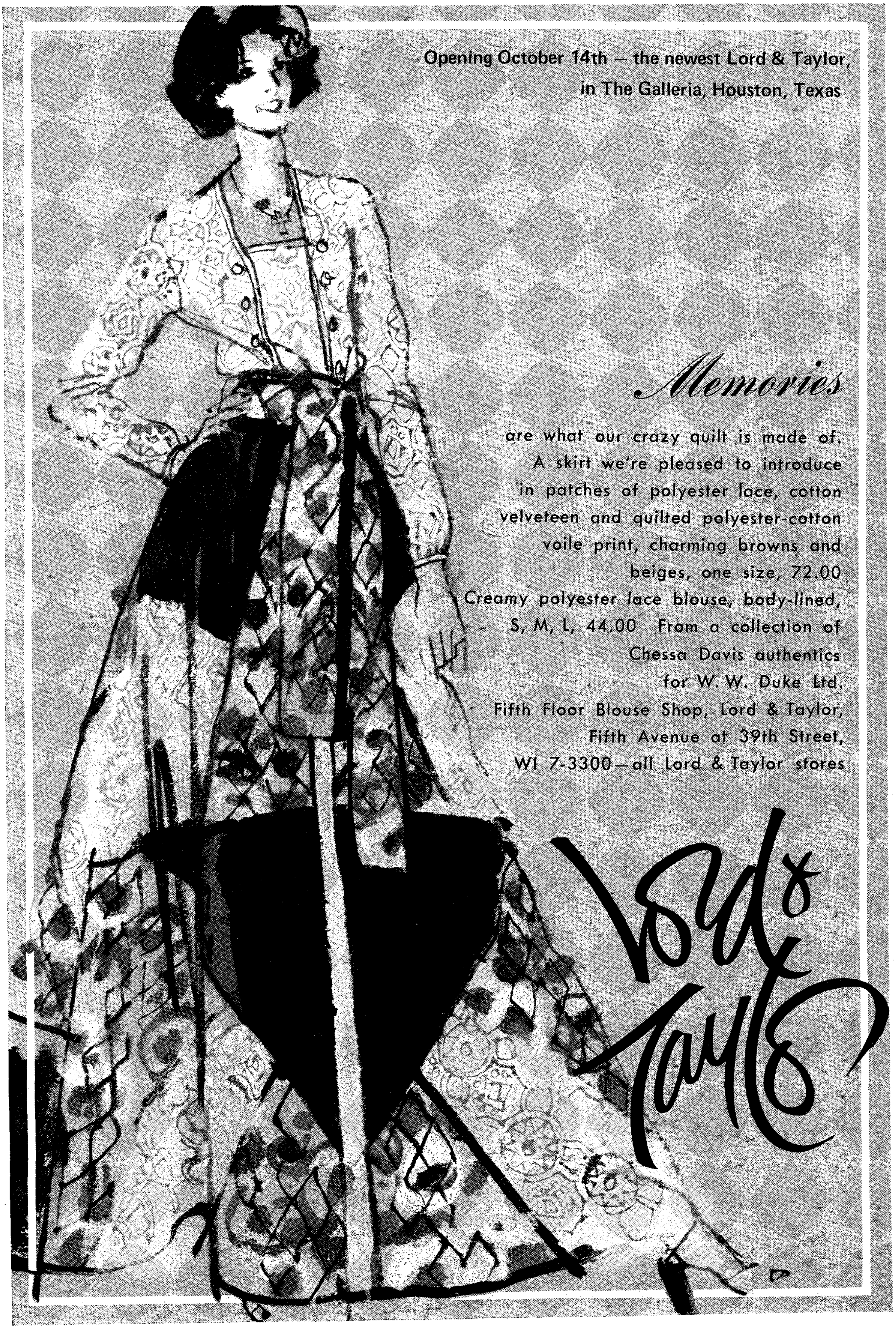
Now it's their turn to learn a few things from us.

FIAT

The biggest selling car in Europe.



Overseas delivery arranged through your dealer.
*Automotive News Almanac 1974



Opening October 14th — the newest Lord & Taylor,
in The Galleria, Houston, Texas

Memories

are what our crazy quilt is made of.
A skirt we're pleased to introduce
in patches of polyester lace, cotton
velveteen and quilted polyester-cotton
voile print, charming browns and
beiges, one size, 72.00
Creamy polyester lace blouse, body-lined,
S, M, L, 44.00 From a collection of
Chessa Davis authentics
for W. W. Duke Ltd.
Fifth Floor Blouse Shop, Lord & Taylor,
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THE NEW YORKER

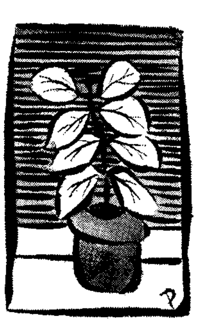
THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

If you have not chosen me by secret ballot, neither have I gained office by any secret promises. I have not campaigned either for the Presidency or the Vice-Presidency. I have not subscribed to any partisan platform. I am indebted to no man and only to one woman, my dear wife.—*Gerald R. Ford, in a speech to the nation after he was sworn in as President of the United States, August 9, 1974.*

PRESIDENT FORD'S announcement, thirty days after these words were spoken, that he had pardoned Richard Nixon stunned the country. The public reaction today seems less angry and rebellious than the "firestorm" of outrage that followed President Nixon's dismissal of Archibald Cox nearly a year ago, but it has begun to look as though the consequences of the pardon would be deeper and last longer than that earlier act of Presidential contempt for the people. Indeed, the pardon may be the final blow to their faith in America. After the cheering revival of the public's spirits in the first month of the Ford Administration, there is suddenly gloom everywhere—a compound of shattered hopes, cynicism, despair about the future, and helplessness. Unlike the punishment of Mr. Cox, the reward of Mr. Nixon cannot be repaired. "There is no basis in the Constitution or in the laws for rescinding a pardon," a Justice Department specialist in the subject said the other day. "A pardon is like a contract. Once the contract has been accepted, or the pardon has been accepted, they're final."

The parallel is inescapably suggestive. Within a day after news of the pardon was broadcast to the nation, more and more people were asking, as they gradually recovered from their astonishment, whether there had in fact been some sort of a contract—a deal between Mr. Nixon and Mr. Ford—somewhere along the way. That the question is so frequently raised is in itself appalling, for it signifies a loss of faith in America which transcends even the loss suffered in the worst days of Watergate. Once that faith is lost, so is America, because our system is prevented from flying off in the direction of either anarchy or tyranny only by the people's belief that it works. And yet the question must be answered. The White House has said that there was no deal. Philip Buchen, the President's former law partner in Grand Rapids, who is now White House Counsel, appeared before the White House press corps the other day and said, "I know the man in the President's office quite well, and I can assure you that there was no deal." We have heard many assurances along these lines in the past couple of years, and all that Buchen's remark attests to, at best, is his confidence in a friend. No confession of guilt was demanded from the former President, Buchen also said, because "you do not put conditions on an act of mercy." (The statement may come as a surprise to all the judges, priests, and parents in the country.) And when reporters asked Buchen why the President had reversed his earlier promise that he would not intervene, the lawyer answered, "An act of mercy can never be untimely." Such answers, while absurd, suitably serve the essentially religious nature of the President's primary stated reason for granting the pardon: compassion. Compassion is an admirable trait, especially in leaders, who must so often be ruthless. But Mr. Ford might have had some compassion for the people, who have suffered grievously in the last two years and desperately needed to sustain their belief in his integrity, and now cannot. Presumably, his duty as President of the United States is to its people, not to one man who brought himself down.



We need better answers than we have got so far. As spokesman for the Republicans in the House of Representatives, Minority Leader Ford was fully aware of his colleagues' resentment of President Nixon's repeated refusal to consult with them, or even to entertain their views, on important matters of state. Immediately upon taking office, President Ford promised to bring them back into the deliberative process. It is clear now, and it was clear before the pardon was granted, that if the Republicans in Congress had been consulted about the pardon, they would have strongly opposed such a move, both because it would be politically disastrous for a party that had just emerged fully recovered after the removal of the "cancer growing on the Presidency" and because it would be morally and judicially insupportable. President Ford did not consult even his oldest and most trusted friends in Congress. Nor, it has been reported, did he talk about the pardon to any members of his Cabinet or to his closest political adviser, Melvin Laird. Apparently, Mr. Ford knew that they would be opposed, too. It appears that the only people the President discussed the subject with were a few members of the White House staff. All of them, according to a White House source, were against the plan, except Mr. Nixon's former aide General Alexander Haig. Around the time that President Ford's emissary began negotiating with Mr. Nixon's present staff, a Gallup Poll reported that three-fifths of the people who had an opinion about what should be done believed that Mr. Nixon should be prosecuted for whatever crimes he could be charged with. President Ford listened to none of these voices, either.

According to an account in the *Times*, President Ford dispatched a lawyer named Benton Becker to San Clemente with orders to get "a revealing statement of Mr. Nixon's Watergate role . . . including an acknowledgment of responsibility for the scandal." The story, recounted by a "friend" of President Nixon's, went on:

> Only in this manner, Mr. Nixon and his assistants were told, could the President's action be justified. Nothing less, it was added, would satisfy and protect members of Congress, particularly Republicans up for re-election, who had voted for Mr. Nixon's impeachment on the House Judiciary Committee or had been prepared to support the committee's impeachment bill on the House floor. . . . The former President was reported to have reacted with a display of anger embarrassing to some of the others in the room when he was given the proposed outline brought by Mr. Becker . . . and stated that he would not issue it in that form.

Becker returned to Washington with no statement—and, as a matter of fact, with little idea of what Mr. Nixon might tell the world. In exchange, Mr. Nixon was pardoned for the crimes that he may have committed during his five and a half years in the Presidency—all Watergate-related offenses and every other illegal act that he might have been charged with, including income-tax fraud, the use of public funds for private purposes, and the acceptance of bribes. As Leon Jaworski is reported to have said, he was "given not only immunity from prosecution and jail but immunity from further investigation." To guarantee this immunity, he was handed control over the evidence of his misdeeds contained in the tapes and in various White House documents. Albert Jenner, counsel to the Republican minority of the House Judiciary Committee during the impeachment inquiry, has called the arrangements leading up to the pardon "the greatest plea bargain in history." He explained, "The prosecution gets nothing, Mr. Nixon gets everything." At the time those arrangements were being made, of course, Mr. Nixon possessed no bargaining power that we know of. His adamant refusal to accept blame for anything beyond "mistakes and misjudgments" would have justified withdrawal of the White House offer of a pardon. After all, a compassionate offer had been made and turned down. But it was Mr. Ford, not Mr. Nixon, who gave in.

President Ford has knocked the Republican Party flat on its back once more; he has shattered his support among liberals and moderates, and will now probably have to extend pardons to draft evaders and deserters and thereby lose the conservatives as well; he has driven his rating in the polls down from the three-fourths of the voters who approved of his performance before the pardon to one-third who now think he's doing a good job; and he has gained nothing in return. It is no answer to say that after serving in Congress for twenty-five years he has poor judgment.

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Beatlefest

THANK goodness we didn't have thirty-five dollars at the Hotel Commodore last Saturday, or we might have succumbed to the urge to buy a "one-of-a-kind" pair of 1964-vintage, size-6½ sneakers imprinted with pictures of the Beatles—John, Paul, George, and Ringo. The sneakers were on sale during Beatlefest '74—New York's first, but probably not its last, convention of people who ten years ago were mere Beatleomanes but today behave all too much like archeologists sifting through the detritus of an ancient culture. What seemed like a couple of thousand Beatles fans were gathered in the hotel lobby when we arrived, and we came close to being trampled on the staircase on our way to the Grand Ballroom, where a lot of security people wearing green-and-white "Beatlefest '74" T-shirts stood around and spoke into walkie-talkies. While we waited for a kind of Beatles stage show—part of the fest—to begin, we looked over forty questions on a Beatlefest '74 "Trivia Quiz," and immediately decided that they were toughies. We hadn't any idea—still haven't—what color Ringo Starr was painted in the movie "Help." We also don't know who Apollo C. Vermouth is, or what Shakespeare play is quoted in the song "I Am the Walrus." A young man nearby explained that Sexy Sadie is a nickname that John Lennon gave Maharishi Mahesh Yogi.

"How do you know these things?" we asked.

"How does *any*body know *any* of this stuff?" he answered.

The show finally began when Jim Kerr, a disc jockey for a local FM radio station, came to a microphone on a platform at one end of the ballroom. He said, "How you doin', Beatle people? I've been a Beatles fan since 1964, when I was eleven and the Beatles first came on the 'Ed Sullivan Show.'" This prompted applause and cheering, which lasted for about a minute. (References to the Beatles and Ed Sullivan and 1964 cropped up throughout the day, but it occurred to us that the average age of the crowd was about seventeen, which meant that more than a few people present at the Beatlefest had been sent to bed by the time the "Ed Sullivan Show" came on.) Jim Kerr introduced Murray the K, the disc jockey who travelled with the Beatles in their early years and in America was often referred to as "the Fifth Beatle." Murray the K recited an abbreviated History of Popular Music Since Benny Goodman, and concluded, "No one, no group, no thing has been able to come along and succeed the Beatles. They reflect something no other group has done in the history of recorded music." The crowd heartily agreed.

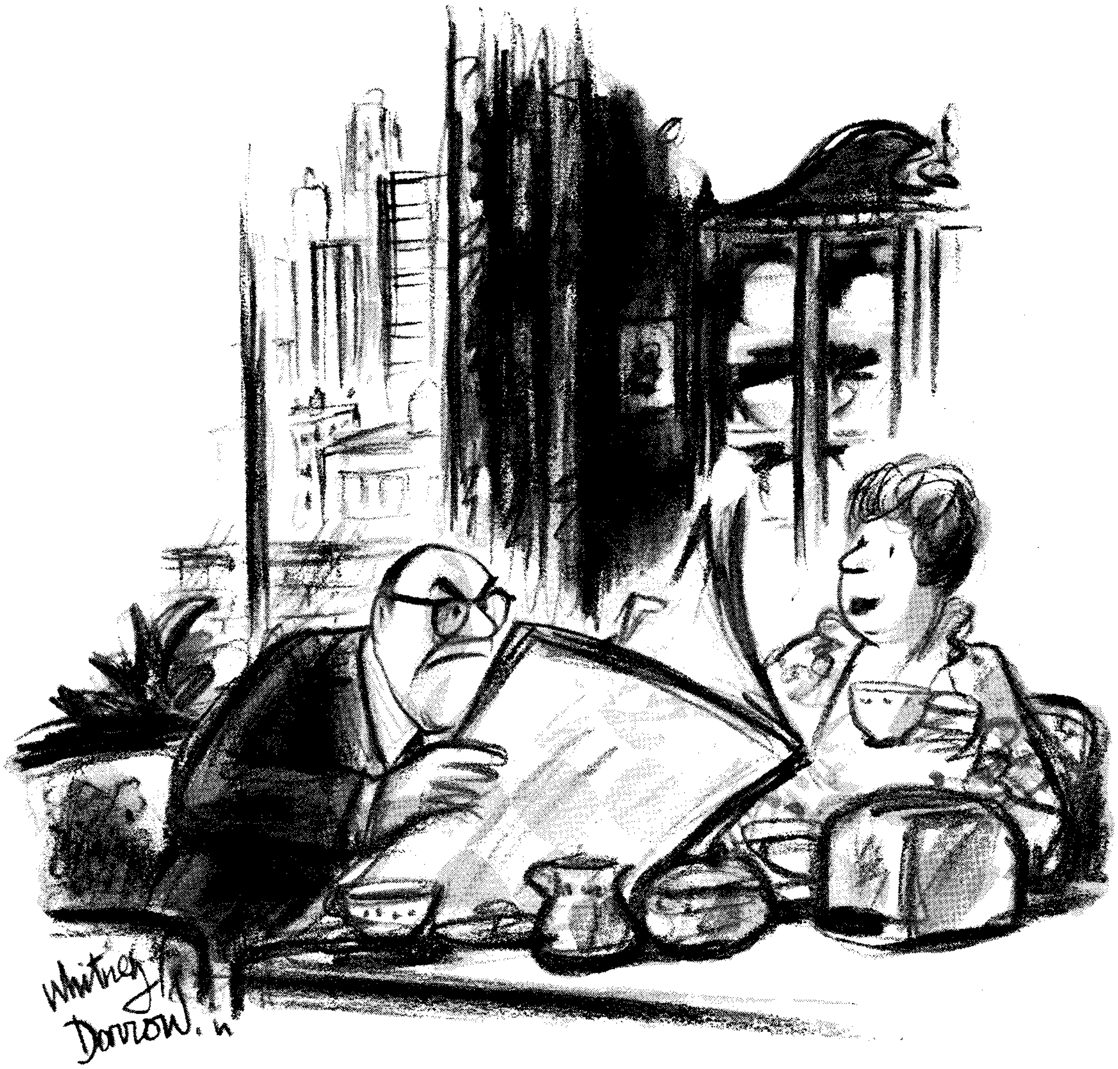
Because we were seated too close to the loudspeakers, which were *very* loud, we left the ballroom during the showing of an early Beatles cartoon and went to the "dealer room," where all sorts of Beatles memorabilia were on sale. It was here that we saw the thirty-five-dollar Beatles sneakers, and here we also saw a twelve-and-a-half-dollar Beatles lunchbox. We found, seated behind a table, Leslie Fradkin, a singer who once recorded a song featuring Paul and Linda McCartney. Mr. Fradkin told us that he owns a collection of rare Beatles album covers from France and England. "I accumulated them over the years, knowing full well that they would be valuable someday," he said, "and this is the day."

"And you're willing to part with them?" we asked.

"Oh, yes," he said. "I've got doubles of everything."

We also spoke with a young woman who hails from Hershey, Pennsylvania, where she works in the Hershey candy factory, and who is actually named Candy Fisher. She was carefully studying a purported original of the censored cover of the Beatles' "Yesterday and Today" album, priced at about two hundred dollars. "I paid a hundred and twenty-five dollars for another 'Yesterday and Today,' but I was ripped off," she told us. "I'm not sure about this one, either. It looks like a phony." Candy had brought four hundred dollars from Hershey to spend at the Beatlefest.

On our way out the door, we met Steve Falk, the accountant for Mark Lapidos Productions, promoters of Beatlefest '74. Mr. Falk, who was wearing black double-knit slacks with white stitching and a print sports shirt that he had unbuttoned to reveal quite a hairy chest, took our thumb in a "power grip" and shook our hand. "What we're all about is just being Beatles fans," he explained. "Everybody here is a Beatles fan. We just want this to be a happening. We're not thinking about box-office receipts. The offshoot of this might include a film documentary of the Beatlefest. Really, like the sky's the limit. I'm in charge of—you know—operations. I'm just concerned that people have a good time. I'm not thinking about our box."



"What's disgusting today, dear?"

"Look, Ma!"

EVEL KNIEVEL's Snake River Canyon parachute jump on September 8th was part of our experience for two whole weeks, off and on. What a complex act! It had so many uses. It began on August 30th, on a rain-lashed street in Queens, when a cabbie asked us, "How do you like Evel's chances?" He wanted to change the subject, because he had just turned down the wrong street. On September 4th, Representative John N. Murphy, Democrat, of lower Manhattan and Staten Island, locked in a tight primary struggle with former City Environmental Protection Administrator Jerome Kretchmer, got three paragraphs in the *Post* by putting out a press release announcing that he had written a letter to the Federal Communications Commission to say that the jump might have a bad influence on the nation's children. On September 7th, an hour before midnight, a man appeared at the northeast corner of West Fourth Street and Sixth Avenue selling homemade cotton handkerchiefs labelled "Evil Knievel" for a dollar. On September 11th, Bill Gallo's daily sports cartoon in the *News* showed an unnamed rocket dropping toward a river—labelled "Pennant"—while another rocket, named "Yanks," arced over the river trailing four little white clouds of smoke. A balloon coming from "Yanks" said, "Look, Ma—No Chute Button!" The caption on the cartoon was "Goin' for Broke." And on September 12th Hughes Rudd told us on the "C.B.S. Morning News" that the six-million-dollar check given to Evel by the promoters before the jump had been just a gag. He actually got only two hundred and fifty thousand dollars.

We watched the jump itself on one of four not-so-terribly large closed-circuit color-TV screens at Madison Square Garden. Tickets in our section cost twelve-fifty apiece. The color on our screen was highly green. The screen on our left, which we could see one-tenth of, had better color. The screen on our right kept going dead. The sound sounded as if it were coming through a snorkel. The broadcast included as guest commentators David Frost, Lee Arthur (a female sportscaster from Pittsburgh), and the astronaut Jim Lovell. The Garden looked to be about one-fifth full. The most exciting thing that happened was when a fellow in front of us got mad at a fellow sitting next to him. Other things that happened were: the Butte, Montana, High School Band played the National Anthem. The rocket took off amidst cheers. The rocket descended amidst total silence. The rocket disappeared from sight, because none of the closed-circuit TV cameras were trained on the place where the rocket actually landed. It was then that the fellow in front of us got mad. The man on his left got excited and yelled, "Where the hell is Evel?" So he got excited back and pointed at the woman on his right and yelled, "Watch your language, huh? How would you like it if your wife was sitting next to you?" The woman said, "Robert, please!" Then Evel emerged unscathed, and the three of them cheered, along with everybody else.

We brought along our own guest commentator—our friend Guy Alland, of the Knowhow Workshop, who is putting together a course in auto mechanics and is also a motorcycle freak. His comments were that in reality it isn't so difficult to fire a rocket a mile these days and then bring it back to earth safely. After all, even the cars in the Soap Box Derby could successfully deploy parachutes. So he found the ending satisfactory, because if Evel had made it he would have felt a little disappointed, since a rocket is only a rocket, and not a motorcycle, whereas if Evel had been killed he would have been expected to feel guilty about having attended the show. "I hate situations where I'm expected to feel guilty," Guy said.

Spoleto Auction

THE Spoleto Festival is an eclectic gathering of artists, musicians, singers, dancers, and actors that takes place every June in a tiny medieval hill town ninety miles northeast of Rome. It was founded in 1958 by the composer Gian Carlo Menotti and has, over the years, acquired the reputation of being adventurous, successful, and chronically broke. Which brings us to the American friends of Spoleto, a group of well-heeled patrons who sponsored a reception and an auction recently at Sotheby Parke Bernet to raise money for next year's Spoleto season. (In recent years, the Italian government has provided fifty-five per cent of Spoleto's budget of nine hundred thousand dollars, and private United States sources have raised the rest.) We arrived at the reception to find nearly two hundred handsomely dressed men and women sipping wine and discussing donations (every item in the auction was given by a Spoleto patron) and summer holidays.

"Look at it this way," said a tiny dark-haired girl. "Where else can I bid three hundred for a Warhol and have a chance of getting it?"

"The Italian beaches are polluted, the Côte d'Azur is a madhouse, and Spain is simply crawling with middle-class Germans," said a pretty woman with frosted blond hair. "What's left?"

"The Canary Islands," said a gray-haired man on her left. "But next year you'll have to go Icelandic."

We crossed the room and fell into conversation with Miss Alice Tully, a stately brunette wearing a navy-and-green print evening dress and cabochon emerald earrings, and Miss Priscilla Morgan, an effervescent blonde in a short flowered shirtwaist.

"I've been going to Spoleto ever since it started, and Gian Carlo always manages to surprise me," said Miss Tully. "This year, it was a revival of Visconti's production of 'Manon Lescaut' and marvellous concerts by Peter Serkin, which convinced me that he is one of the really great pianists."

"Spoleto brings all kinds of people in the performing arts together, and it keeps the dialogue going," said Miss Morgan. "Gian Carlo loves being an impresario; part of his magic is the knack of combining avant-garde young performers with older, established creative people."

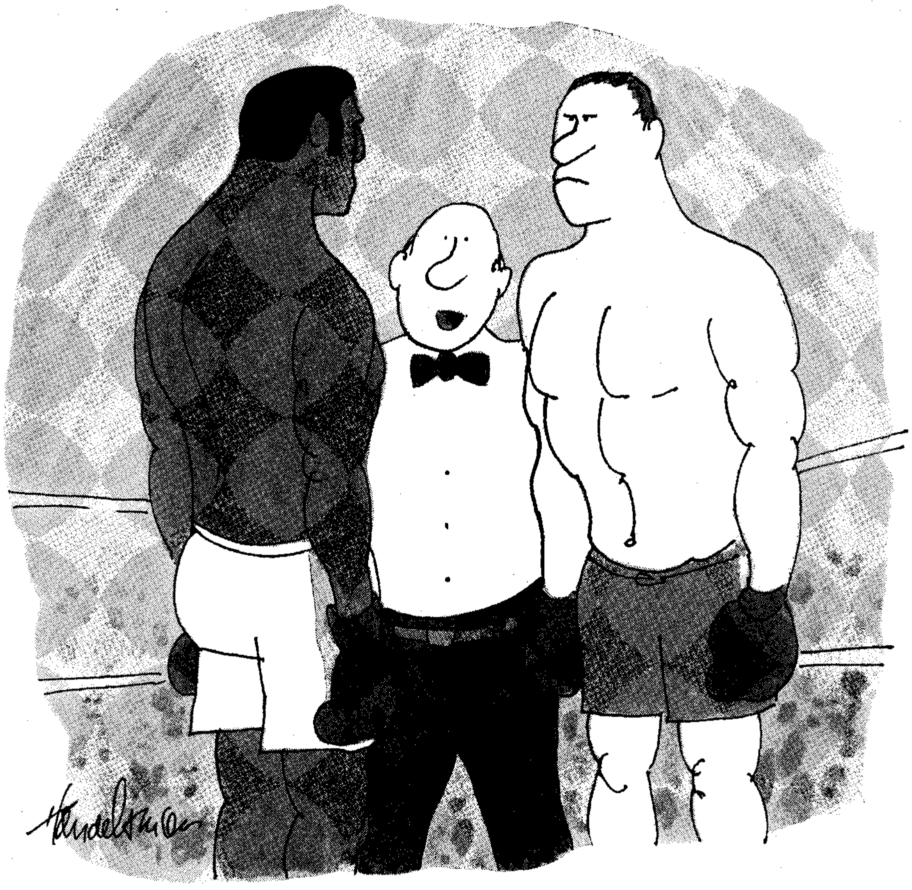
Miss Morgan introduced us to Christopher Keene, the co-Music Director of the Festival, and we asked him what was planned for next year.

"A celebration of dance," said Mr. Keene. "We will have Jerome Robbins officially associated with the Festival. But, of course, we never know from year to year whether there will *be* a Festival until the Italian subsidy comes through. Normally, it's promised in February and delivered in August. The Festival then borrows against this allotment to pay its bills in June. Well, last summer the Italian banks were threatened with a credit freeze, and nobody would give us loans. There was a big scandal, and the Festival was saved at the very last moment by a group of Milanese women who came forth with fifty thousand dollars. This made the local Umbrians furious, and shamed them into forcing the banks to release our funds."

At eight-fifteen, everybody filed into the spacious Sotheby Parke Bernet auction room to bid for eighty or so donations—mostly paintings, drawings, and sculptures. Prices ranged from forty-five hundred dollars, for a Cornell collage, to twenty, for a lithograph called "Sweet Doll with That Dangerous Look." Our favorites were a Capodimonte china box (two hundred and seventy-five dollars), a terra-cotta Greek Venus (one thousand), a Manzù drawing (four thousand), and a set of four beige-and-white serigraphs titled "Large Egg," "Egglove," "Eggypt," and "Eggeggegg" (two hundred and twenty-five dollars). Toward the end of the auction, a vivacious gray-haired woman sitting on a sofa at the back of the room slipped a red plastic motorcycle helmet over her head, transforming herself into a piece of instant Pop Art. On our way out, we heard a man say, "Life is cheap, but art is getting very expensive."

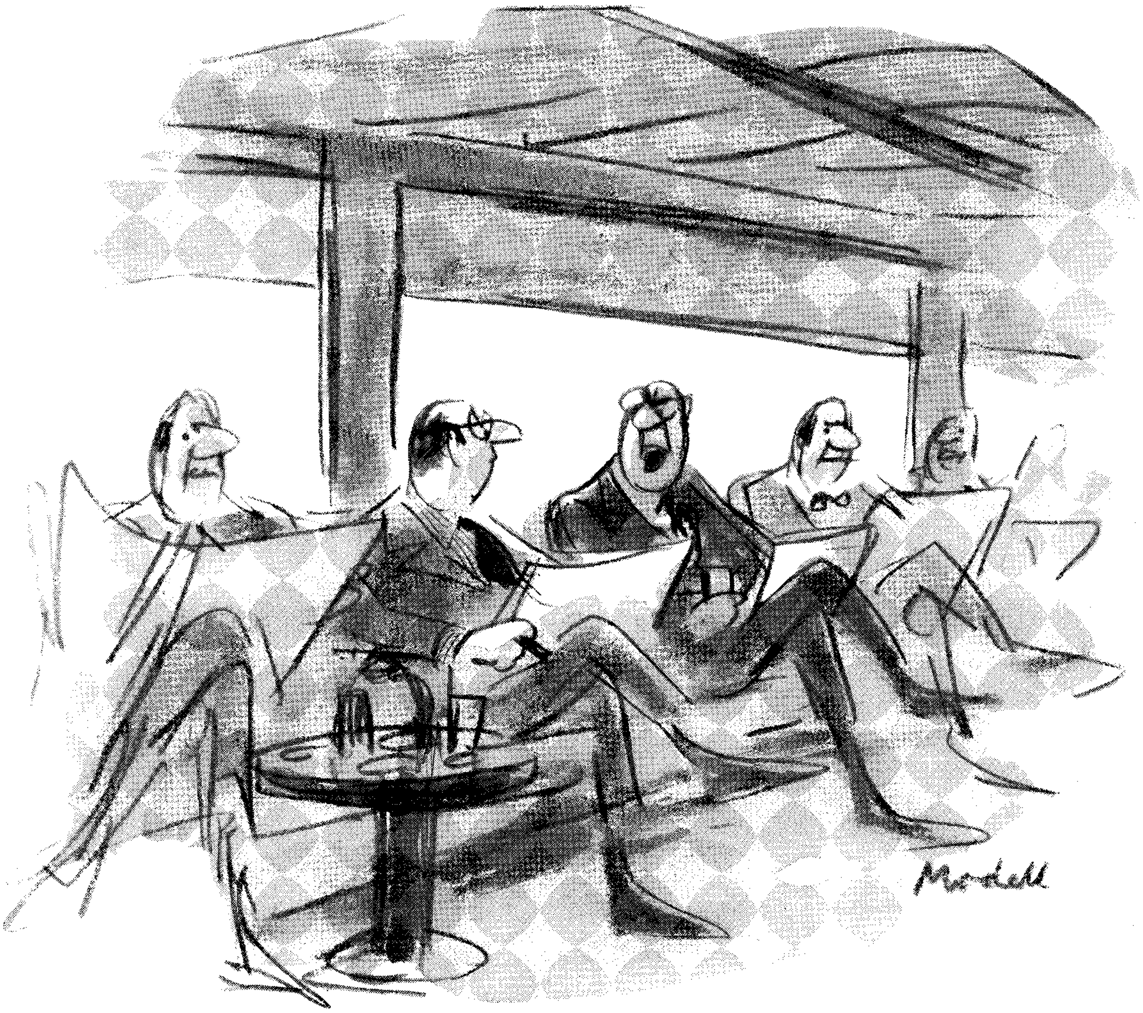
Cover Woman

KATHARINE GRAHAM has been doing a lot of traipsing around the country lately, collecting honors. It's not her favorite activity, but she does it anyway, because the honors are as much for her paper and her sex as for herself. The paper, of course, is the Washington *Post*, which Mrs. Graham publishes, and which, most people agree, has been doing a breathtakingly heads-up job covering the home-town news over the past couple of years. Last Wednesday morning, Mrs. Gra-



"Well, that's all I have to tell you. Have a nice fight."

ham was in the Rainbow Room, on the sixty-fifth floor of the R.C.A. Building, where the editors of *Ms.* were having a breakfast in—well, in her honor. Mrs. Graham is the *Ms.* cover woman for October. She is smiling jauntily in the cover photograph, over a line reading "Meet the Most Powerful Woman in America: Katharine Graham." The *Ms.* editors served up lots of orange juice, scrambled eggs, sausages, Canadian bacon, coffee, and speeches.



"I don't need Secretary Butz to tell me when to panic and when not to panic."

• •

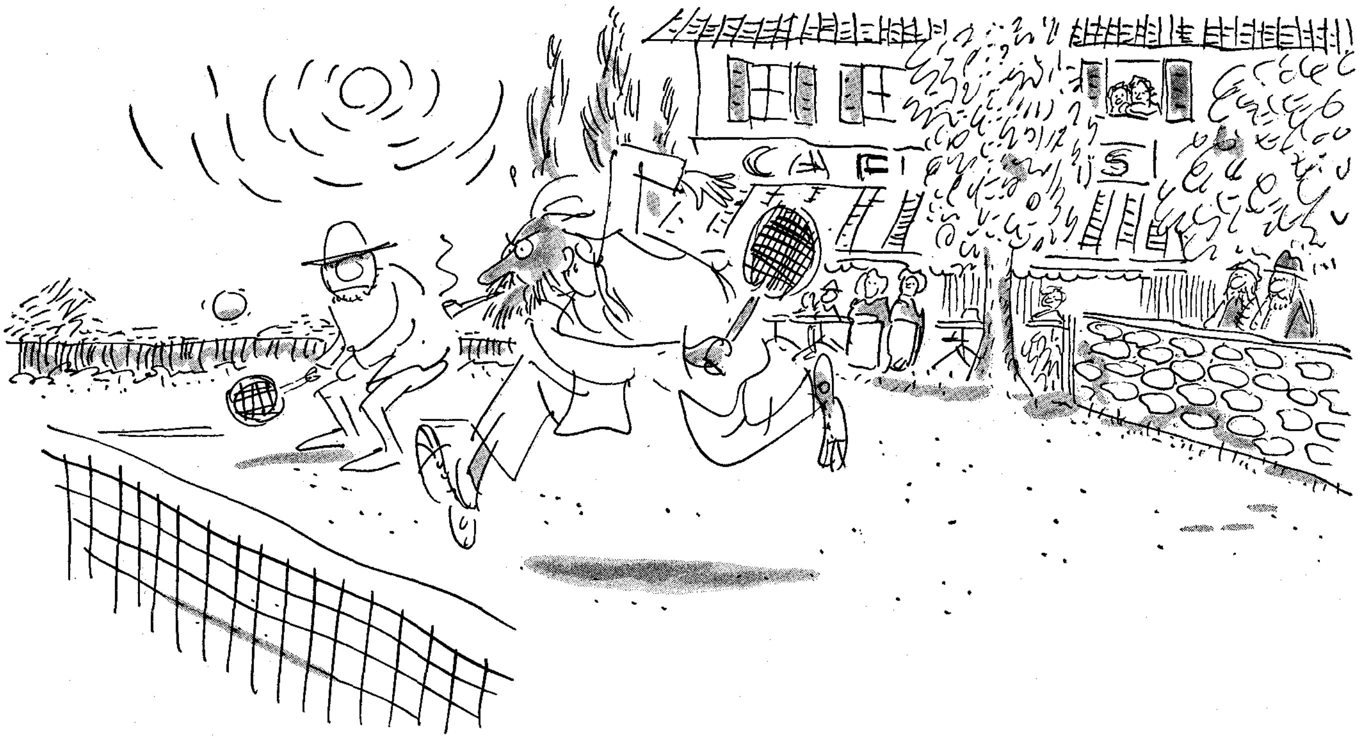
At the podium, people lined up to say nice things about Mrs. Graham. Laura Bergquist, a fellow-student at the University of Chicago in the late thirties, recalled that Mrs. Graham had been an activist in her college days—a member of the New Deal wing of the American Student Union, and a resident of International House, living among a cosmopolitan mixture of intellectuals and foreign students. Jane Howard, who wrote the *Ms.* cover story, reported that, of the thirty-odd people she interviewed, even those who asked for "deep background anonymity" had little to say against Mrs. Graham. Gibson McCabe, the president of *Newsweek* (another Graham publication), said that when he told Mrs. Graham four years ago that having women at a sales meeting would only cause trouble, he had had to field a flying ashtray. "I don't know what the point of the story is, but it's a lighthearted note," Mr. McCabe said.

"*We* know what the point of the story is," Gloria Steinem, the president of the Ms. Magazine Corporation, said. "That's why we asked you to tell it." Ms. Steinem then said that women tend to be uncomfortable with power, because power often means the power to manipulate people. "We mean power over our own lives," she said. "We are seeking to be individuals at last. We are trying to get away from the conformity of labels. That's the kind of power we're interested in. And in that positive use of power to bring out truth, but not to impose authority on others, we have the example of Katharine Graham."

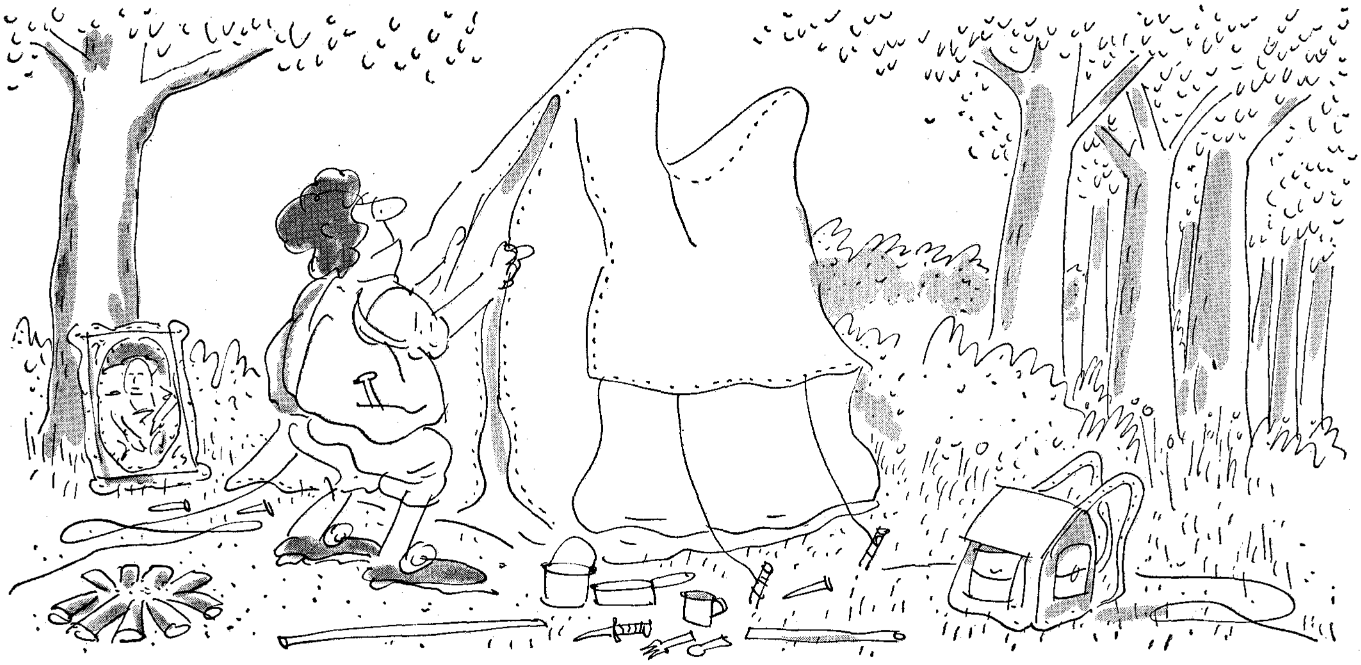
Mrs. Graham, who was wearing a cream-colored dress and a pair of big tortoiseshell glasses, much like Ms. Steinem's, got up and smiled at the applause. She said that the *Newsweek* editors had been very good about hiring and promoting women—"after they saw the light, with the help of Eleanor Norton." Ms. Norton, who was in the audience, grinned. She is the city's Commissioner of Human Rights; four years ago, she threatened to take *Newsweek* to court over what she considered its discrimination against women.

"The invitation that *Ms.* extends on its cover—to meet America's most powerful woman—was, as Gloria said, particularly off-putting to me," Mrs. Graham went on. "The power of the press, in my view, lies only in its professionalism, in its ability to inform the people, and an emphasis on personal power distorts that vision. I don't have to say to a group of Eastern élitists like this one that I'm proud of the job done by the reporters and editors of the *Post*, but I think that, because of the attacks on our motives and credibility, the role of the press has been made far too prominent. Of course, the role of the press was important, especially in the beginning, but in the long run it was minor compared to that of the courts, the grand juries, the Judiciary Committee, and, especially, that of indignant citizens who could not stomach what they saw. The most disturbing thing, in some ways, about the timing of the developments in the last few days is that, far from laying Watergate to rest, so that we can all concentrate on the critically important stories of the economy and food and peace, they have revived Watergate, with all the dangerous divisiveness. I feel strongly now that our profile should be diminished to its true purpose, that of a chronicler of events, not participants. I hope, and in fact I pray, that all of us will be able to get back to our more routine, and in some ways more challenging, jobs of mirroring society, in all its complexity, for our readers and viewers."

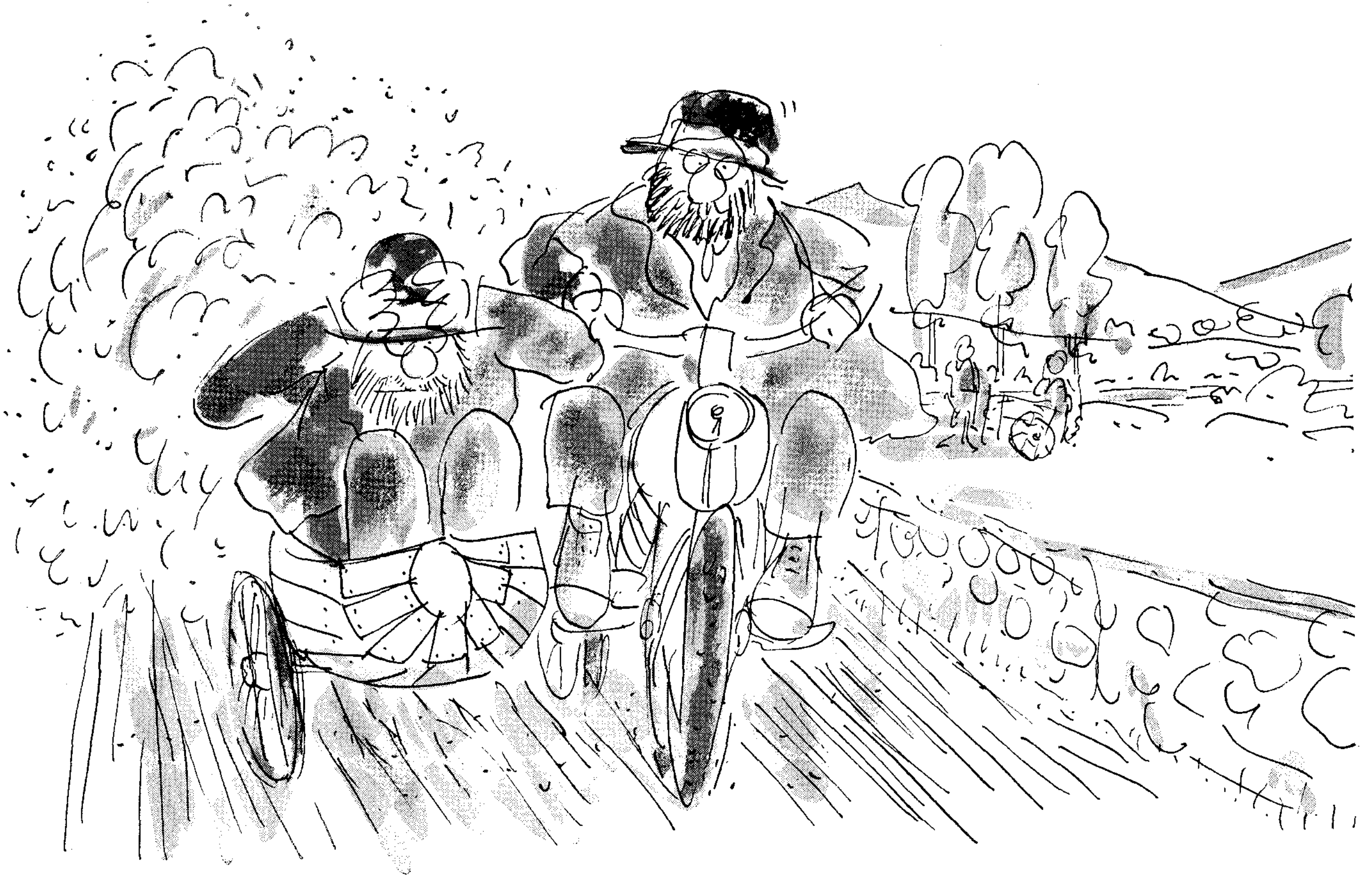
MISSING MASTERPIECES



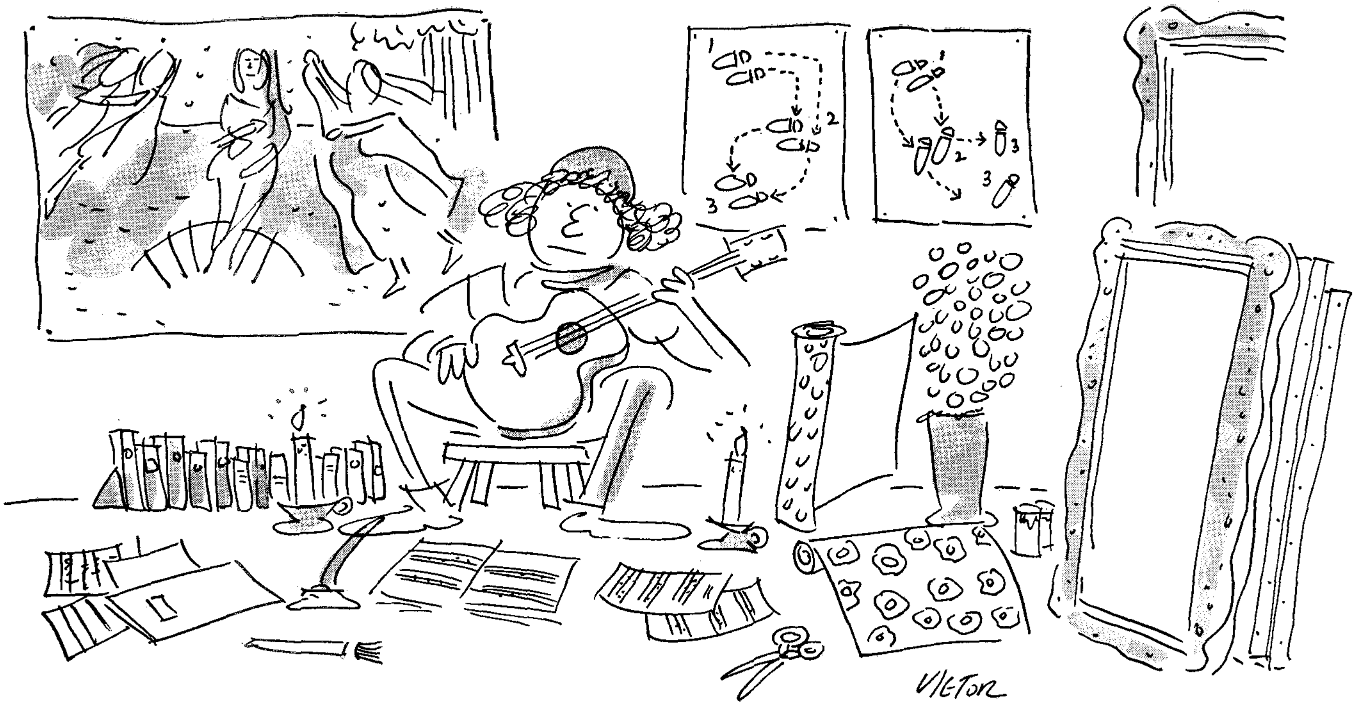
Vincent van Gogh produced over eight hundred paintings in his career. At least thirty more were lost forever after some Impressionist friends in Paris asked van Gogh to join them in a game of tennis. Van Gogh took to the game immediately and became obsessed with perfecting his backhand. He practiced tennis every waking hour. When he couldn't find a partner, he banged balls off the back wall at Rue Lepic 54, breaking three windows and driving himself even deeper into debt. Later, at Arles, where Vincent moved to improve his game, he defeated Gauguin 6–3, 6–love, 6–1. Gauguin vowed never to play again, and, thank heavens, only a few minor sketches of *his* were lost. Fortunately for the art world, van Gogh strained his back trying to develop an American-twist service and, while recuperating, renewed his interest in painting.



Art historians have firmly established that two magnificent paintings by Jean Auguste Dominique Ingres (1780-1867) were never completed because Ingres got the camping bug. Ingres bought a tent in 1805 and spent the better part of the next three weeks trying to put it up. (It turned out that the factory had not included all the necessary hardware and, to confuse things even further, had put in an extra set of center poles.) Ingres was a fussy person and had to have *just* the right camping shoes, *just* the right cooking gear, *just* the right sleeping bag, and insisted on building fires in the regulation way. Classic art is the poorer for it, and, as Mme. Rivière remarked, "*Évidemment, tout cela est la faute du gouvernement!*" ("You cannot paint while slapping mosquitoes!")



It was a sad day for the world of art when Émile Zola presented, as a birthday gift, a motorcycle to Paul Cézanne. Zola and Cézanne tore all over the French countryside, with Cézanne driving and Zola riding in a sidecar, which the two friends fashioned from a box, a bicycle wheel, and a peach basket. ("Everything in nature adheres to the cone, the cylinder, and the cube," said Cézanne.) After they ran into a tree in the Bois de Boulogne, they lost interest in the machine and never spoke of it again. It was only then that Cézanne returned seriously to painting, but already six landscapes and one still-life were missing from his *œuvre*.



The great Sandro Botticelli finished painting "Birth of Venus" in 1485, and since he had a few evenings free, he signed up for an adult-education course in italic writing. The class met 7:30 to 8:30 P.M. Wednesdays, and he ran into a friend there who was taking tôle painting, which met 8:30 to 9:30, so he signed up for that, too. Before he knew it, he was registered for ballroom dancing, beginning guitar, bookkeeping, macramé, wallpapering, creative needlepoint, and slimnastics. By the time the Florentine adult-education spring session had come to a close, the world was short three Botticelli masterworks. *Ars longa, vita brevis.*

WILDFIRE: BERKELEY, 1923

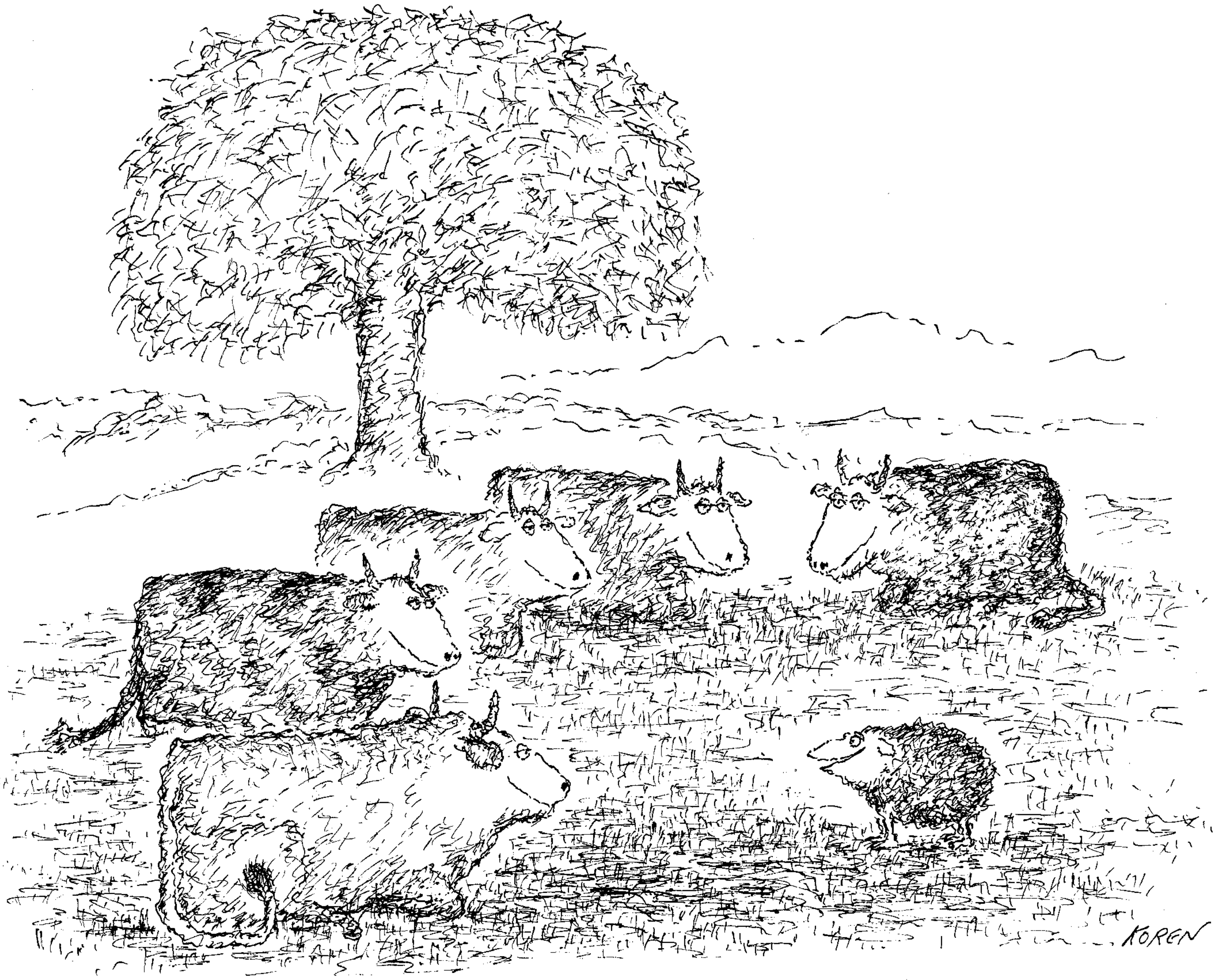
I HAVE often wondered why there seem to be so few people who remember the historic Berkeley fire of fifty-one years ago, in which in two hours' time sixty entire city blocks rose to the sky in smoke. The explanation is simple. People have not forgotten; they have merely grown old and died. I myself, by no means young, am yet young enough to have been in Berkeley on that ugly day and still be alive to recall vividly the hot wind, the fear, and the hell of the occasion. My mother and I had recently come from the well-moistened Middle West and knew nothing about the tinderlike character of our new environment. The fire of that seventeenth of September was the first conflagration of a landscape we had ever seen, and its speed and proportions, as well as the possibility of its occurrence at all, were as unexpected to us as a tidal wave would have been in the front yard. Those catastrophic hours came to an end just as the fire-fighters were about to blow up buildings along Hearst Avenue, at the north edge of the campus. The wind reversed and drove the flames back over the ashes, where nothing remained to burn, and the firemen laid down their dynamite.

Because of certain bizarre and poignant circumstances, the fire held for my mother and me an anguish beyond the scope of public tragedy, and, as the anniversary of the day approaches, I feel stirred to set down my memories. Indeed, for all these fifty-one years I have thought them worth setting down. My account is obviously not the one to be found in newspapers of that date, yet it is a true report. For it to be complete, however, it must begin long before the fire itself, with a suggestion of what kind of people we were and why we were in Berkeley in the first place. It must include the memories of material things having no relation to the fire except their endurance of its destruction but retaining for me a visible shape that still escapes from under the black weight of shock and loss that fell on two frantic women that blazing day.

In the summer of 1915, my mother had come West to the famous Panama-Pacific International Exposition of San Francisco. She brought me with her, the youngest of three daughters, my curls, because of her loving belief in my ever-extant childhood, worn long, though I was sixteen. We stayed in Berkeley. The exhilaration of the Bay region, the presence of the university, which, it was immediately surmised, I should someday attend, and, most important, the thrilling white-stone lure of the Greek Theatre on the campus combined to bring us back seven years later. The Greek Theatre is built of concrete, not stone, and the effect is gray, not white, but I am sure that a white stone amphitheatre among odorous eucalyptus trees where celebrated men and women of the stage were as thick as blue jays was the image that meant California to my mother and drew her to the Coast.

In her childhood, Mary Ellen Hockett, at the top of a tall shaking ladder, had nervously but rapturously played the part of Little Eva entering Heaven just under the rafters of a small-town school. That first glorious view into the fascination of the actor's world was the beginning of much that followed in her life, and in mine as well. She was born Quaker, a birthright that would be no hindrance today to involvement with the stage but in her time meant a variety of rich and worthy sorts of guilt to afflict her—at least, now and then. Fortunately, because she was talented and lovely to look at, her vanity often saved her from the influence of her conscience. The luminous tragedians, the delightful fantasy-makers of the theatre were her idols, and in our home the impressive names of Mrs. Siddons, Irving, Maude Adams, Alla Nazimova were more familiar than the names of patriots or dull characters from the Bible. The excitements of hope, the hard continuity of work, the momentary flash of success, and the darkness of failure—these are the facts of life in the amateur as well as the professional theatre, and they were the first facts of life I learned as a child, not from my own life but from my mother's. She was eventually one of the founders of the Little Theatre movement, one of its proudest slaves. As an actress, she gave, among other roles, touching and poetic performances of Deirdre and Kathleen ni Houlihan. She was a good director, and behind the scenes she could, with a pin and two lengths of tulle, save the world for a quivering Titania who had forgotten her wings in a taxicab. She was a religious woman whose true vocation was the theatre. It was Heaven to her, and she gave it pure and serious veneration to her last days, when she sat dying and crocheting and working on one-act plays never to be produced. In the year 1922, it could have surprised no one—least of all my mother—that, my father being dead and my sisters gone to careers of music and writing in New York and Paris, she had fallen easily and contentedly to the temptation of selling her home, seeing her goods into a freight train, and, in a spirit that might be described as adventurous caution, crossing the continent to return to the city that held the renowned Greek Theatre.

COMING back to California to stay, my mother purchased a small two-story house in the northern, hilly part of Berkeley. Like so many dwellings there, it was covered with redwood shingles. It was well designed, spacious and useful for its size, and very good for two people intimately concerned with each other. To my mother I was, and was to become more so, the main consolation in her widowhood, while to me her subtle, silent, and self-effacing need for compliance and amiability was a claim never to be denied. A half century ago, this was a common enough mother-daughter relationship. An engaging, well-composed little house was just the place to enclose our daily life of manners and devouring affection. The house sat up from the street on Euclid Avenue, with a stone retaining wall and a row of pepper trees in front. It was nicely served by a small streetcar that bounded past not too often. My mother had the trim on her house painted the color of jade. It was a conspicuous and rather lighthearted decoration, but perhaps the new owner needed to provide evidence to herself of confidence, apt as she was to be caught between an impulse of freedom and startled amazement at what she had done. At the corner near our house was one designed by the architect Bernard Maybeck, who had created the Palace of Fine Arts at the Exposition—a memorable example of romance and exalted unreality fit to uplift visiting spirits free for a while from mundane lives, and even meant to inspire the mind of the West, fascinated more and more by its



"May I join your rumination group?"

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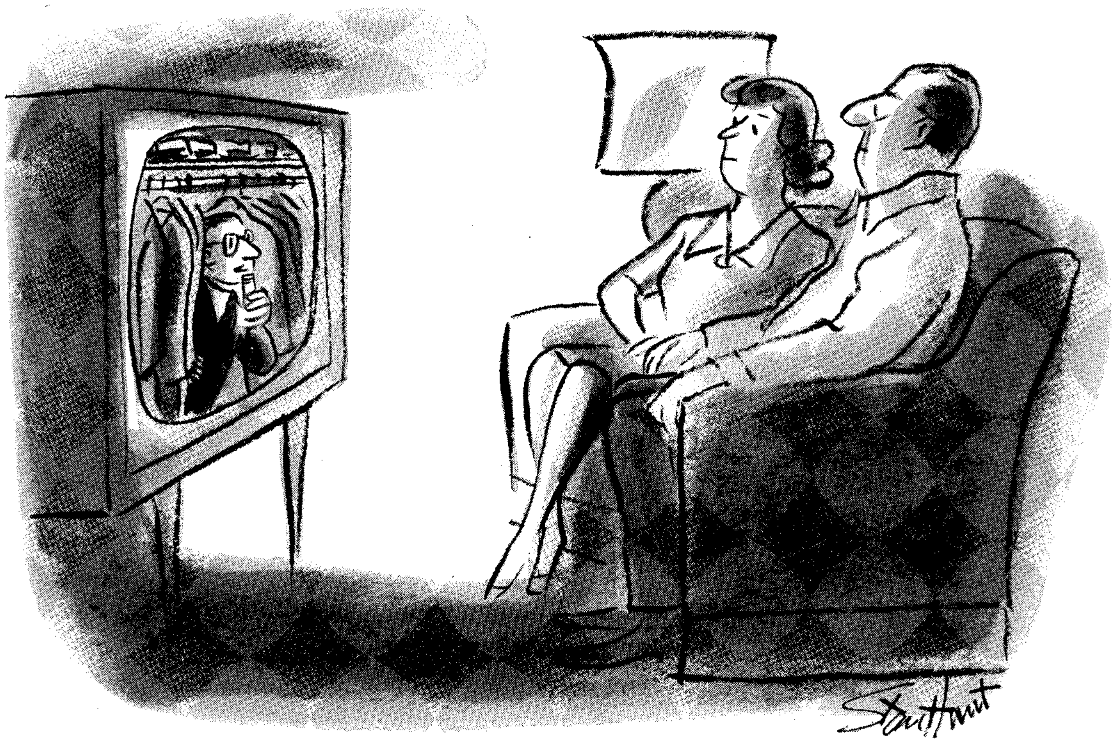
own domain and destiny. Beyond us in the other direction and adjoining our place was a vacant lot, perhaps a hundred feet wide, containing only weeds and grass and of no interest, though later to become of tremendous importance to us.

We were to live in this house and Berkeley of the university and the Greek Theatre for one year. That one year was rich in the drama for my mother—Ibsen, Molière, Shaw, Dunsany, Browning, Shakespeare, Maeterlinck, Yeats, Sophocles, Euripides; Margaret Anglin declaiming the sorrowful, flashing words of Phaedra to the stars and the hard seats of concrete. My mother's flight to the West was justified. During our brief occupancy, her old American cherry and mahogany furniture sat becomingly in the new home, with various oil paintings of Midwestern meadows and the usual soft, dreaming cows, of sunsets through bare purple trees, a copy of Anton Mauve's tired walk home after the day's work, and, above the fireplace, a fierce and moody seascape. A dirty, melancholy rain always seemed just about to pour from it, and some practical critic had once suggested putting a bucket under it. Also in the Berkeley living room and giving it the true feeling of being our home was a carved rosewood parlor set of sofa and chairs bought in New Orleans when our family spent the winter there. It was upholstered in green brocaded horsehair, and from my youngest days I was obsessively attached to it, haunted by an eerie faith in green horses. A choice pedestal table that had a secret drawer, an inlaid settee, a tall secretary, and Oriental rugs gave to my mother's living room the appearance typical of many American homes in those days, when taste and very little money could acquire what used to be quite ordinary treasures and are today costly antiques. Because we were so fond of them, they seemed to offer our own courtesy to anyone who entered the house.

Like most families who make a move, we brought with us things that could more sensibly have been left behind or more luckily lost en route. The masterpiece of foul weather was one of them. Also two barrels of despised hand-painted china, which made the trip without a crack or chip. "If they should ever come to visit us," my mother, while packing, had said in one of the resonant whispers often heard in our home, "how could I explain if I left it all behind?" (She had perfected for theatrical use the best and loudest stage whisper in the U.S.A. As a young person, I was frequently mortified by it in public at weddings, funerals, and graduations, cowering at her accomplishment.) We were alone, but the future possibilities of a visit from china-painting relatives could not be overlooked. The whisper was resonant with conscience. The aunt and cousin, two compulsive craftswomen from whose fingers a thousand wild roses, Parma violets, pure lilies, and many a twining species much evolved through hybridizing with gold scallops flowed and flowed upon Limoges, were thus placated, and their dreadful dainty works went West to a dark shelf.

In Berkeley there were few prep-



"Well, that wraps it up, folks. This is Jim Watkins, signing off from the Senate cloakroom."

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arations against the cold, and none in our house except a fireplace. My mother installed a newly invented and nearly *un*vented gas wall heater, which, reliable exterminator though it should have been, failed to asphyxiate us. As it made a vile odor and gave a miserly and clammy warmth, we depended mainly on coal-oil stoves for heat. These were unique substitutes for household warmth, promising much but requiring faith as well as fuel. They operated like old-fashioned lamps, the oil being contained in a large can with a wick, while the flue, instead of being glass, was metal and radiated a feeble heat. About three feet high, they could be warily transported by means of a bail. They rested on ornate bases. These heaters we used upstairs, and the supply of coal oil was kept in a ten-gallon can in a storeroom under the eaves. My mother regarded the entire arrangement as very dangerous. It may well have been. In any case, we frequently spent our days blue with cold and left the stoves unlighted. Even unlighted, they stirred my mother's suspicions, and the ten-gallon can with its inflammable contents caused her real anxiety, especially in warm weather when the sun beat on the roof close above.

THE seventeenth of September was a hot, dry day. At midmorning, the wind blew heavily from inland, the air was too clear, in exaggerated visibility, for the eye's comfort, while the big tea-colored hills of Berkeley appeared about to rise and float. My mother was busy pouring boiling water down an ant hole in the front yard. We thought the ants were disturbed by the weather. Perhaps it was premonition that had sent them streaming up. I think I was upset by my mother's good-housekeeping deed. Still, the ants were too close to the house, they were too large—they were enormous—and once inside the house and in the white sugar they would be even blacker, larger.

It was between noon and one o'clock that we became aware of the scent of smoke coming from the eucalyptus groves on the hills above us. Burning eucalyptus makes itself known long before it is seen. We went into the house, leaving the ants to their scrambling and rushing, but soon came out to try the air again. The odor was stronger now and the smoke was visible. Then more and more visible. At first, we watched it as something that could have nothing to do with us. Next, we became curious. There was a fire station not far away around the corner on Buena Vista Way—a fire station to which my mother had referred lightly, even facetiously, when purchasing her home, as warrant against danger should there ever be a fire. Almost out of protective superstition, as if to say that loss should not be challenged, she carried a very low insurance. As the smoke increased, we decided to make inquiries. I walked around the corner to the Buena Vista station. It was empty, both of men and of equipment. The smoke was now thick, the odor also. Yet even in our growing surprise, such was our lack of sense that we were not impressed by the threat of danger. We were living in a city. In a city we must be safe from the violence of nature. "If anything is wrong," said my mother, with a typical respect for official procedure, "we would certainly be informed." She continued to apply water from the kitchen teakettle down the ant hole. Whatever warning might have been sent out later, our own neighborhood received no notice other than the sight of smoke and the hot smell of burning eucalyptus that a major brushfire was descending on us with vicious speed.

I cannot remember why I was at home instead of attending some of my classes, as I cannot, after so many years, remember how long it was before we seriously took alarm and gave in to the nervousness that had begun to overwhelm us. Less than an hour. "Mother," I said, "why don't we stop pouring water down the ant hole and pour a little on the house?" At this naïve suggestion, my mother ran to the garden hose and turned it on. A weak trickle came from the nozzle. Was everyone else wringing water from his hose? Was everyone else hit by the same fright that had just hit us? Toward the hilltop we could see the smoke darkening. "But really it's a long way off," I said, and wondered how, if that were true, it could look so near. And now the old established patterns of mind began to work in my mother under the pressure that had seized her. Her origins took over. Her years of worldliness had weakened but not broken the link in her Quaker inheritance. Conscience was what my mother had been upheld by or held together by or afflicted by. In my childhood, I was aware of tension, a sprain, a sore spot in her being—a spiritual location in which this noble and bothersome element in her life made itself too large for ease and could not be reduced or soothed. As the fire gathered above us, my mother's Quaker conscience became sharp and authoritative. She seized the water hose once again, but no water at all came from it. "Of course nothing will happen," she said in a shaking voice. "But if anything *should* happen I don't want my house to endanger the houses around us." Just then a fire engine thundered past our house. Its bright color and its sound were terrifying. She dropped the hose. "That can of coal oil!" she cried.

My mother's nerves exploded into disorder that had only one purpose—to get the ten gallons of coal oil out of the house and into the middle of the large vacant lot, where it would not be a menace to our next-door neighbor. By now we were convinced that although we would not say, "The fire is coming," we must act as though we knew it was almost there. The man who sold coal oil had always carried the can upstairs, and it was awkward and unwieldy. Stumbling in fear and haste, together Mother and I thumped and urged it down the stairs, then down the porch steps, and dragged it between us into the middle of the vacant lot. For fifty years, how bitterly I have wished that we had used the precious time in saving a few objects that were dear to us. But the act of saving personal treasures was beyond us. It was as if they were already destroyed, rising in particles on the wind. The struggle between certainty and disbelief in the possibility of disaster was so intense that our minds were suddenly empty of meaning or judgment—hysterically empty. We did not believe in what we were doing but did it fanatically. At the same time we had no feeling that we were real. We had no dimensions—only articulated fear that lifted us up the stairs once more. We dressed with quick, chilly hands to leave the house. I had a pair of new red slippers and a new dress just back from the dressmaker, a silk crêpe with faggoted seams. These lay on the bed, and I got into them in frantic haste. Then I shoved a black straw hat on my head. For a desperate, magnified moment I looked around my bedroom. "*Don't burn!*" I begged the old spool bed and the pretty little sewing table. For a few endless seconds I filled my eyes with things I loved. "*Don't burn!*" I cried. "*Don't burn!*"

As we left the house, the wind blew my hat away and carried it out of sight. This was the fire's own wind, hated and feared by firefighters. It had taken my hat like a large cocoon. We waited in frenzy for the little streetcar and became convinced that it was not running. My mother hailed two boys in an automobile heading downhill, who took us to the bank on Shattuck Avenue—a trip of not more than ten minutes—and from there she called the next-door neighbor and asked for news.

"Your house is on fire!" the woman screamed. "Let me go! Let me get my silver! Goodbye! Goodbye!" I have always wondered what did she do with the telephone receiver at that moment. Replace it, drop it, throw it? Did she save her silver? Was hers as nice as my mother's?

We both sank down on a bench and tried to realize what was happening to us. Then we walked to the door of the bank and looked up at the increasing smoke. Only smoke. No flames could as yet be seen. Up there, hidden in turmoil and destruction, our home was burning. Up there, deep in smoke and terrible heat, our home was being consumed, and only just now we had walked out the front door and in no time at all the house was burning and all our possessions were burning and the smoke rose thickly in huge malign puffs.

The bank doorman stood with us, looking up. "I guess the whole town will go," he said.

The insane speed of our departure, the insane speed of the developing fire, and the insane unreality of being witness to the holocaust made the few words sound lucid, even sensible, in the midst of delirium.

"I guess it surely will," he repeated.

We stood at the door, looking and looking, sombrely, quietly. "What caused it?" we finally asked.

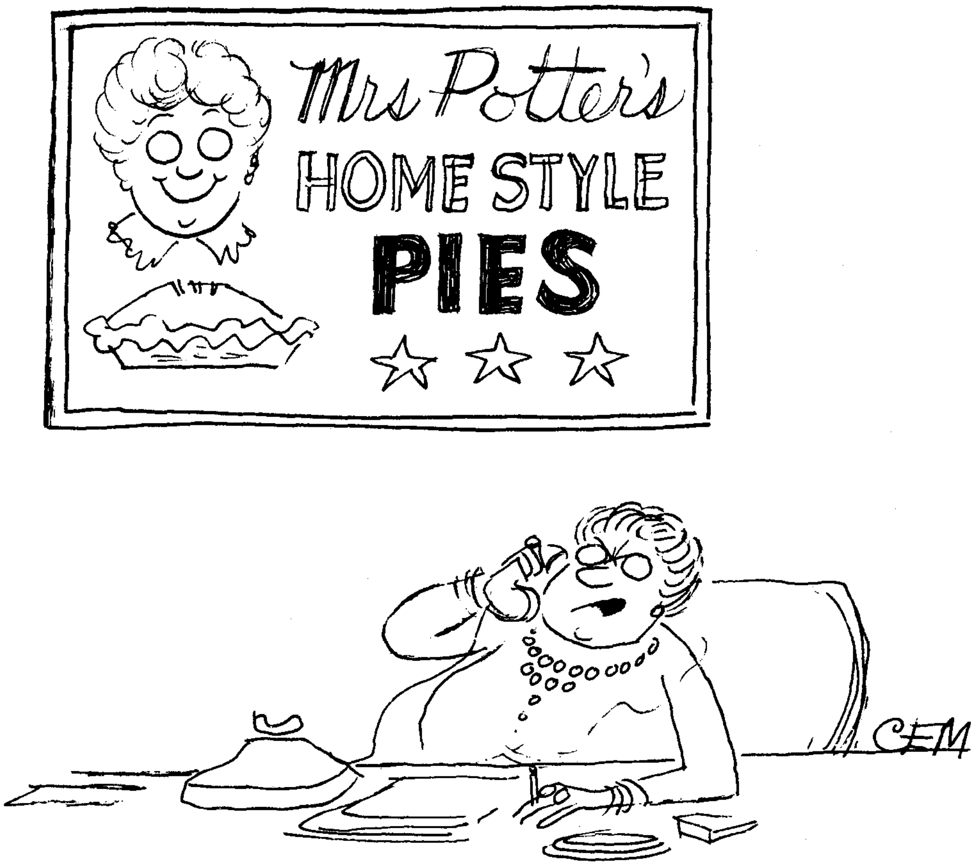
"A power line blew down and started a grass fire. Back in Wildcat Canyon."

"That doesn't sound like much," my mother said ignorantly.

"Not much to begin with," he answered, watching the rolling smoke steadily, "but by now it's what you can see—only a lot more than you can see."

My mother had snatched up some kind of document before we left the house, perhaps her nearly useless insurance policy, and methodically she went to the safe-deposit vault and put it away. Next she cashed a check. "I think we will go to San Francisco," she said, and we walked somehow to the nearby electric train, which took us to the ferry to cross the bay. We were silent and composed. Rather, we were stupefied, without any plan or ability to think, and the words of the doorman sounded like advice and we took it. We left the burning town.

Then, on the ferry, the enormity of what was happening really became



"Oh, yeah? Now get this, Mayberry. You go right back in there and tell that goddam shop steward and the rest of those knuckleheads to go straight to hell. I'm *running this operation, and I'm not in it for my health."*

LIKE A PRISM

On any particular morning
the paunchy gent in the basement room,
not feeling like Sancho or Falstaff, is laughed at
by boys who see him, half awake,
through the grating, and know they'll never, ever,
look like that, bloated, sad,
pleased by nothing
but sleep . . . on a normal
morning in this world, while the new bride
slips away, excited, to count
her sheets still pampered in tissues, and many
die of the drought or their color or taste
in justice, there's something
we want will not
be given, we blessed
of the day—a bitter
dream curves down our mouths to a state
of iron—we need the password, exemption
from guilt and grief, for we are no longer
struck to learn that the torturer works
his wonders on any
particular morning.

We need for God Himself to say
all right, all right to be fed, to take up
space on the planet, to
cherish the day, to
draw a share, like a prism,
of its light.

—Barry Spacks

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visible. We sat on the deck and saw the city of Berkeley literally going up in hot, black clouds, wildfire covering the hills with a writhing mass of flame. How could we believe what we were seeing? No sight of excess in nature can be more terrible, even at a distance, than the rolling and wallowing and climbing and pitching of fire in the wind. We sat hypnotized as the ferry churned ahead.

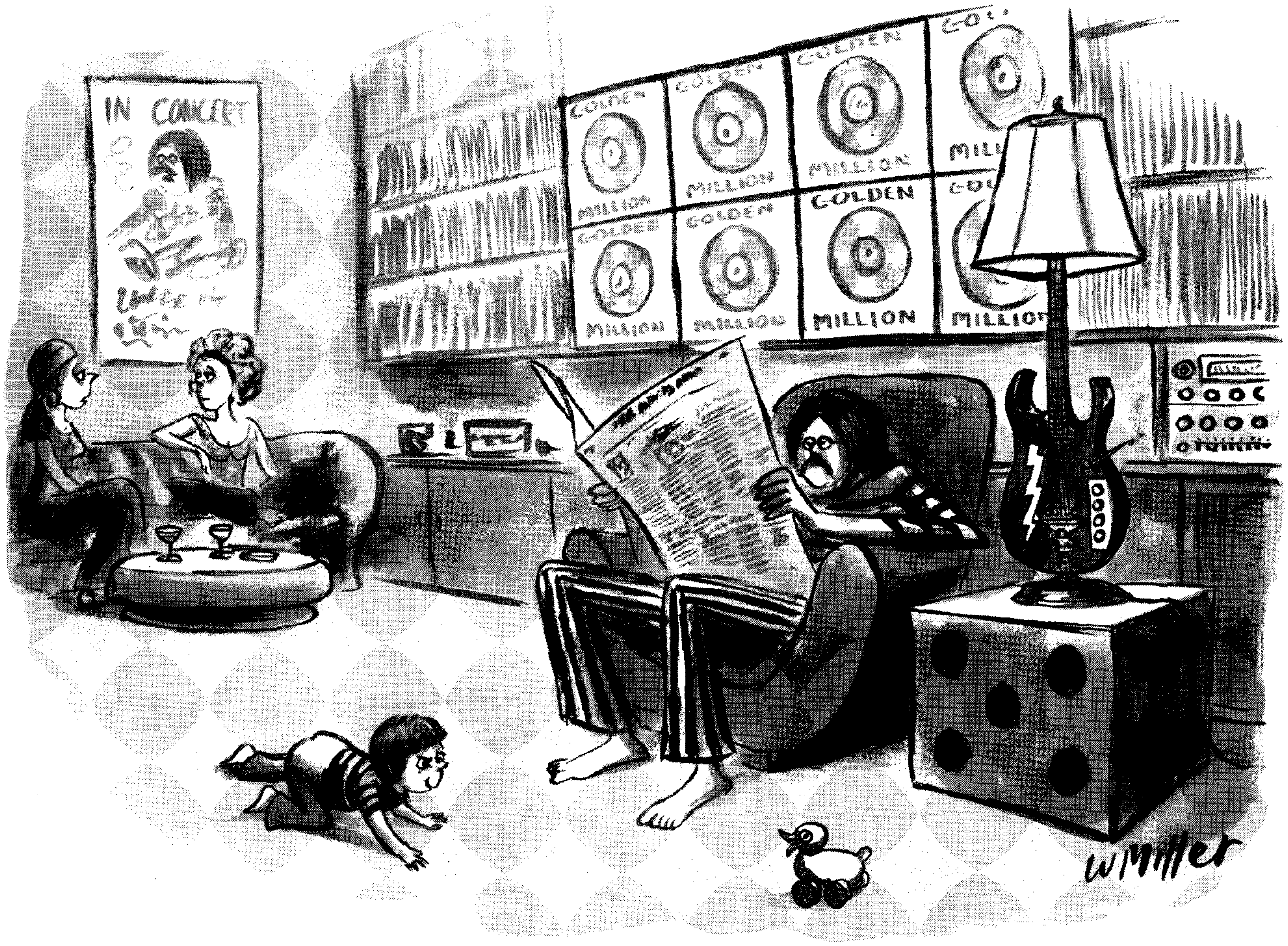
Suddenly my mother stiffened. Her hands clenched in her lap. Her face turned quite gray. "That's not just a grass fire!" she cried. "That's not just a forest fire!" Then she moaned. "The can of coal oil! A spark . . . A stray flame . . . The oil exploded. . . . It spread the fire!" I thought she was going to faint. "I did it!" she managed to say. "I have destroyed the city of Berkeley! I shall be called to justice! People are dying up there! How many people are dying?" Like the hills, her conscience was enflamed, and the outpouring of her suffering went on and on. This was not theatrical grief, not the extremities of the classics before the falling walls of Euripides; she was watching her own fire and the extinction of an American city. No Siddons, no Duse ever spoke the awful truth from such horrors of an agonized heart. As I listened to her repeated self-accusation, it gradually and painfully became clear to me that she was right. Fire of such immensity, rage, and velocity could not possibly be descending on the city and destroying it without having been fed by a cache of fuel, an explosion in dry grass, and hot wind. *That can of coal oil!*

MY poor mother—my poor beautiful, pitiful mother. Not only to have lost her home and all her possessions but to be the cause of such loss and tragedy to others. Here she was, in this excruciating predicament, alone with me, my father dead, my sisters gone to their own lives and careers, and how could I save her? The depth of her desperation flowed up and into me. What happened to me personally and psychologically there on the deck of the ferry as Berkeley burned in front of us has never ceased to astonish me. What I did I could not normally have done of myself. In my family I was never an initiator, a rebel; I only followed and sat with decorum where I was set down, lamentably biddable, and a sweet, true comfort to my mother. Now in the moment of her desolate need I turned against her. *I* did not turn against her: some anxious oracle used me for a short, angry span of words, a cry of freedom. In a rush of foreknowledge, I knew that for the rest of her life my presence and devotion would be necessary, that I would be left unaided with her, a torn partaker of regret and remorse. As my mother continued to accuse herself, I shouted, "Stop it! Stop it! It's unbearable! Be quiet! If you can't be quiet, I'll jump over the railing into the bay!" And I stood up.

Her stricken silence and the look of reproach and loneliness she gave me were dreadful. I could not make myself touch her to console her. I could not apologize. Now I sat in misery—in a brimming vat of it, awash in it, sick in it—until at last we came to the dock.

Lying awake that night in some modest hotel in San Francisco, trying to hear whether my mother was asleep or stretched out in torment of mind, I thought with sharp longing of the possessions we had lost, the amiable furnishings of home—the chairs whose arms had held our own, the mirrors whose faces were ours, the rugs whose Turkish and Persian patterns our feet knew as well as our eyes did. I thought of my small bedroom, with its old spool bed and the woven coverlet dated 1863 among the flowers of the border, the cherrywood dresser made by a Quaker great-uncle. I laid my hand on the lamp table and the quaint sewing box that was like a little fort, with brass-rimmed holes for the thread to come out from the spools. I wandered about the house, from this dear thing to that, and in my mother's room I leaned, as I so often had done, against the tall post of her New Orleans bed. From room to room I went in love and loss, touching, looking, feeling with sad, bitter attention the objects that had been common to our daily lives. Suddenly I remembered the gold thimble I had left on the windowsill near some embroidery. It had been the gift of Aunty Goodall. I ran, and there it was, just where I left it. Then with a pang I remembered the apricot silk-taffeta dress I wore in the wedding of my friend Eleanor. I stumbled up the stairs and found it hanging safe in the closet. Then I burst into sobs.

"Oh, I left you all in the house



"How's Wayne's retirement going, Lola?"

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alone, alone as the fire came. I turned my back and left you to perish. Goodbye, goodbye," I mourned into my wet pillow, and finally fell asleep.

THE next morning, we returned to Berkeley and found the hill under state military guard. As residents, we obtained permits and began the climb through snowy ashes up to what had been our home, up to find the evidence of my mother's guilt. Of this we had not spoken since the trip on the ferry, although it lay tightly, heavily fixed in our two minds. We had bought no newspaper, asked no questions. We knew enough—too much—and were afraid to learn more. As we started up the hill, ash dominated the landscape. The fury of the fire had consumed the homes of sixty city blocks right down to the foundations, leaving only an occasional fireplace with its gnawed chimney standing, or a scattering of twisted pipes. Trees and shrubs showed wretchedly as black fragments. It was a scene of littered woe, of the destruction of human satisfactions and roots, and it suggested abominably the sweat, the labor, the heartbreak of restoration. There was no wind now, and the whiteness on the ground lay still. As we climbed, we met a few people who were wandering up like ourselves. The atmosphere was quiet, haggard, and in a way dreamlike. Yesterday was as unreal as the ashes I stopped at intervals to shake from my red slippers. If I looked about me long enough, hard enough, would I not summon out of the ashes that brown house with its huge bush of blue hydrangeas in front, each cyme of flowers an enormous display of congested chemical color? And on farther, a half block, a vague species of Queen Anne architecture with an unpainted porch that resembled a skull. I stopped again for a long look. "Are you tired?" my mother asked. "Come along." Poor Mother—was she eager to face the proof of guilt?

We met a boy I knew at the university. Yesterday, the students had been dismissed to work as firefighters or to save the contents of homes, many the homes of professors—dwellings stored with fine libraries and manuscripts of importance. We were wading through ashes of scholarship and literature. The boy carried a large album. "I picked up an old lady yesterday," he said. "She was all by herself and in a daze, and she was hanging on to this photo album like a bulldog. She let me carry it, though, and I got her down La Loma Steps, and suddenly someone ran down behind us and yelled, 'Thank God, here's Grandmother!' But when I tried to give her back the album, she wouldn't take it. 'It's your family,' I kept saying. 'No indeed, not mine,' she said. 'I never saw them before.' And her grandson went off with her." My friend opened the album and held it out as if he hoped I might relieve him of it. I turned a few pages of whiskers and pop-eyed brides and yellowing babies.

"Not mine, either," I said. "I never saw them before."

"Oh. Did you lose everything?"

"Everything."

He squeezed his eyes shut and gave a whistle of sympathy. "One horrible day," he said. Then he propped the album against a pile of tumbled bricks. "I'm getting tired of these old folks myself," he remarked, and sauntered on.

Next, we met a neighbor who had

kept a large aviary. He inquired wistfully whether we had seen any canaries. When he realized that the fire was coming, he told us, he had gone into the cage and, as was their custom, the birds all came to him and perched on him—his shoulders, arms, and head. And he had walked out with them—how pretty, how pitiful it must have been—and then run, going as far as he could get from the fire and the wind. At last, they had flown. "Please listen," he said sadly, and disappeared on the bleak, untwittering hill rather as though he himself had flown.

"Did you see that man?" I asked my mother.

"Come," my mother said. "We must hurry."

But then we were overtaken by a fireman in his uniform. He told us the fire was the fastest on record, destroying the sixty city blocks, with six hundred homes, fraternity houses, and one fire station, in two hours, between two o'clock and four o'clock. He was still greatly excited. "Houses simply burst," he said. "I saw one across the street simply burst into flames because it was so dry."

My mother was trying to ask a question. "Was anyone . . . How many . . . ?"

"My mother wants to ask how many people were burned to death." Feeling crude, I asked it for her quickly.

"Not one," the fireman answered—or, rather, he boomed it out over the empty hill. "Not one soul. Even me. One way or another, I didn't die from heart failure. But if it had been at night . . . Oh, God!" and he continued uphill toward the ashes of the station, where yesterday I had looked for him in vain.

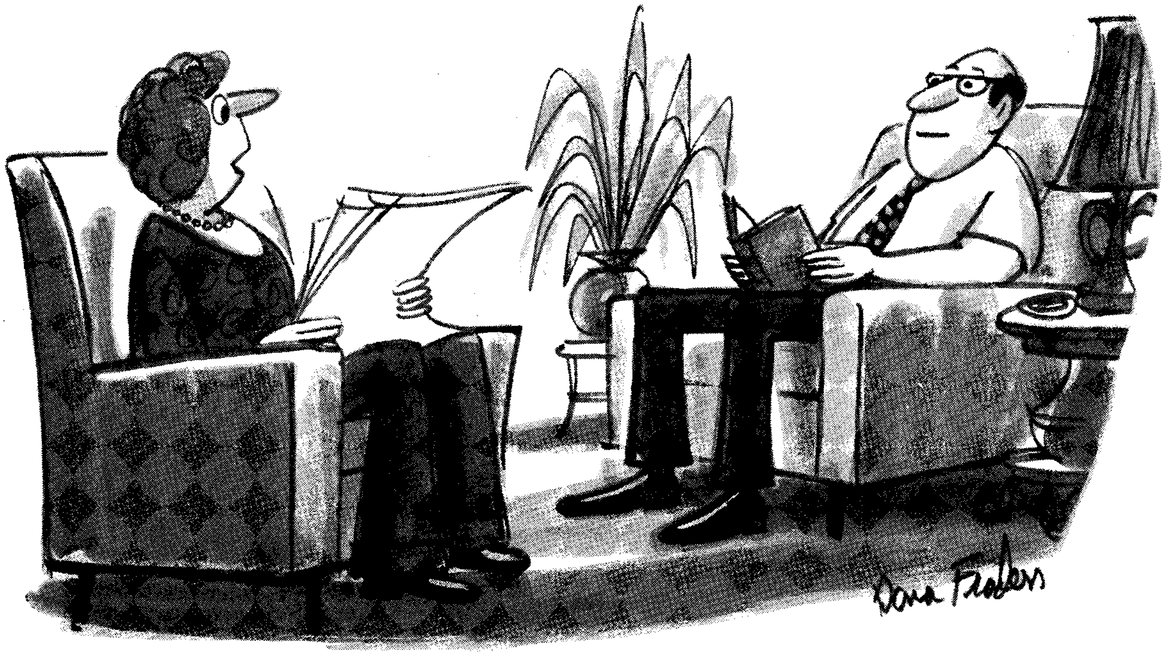
My mother drew a deep, noisy breath, a sick-sounding groan of gratitude, and I realized that I had not been aware of her breathing as we climbed the hill. Now I felt that I weighed less, and it was easier to lift my feet. "Broad daylight," I said. "We should have thought about that." No response; only deep, grateful breathing.

As we continued on our way, we came upon the grinning keyboard of a grand piano; it lay there in the ashes, an obscene fragment. Had the agitated owner got it as far as the sidewalk before all the music in it ignited in a final lurid crescendo? Not much farther and I picked up a charred patch of Paisley wool. The design of black and brown and turquoise looked familiar. My mother took it, turned it about, and held it possessively. "Yes, that was *my* mother's—all that's left of her big shawl—and it blew downhill this far. How strange that you found it." She turned it over and over. (I still have the bag she made after she had washed it free of the smell of burned wool and combined it with duvetyn and a tortoiseshell handle. It was meant to look elegant, and in an elegiac way it does—a kind of ladylike pouch.)

Another block and we were at the corner of Buena Vista. We stopped a moment to rest, as we had been stopping all the way along, though not really to rest—rather, in the midst of saying "Hurry," a means of delaying for a few minutes more the sight of that final thing whose dread magnetism had drawn us all night and all morning. Of the episode on the ferry there had been no mention. I still could not bring myself to say that I was sorry, and my mother's suffering discouraged any communication.

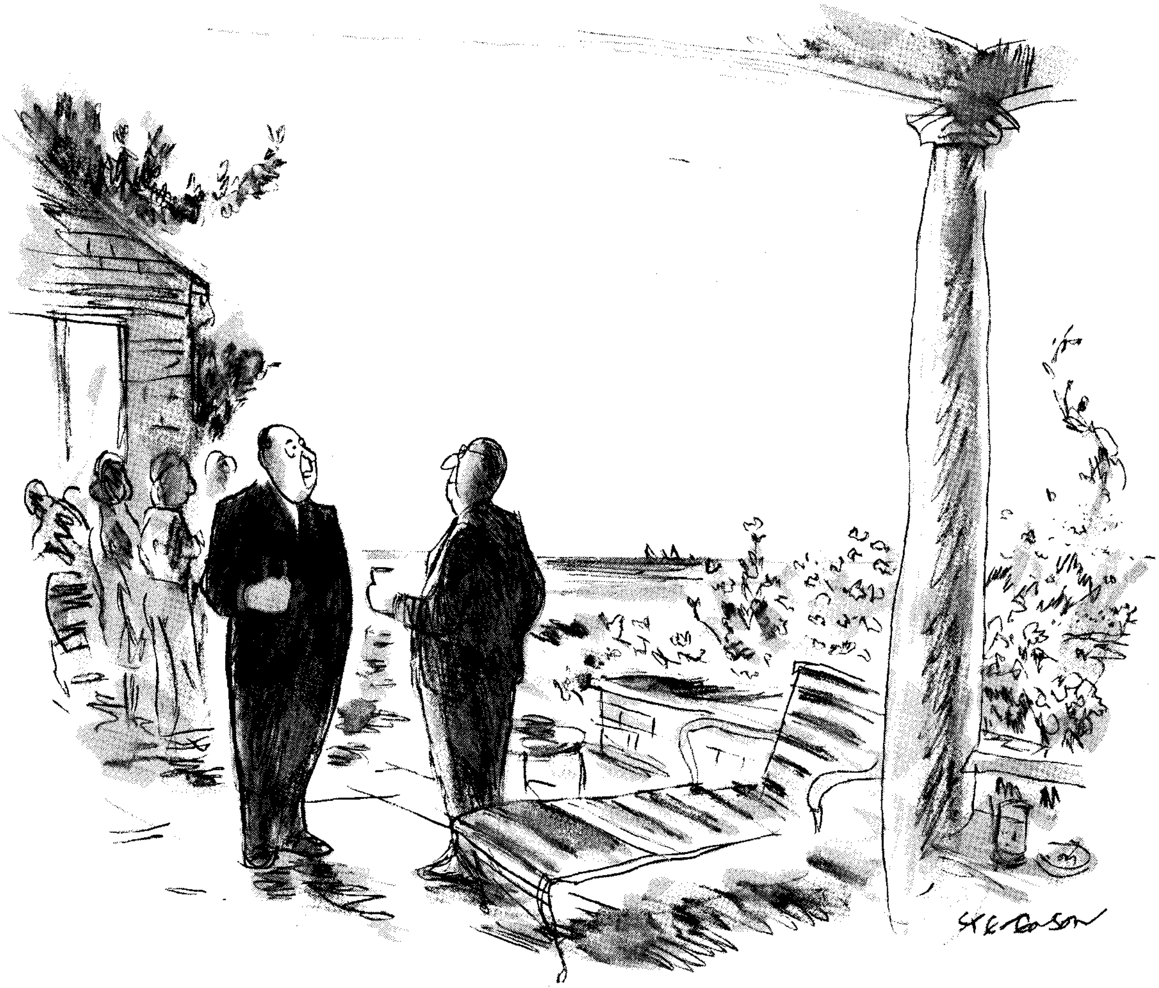
A FEW hundred feet more and we had come home. Now the ashes were real. The pepper trees had been reduced to stubs. The concrete steps, heaped with ashes, led us up to more ashes, into which the chimney had collapsed. We stood and faced in silence the flat nihilism of total loss. The satanic energy of the fire had swept the premises of human meaning, and how could one feel any relationship to a void of ashes? Identical emptiness of ash lay at our neighbor's property and in every direction. A crazy place; it would be easy to go crazy standing there.

Gradually we became aware of details—the few there were. Twisted pipes where the kitchen had been, and nearby the garbage container that had stood outside the back door. It was in fair condition, its garbage thoroughly cooked by the heat of the burning house. We picked our way through the ashes and, attracted by a spot of color, I gathered up a shard of china. I was looking into the steady, perennial eye of one of my aunt's hand-painted violets. With an instinctive reaction of irony, I dropped it and stepped on it. "Just you!" I said angrily. "Two barrels and two thousand miles, and you are all we have left of anything. Anything at all." Under my foot I felt them moving, squirming, trying to reassemble—six dozen tiny salt cups, a large vase painted with well-clothed Congregational nymphs, and that uncanny thing a Pompeian lemonade pitcher. "Stay where you are," I commanded them dizzily, and at that moment I heard my mother's voice ringing out: "I found it, I found my silver!" I ran to see. To see what? The mahogany buffet with the long drawer full of neatly arranged spoons, forks, knives, and serving pieces? She was standing beside a bright lump of shapeless metal: her melted silver. I gazed at it fixedly and felt myself growing more and more stupefied. Perhaps the large, crumpled spider I stepped into brought back a little sense, for



"What do you suppose happens when the stock market goes down to zero?"

I had to concentrate on it. "And what do you suppose this is?" We answered together, "The typewriter."



"Frankly, I have days when I wish to hell somebody else was master of my fate and captain of my soul."

• •

We could identify nothing else, and now it was no longer possible to avoid going toward what we had come to see. Side by side, we started across the one-hundred-foot stretch of what had been the vacant lot next door, silent and glancing up at the hills instead of straight ahead. But what use to evade? If we had the strength to walk, we must walk it. Suddenly, as though it had risen from the earth, the coal-oil can, half obliterated by ashes, stood in front of us. We went to it quickly. It appeared to be quite sound. This could not be believed without proof. My mother touched it, first with the toe of her shoe, then with her finger. I touched it also. We stood and regarded it, motionless as the can itself. We could not speak, and out of respect for the supernatural I had the idiotic impulse to address it in some way: "O Thou! O mysterious containment!" It had remained in one piece. It had not cast its fuel around to feed the holocaust. My mother moved carefully and grasped the handle of the can on one side. I took the other and we lifted it a little off the ground. It was heavy, as it had been heavy yesterday. We let the can come to rest, very gently. Next my mother unscrewed the cap. We took turns peering in. Then we smelled it. There was no twig or stick to thrust in to obtain a drop to smell more closely, so we spilled a bit and I rubbed my right forefinger in the moisture and again we smelled it. We smelled it with joy, or something as near to joy as we were capable of that day; we smelled it in a passion of relief, in delight, as if it had been lilies of the valley. There was not the least morsel or shred of doubt. It was coal oil. It was my mother's coal oil. It was exactly what we had left sitting there the day before.

We hunted about excitedly, intent on anything that might provide a clue to the miracle. Ashes and patches of bare ground where the wind had swept everything before it—nothing else. The grass had been tall and very dry, but the fastest fire on record had gone by in such speed that there had been no time for the contents of the can to become heated. This benign truth struck us like a strong blow. I felt like falling, and there was nothing to support me. My mother's reaction was better. Here where only yesterday the fire and the wind had met in superlative fury she drew herself up with the same gesture I had often seen when she was about to pick up an important cue. In her melodious voice, simply and fervently, she said, "Thank you, Lord."

It was a notable performance. No one of the famous women she idolized, not even the exotic Alla Nazimova, could have done it better. They would all have been acting. She was not. It was drama, but the drama of truth uncontrived, and in it life and art met and no one could have told the difference. Fifty-one years have passed, and I can see her standing and giving thanks in the midst of ashes, forgetting her own losses and woes and giving thanks for a clean conscience. The moment was whole, it held only gratitude, and if she swayed slightly it was the poise of talent that swayed with her, the movement like a reed, fast at the earth but free to bend, to bend memorably at the touch of great feeling.

I helped my mother as she tipped the can and let the oil run out. It disappeared at once down a wide crack in the dry earth—ten gallons of coal oil, ten gallons of thankful tears. I followed her as she walked across the vacant lot to take possession of the ashes of her home.

—Hildegarde Flanner

•

He padded over to the chair in the corner that served as his wardrobe at night, pulled on his trousers and a turtleneck sweater, drew on his socks one at a time, standing awkwardly as he did so, and slid his feet into loafers.—*"Bank Job," by Robert L. Pike.*

Let's skip over to where he puts both socks on at once.

OUR FOOTLOOSE CORRESPONDENTS

WELCOME ABOARD THE M/V ADJARIA—I

Moscow, May 27

WE banked. I swallowed. We dove. I looked out, saw that the runway on our right was lined with a long row of birches, and I thought, Just like popes: There are administrative airports, and then there are pastoral ones. Sheremetevo was definitely a pastoral one. I closed my eyes as we landed with a violent jolt. The Swissair DC-9 ricocheted twice, and we were in Moscow.

Landing in Moscow felt entirely different from flying across the Atlantic or going south for two weeks of sun. The flight itself had been different, as if the plane were meeting with more resistance. My ultimate destination was Odessa. I was going to cruise from that port, on a Soviet ship, all the way to the Mediterranean and back—a dream I had carried about for so long it was almost worn out, and I planned to write about it.

It rained sideways in the wind, between the plane and the shed where the formalities took place. I remember wiping my face as the customs man greeted me automatically in Russian: "May I take a look at your hand luggage?"

I pushed my overnight bag toward him. I was on edge. In fact, I was very nervous. I had been warned so often, and, most recently, by a friend who worked for the U.N. in Geneva, to register immediately with the American Embassy in Moscow. "Tell them when and where you'll be," he said, "so that you won't just disappear. And don't take notes. . . . *Aha!* So you want to take notes? Then you must embellish them. Describe an innocent building at great length. Confuse them. They love to confiscate notes." He had also said, "Do you still speak Russian? In that case, be ready to be followed at all times. Don't forget to have your passport photocopied, because they confiscate it as soon as you enter the country. And whatever you do, don't put your shoes or boots out in the hall to be cleaned; I hear they now bug the heels."

The customs man unzipped my case. Delicately, he bypassed the underwear, the cosmetics, and the medicines, but he managed to pull out a small brown plush monkey with his right hand and a worn pocket dictionary—Russian-English and vice versa—with his left. He was about twenty years old, with short blond hair and cornflower-blue eyes that looked at me steadily. It was a ridiculous moment, and we were both on the brink of laughter, but I was still too uneasy, and he was much too polite.

The monkey had been given to me as a French-composition prize in the spring of 1939, at my Swiss boarding school, when I was eleven. I left it behind when my grandmother picked me up that same week and we crossed the Atlantic on the Ile-de-France to join my mother, a concert pianist, who had been touring the United States.

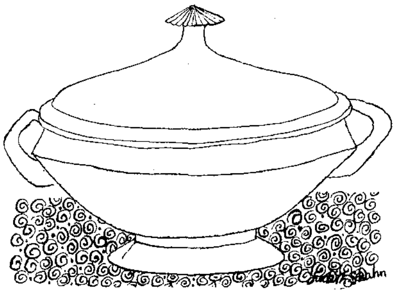
Both my grandmother and my mother were born in Odessa. It was a controversial address. "I come from Odessa, but I'm honest," the saying went. When my mother went to Paris to study at the Conservatory, my grandmother went with her. In 1917, they returned to Russia, intending a brief visit, but the Revolution stranded them. My mother and my father were married in Yalta. Then the whole family, including one of my mother's sisters and her husband, fled to Paris and settled there permanently, or so they thought.

I was born in Paris. We spoke Russian at home, and I spoke French in school, but when my grandmother and I disembarked in New York, neither one of us knew a word of English. Moreover, I managed to get myself into the French Lycée, so that I didn't have to learn it for quite a long time.

As for the monkey, in 1948 I paid a visit to my old school and found him buried in tissue paper and Swiss neutrality. Since that day, I have taken him along on trips. The dictionary I threw in at the last moment, in case I should suddenly get tongue-tied, which never happened. I wished the customs man had seen neither, but then, I was so happy to be speaking Russian again.

"Everything all right?" I asked.

He smiled. I smiled back. "Would you let me look at this?" he asked, indicating a copy of *Time* that stuck out of my travelling bag. He looked at the psychedelic cover appreciatively, leafed through the magazine, and lingered over the back cover. In heavily accented English, he said, " 'Where there's a Man . . . there's a Marlboro.' " Then he switched back to Russian: "Is that correct?"



"That is correct."

"I love those ads." And with a gesture of his right hand, he said to a woman who stood on my side of the counter, "Let her through; she speaks Russian."

THE night before, in Geneva, I had not been able to sleep for excitement, and now I didn't sleep either. All night long, I kept getting up and going to the windows of my hotel room to look out at the Kremlin Palace (the surprise of that bright, primrose-yellow paint!) with the still, deep-green water in front of it, both lit up, and the dead-black sky above.

The lights paled as the sky lightened. In my mind, I kept hearing the murmur of the crowds, as one hears music long after a concert. I felt I had never heard so much Russian in my life as I had on the previous afternoon and evening. Imagine having a mother tongue that is utterly useless to you outside a family apartment. A mother tongue that has never been either learned or taught but has always been, and remains, the language of love. And for many years now, since the death of my grandmother, I had hardly spoken or listened to it at all, my mother having fallen into the disconcerting habit of communicating with me in either English or French. A single sentence, in Russian, kept running through my head: "My God, I'm in Moscow!"

The woman who sat in the corridor, on my floor of the Hotel Rossia, at a desk directly facing my room, had said to me, "I will wake you at five-thirty in the morning." There is a name for these women who dispense information, keys, advice, and kindness to the tourist, while at the same time keeping a close check on his movements, but it is not easily translatable. The masculine form means "sentry," but that is a military word. I shall call them "watchers." At twenty-eight minutes to six I heard a key in my lock and my watcher came in without knocking, bringing me my passport and a glass of tea. "Here," she said. "I have to go off duty. Have a good trip."

At first, the lobby of the hotel appeared deserted. Until I walked by five Hindus, each of them spilled differently, head thrown back, mouth ajar, in modern chairs around a coffee table.

"Morris, do you ever have erotic fantasies?"

• •

Only their loosened ties and the regular movement of their chests betrayed that they were asleep. Otherwise, they could have been murdered.

Moscow looked spotless in the cool gray dawn. Everywhere, babas were sweeping the empty sidewalks. Their heads were wrapped in white kerchiefs that were bound tight and low over their foreheads, with the ends then brought forward and tied under their chins. They were old, but they looked strong, squat, and happy as they worked.

On the way to Vnukovo Airport, a blue sign at a fork in the road pointed to MINSK.

Young birches grew in wooden tubs in the airport waiting room. Soon the sun came up, and hit the Tupolev-134 just as we boarded. There were only six other passengers, and they settled themselves at the back. An airport employee, who must have been in his sixties, stood bent over on one of the wings, checking something. When he straightened up, he saw me looking at him through the porthole, waved, and smiled at me. I had put my overnight bag in a string basket above my seat. There was a strong smell of musty plush. When the crew ran in, laughing, the whole plane shook. The hostess, bareheaded, her dress unbuttoned to a deep cleavage, ran up and down the aisle with hard candy and then disappeared. Without any announcement whatever, we took off. The flight was calm and without incident.

At the airport in Odessa, two Intourist girls, both young and open-faced, addressed me in German as they drew me out of the short exit line. Simultaneously, a man, wiping his forehead with a dirty blue handkerchief, asked me in Spanish whether I would be willing to share my car with him into town. He told me that he had come to Odessa to visit a son he had not seen in a decade. At that moment, the son materialized. He was a head taller than his father, burned from the Ukrainian sun, with an easy smile. I told them, in Spanish, that they could certainly share my car. The father bowed. The son smiled. But nothing happened. We just stood around in the sun. It is difficult to describe or explain these pauses. They are completely unlike the wild disorganizations of Italy, or the slower scrambles of Spain. They are just quiet pauses. Time appears to have a different dimension because it does stand still. Then, all of a sudden, the action is resumed.

I told the Intourist girls they could switch to Russian, which appeared to delight them. Then I had to explain to them, as I did all along the trip, how and why and where and who. At first, only my grandmother was Russian. Then, of course, I had to bring in a Russian father. I started out with my mother's being French, in order to make the emigration smoother and not have to explain that the family had fled because of the Revolution. But somehow, after a while, she, too, became Russian. So did my uncles, my aunts, and all of their friends. All this happened because nobody tried to prod the past; they were much too delighted with my present situation. I was an American, married to an Englishman, the mother of two American sons. We all lived in Switzerland, but my husband worked mostly from Paris and London. This might be a muddle to me, but to a Soviet, who expects to spend the whole of his life in the U.S.S.R., it sounded adventurous and exciting.

We rode into Odessa, father and son, and the two Intourist girls, who boasted to me of the beauties of their town, which they said I would love. "Such a warm, such a generous place; you will see. And we average two hundred and fifty days of sunshine a year."

"You are lucky," I said. "Switzerland is sunny on the travel posters, but it rains a great deal, and after that it snows, which is nicer."

One of the guides looked at me thoughtfully; it is a Soviet trait to praise the nearest available commodity and keep silent about the rest. She no doubt wondered why I criticized the country in which I had chosen to live; or perhaps I had *not* chosen.

The lobby of the Hotel Odessa felt cool and looked very run down. Behind the desk sat three impassive women from Intourist.

"You are leaving us tomorrow evening," one of them said. "You must see our city. We have an excursion ready for you at two o'clock this afternoon."

"Let her rest. Can't you see she's half dead?" said the second woman.

"Thank you," I said. "I do want to rest. I'll go on the excursion tomorrow."

"But what about the car and the driver?" the first woman asked, more distressed than displeased.

If bureaucracy comes first in the Soviet Union, it must be said that the tourist comes a close second. He is treated with so much consideration, care, respect that he soon feels he must be part of a larger design—a secret mission, an attempt at a détente. He is made to feel more like a dignitary than a sightseer. But trying to prolong a visa, change a train ticket, find a hotel room in which to spend an extra night is almost impossible. A small whim *is* permissible. A variation on the given theme might even be desirable, for the tourist himself is desirable, and therefore carries a good deal of weight. But he must feel his way carefully. I was rapidly getting used to the possibilities allowed a tourist in the Soviet Union. I said, "Cancel them both."

My room gave onto a broad avenue, the Primorsky Boulevard, and the Black Sea. I expected the woman who had shown me in to leave, but instead she still stood at my side, watching. I walked to the window. A strong wind blew the light curtains into my face. I said, "Why is the Black Sea pale gray?"

She laughed. "Did you think it was really going to be black?"

"I don't know. At least I expected it to be dark."

"It rained very hard last night. The sea is still stormy."

The scent that blew into the room was insistent and strong. "What are those trees in bloom?" I asked, knowing the answer.

"Acacias. You're lucky. They're in full bloom. You won't smell such acacias anywhere else in the world."

Of course not. The scent was so strong that I was certain it would never leave me, as it had never left my grandmother, who had linked it to her childhood and youth, the sweetness of acacias in direct contrast to the bitterness of her exile.

"If you want anything, there is a telephone on that table." She pointed to it, and then left. I immediately became entangled in a curtain, but through it I still could see the Black Sea, the acacia trees, and a sizable part of the Black Sea Fleet.

The telephone rang. "Allio, allio," said a voice. "You left an American passport with me, and that is impossible, because I have it written down here that you are a Swiss who speaks Russian."

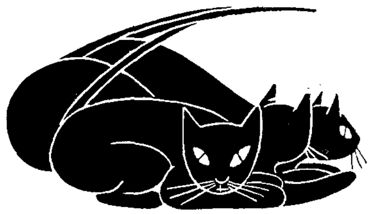
I tried to explain.

"That is not what I've been told. Are you quite sure?"

I said I was, and waited. After a moment, the voice returned, sharp and detached. "Well, that changes everything." And the phone went dead. Did that mean I was going to be followed wherever I went? I decided to go to bed.

In an alcove that could be curtained off with faded-green satin, I found twin beds covered in the same satin. I took the cover off one of them, and found a white sheath with a porthole that opened onto a thick maroon blanket. The net curtains at the window ballooned into the room, and the white scent of acacias settled over me like a fog as I went to sleep.

WHEN I walked into the hotel dining room at one-thirty, an attendant standing by the door called after me, "You cannot enter the dining room with your raincoat on," and took it. (The Russian word for raincoat is "*plashch*"—a sound of galoshes sinking into puddles.) The dining room was enormous and filled with people who seemed to be not eating lunch but celebrating it. The orchestra, on a platform, finished Liszt's Hungarian Rhapsody No. 10 in E Major with the necessary flourish and began "Tea for Two." Plates clanked, silver crashed to the floor, white wine was poured, glasses were raised and joined in incessant toasts. People laughed freely. The tables were crowded, and so was the dance floor. I was shown to a table for four and a seat that a man had just vacated. The three men who remained were so drunk that I pretended not to understand what they were saying. One of them mentioned that a friend who had emigrated to Bratsk, in Siberia, for the better pay, now wanted to return to Moscow. The others were too drunk to listen. They drank a great deal of vodka along with their white wine. The orchestra played "Summertime." Waiters and waitresses ran up and down the aisle; one waiter jumped onto stage left and disappeared into the wings. People all around me were eating roast chicken with their fingers, without the slightest attempt at using a knife or fork. They sucked the joints carefully, and then sucked their fingers. There was a great vitality about them. I asked for chicken cutlets, and was told that there was only plain chicken on the menu. It arrived, almost instantly—a quarter of a thin, darkened bird with one sad little wing and a taste of feathers.



The key was in the keyhole of my door when I returned from lunch. I brought it to my watcher and, without a word, showed it to her. She turned and shouted at a stooped figure at the other

TALKING MYSELF TO SLEEP IN THE MOUNTAINS

Longing, I have seen you in the water
Flare like a bluefish in your native place.
You are at sea level, dark-headed lover,
Twelve hundred miles of night southeast of here.
I have come up to thirteen hundred feet.
Hammer is with me, fly rod banging
On his shoulder as we clambered uphill
Sweaty with friendship, lying about the South.
We crossed the wind-burned ridgeback wild with berries,
Spooking and being rattled by a doe
In that dry cover, hiking up our packs
And skidding sideways to this run of water,
And the thick trunks smoking up the moon's half-light,
Tall poplar, beech—and saplings for the tent.
Now in the darkness we have pitched our camp.
Clear as it is, the creek will not pool deep
Enough to carry trout, so we fish out
Two cups of stone-cold water, bank the fire,
Bite down on that and whiskey on the tongue.
The fire is smokeless and the talk is good
And sifting into nothing like the fire.
The moon is blurred when I climb down to shiver
In the creek again and watch the light
Through stone-chinks stammer like a dream toward dawn.
Hammer is snoring when I climb back up.
This is a good place, it would be good
To sleep here with you and to bathe downstream
In the pool we are bound to find tomorrow.
It could happen. You could come here with me.
But I am laying on this going fire
The maps of every likely place I've been
For light enough to get back down to you.

—GIBBONS RUARK

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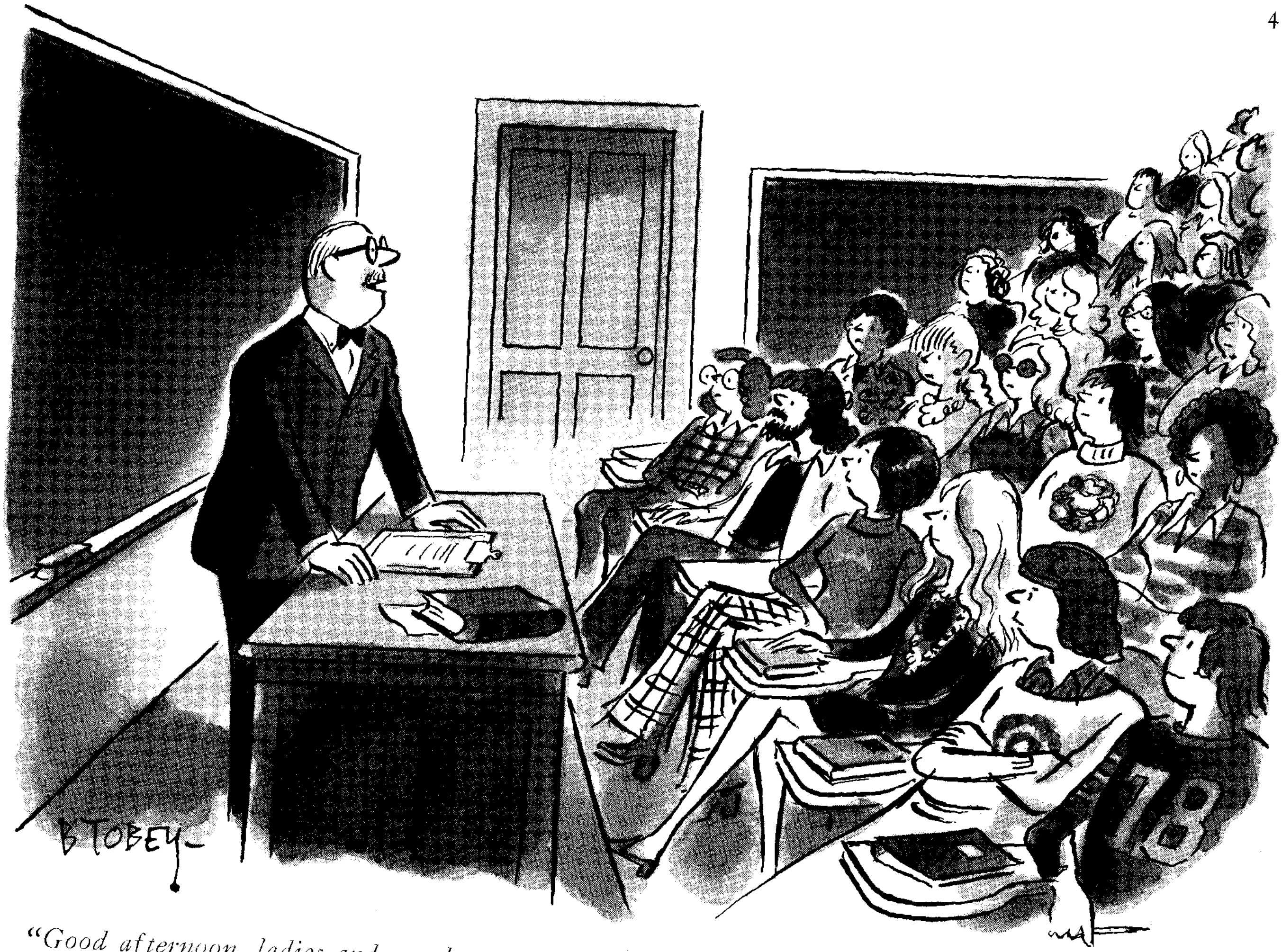


"Good afternoon, ladies and gentlemen. The course is 'The Roots of the English Novel.' I'm Professor Fowles, and I assume all of you can read and write."

• •

end of the corridor. "Vassia! What were you doing in there?" But Vassia appeared to be hard of hearing, and continued at his undecipherable task.

"Fixing your curtains," the watcher offered.

I continued to stand there.

"Vassia!" she shouted. I saw Vassia disappear through a door somewhere at the end of the corridor, and asked my watcher to follow me into my room.

"Well?" I asked.

"The armoire," she said. "I'm sorry, but we had to take measurements of the armoire."

"I don't like this," I said. "I really don't." Still on edge about the trip in general, I felt like making what the Russians call a slight *skandal*. What, if anything, had been searched? What was the purpose of the invasion? "Now, if you would be kind enough to leave me . . ."

I locked the door behind her and started to undress. A moment later, I heard wild knocking at the door. I opened it. A large woman in black silk, her face joyfully made up, began to apologize in a loud voice. "You see, we had to change the couch. We had to put it into another room, and so we replaced it. I am so sorry. You must not imagine anything. We would never spy on a tourist. Never. You *must* believe me."

I looked at the couch. It was the same one that had been there that morning.

When she left, I started to run a bath and almost drowned a long strip of paper with the word "DISINFECTED" printed on it in Cyrillic letters. It took up half the length of the tub and so delighted me that I folded it up and put it in my overnight bag. There was a plug. There was none in the sink, however. This is the most common complaint of travellers in the Soviet Union. Russians like to wash their hands with the water running—which seems sensible, unless there is a serious drought. And tourists like to do their light laundry, for which a plug is necessary.

Later, as I tried to walk out of the hotel, one of the three women behind the hall desk stopped me and redirected me to the Intourist Bureau. "Over there. Three steps up, first door to your left. They want to see you right away."

Regularly now came the mental juxtaposition of an Intourist woman and a former very strict and unfair headmistress—with the resulting unwilled drop of the heart as I asked myself, "What have I done?" This one was past forty, and full of authority. "We have an excursion all set up for you at three o'clock." She looked at her watch. "That's in twenty minutes. I've ordered the car and the interpreter, as you asked not to be disturbed this morning."

I kept silent, perched on the edge of a decision. Lenin, on a large poster on the wall facing me, photographed in profile, in silhouette almost, with his pointy beard sharply tilted upward, was very much with us.

"I see," the Intourist woman said. "You don't want to go on an excursion."

"Not really, no."

"Does this mean you won't go?"

"That is correct."

I expected, at the very least, a reprimand, but instead the woman sighed deeply and slowly crossed her nyloned legs high above the knee.

"Which means I must cancel the

chauffeur and the interpreter, and my bureau does not like last-minute changes. You are quite certain—"

"Positive."

Again she sighed. "Then tomorrow afternoon? Three o'clock?"

I nodded.

She kept her legs crossed but leaned back in her chair. "What will you do until then?"

"Walk around."

"Would you like to go to the circus?"

"Not today."

"To a folkloric dance?"

"Not really. Any other time—"

"You can do as you like. But don't fail to be down in the lobby at five minutes to three tomorrow. I'll be able to give you a choice of interpreters. Which would you prefer? German? English? French? Spanish?"

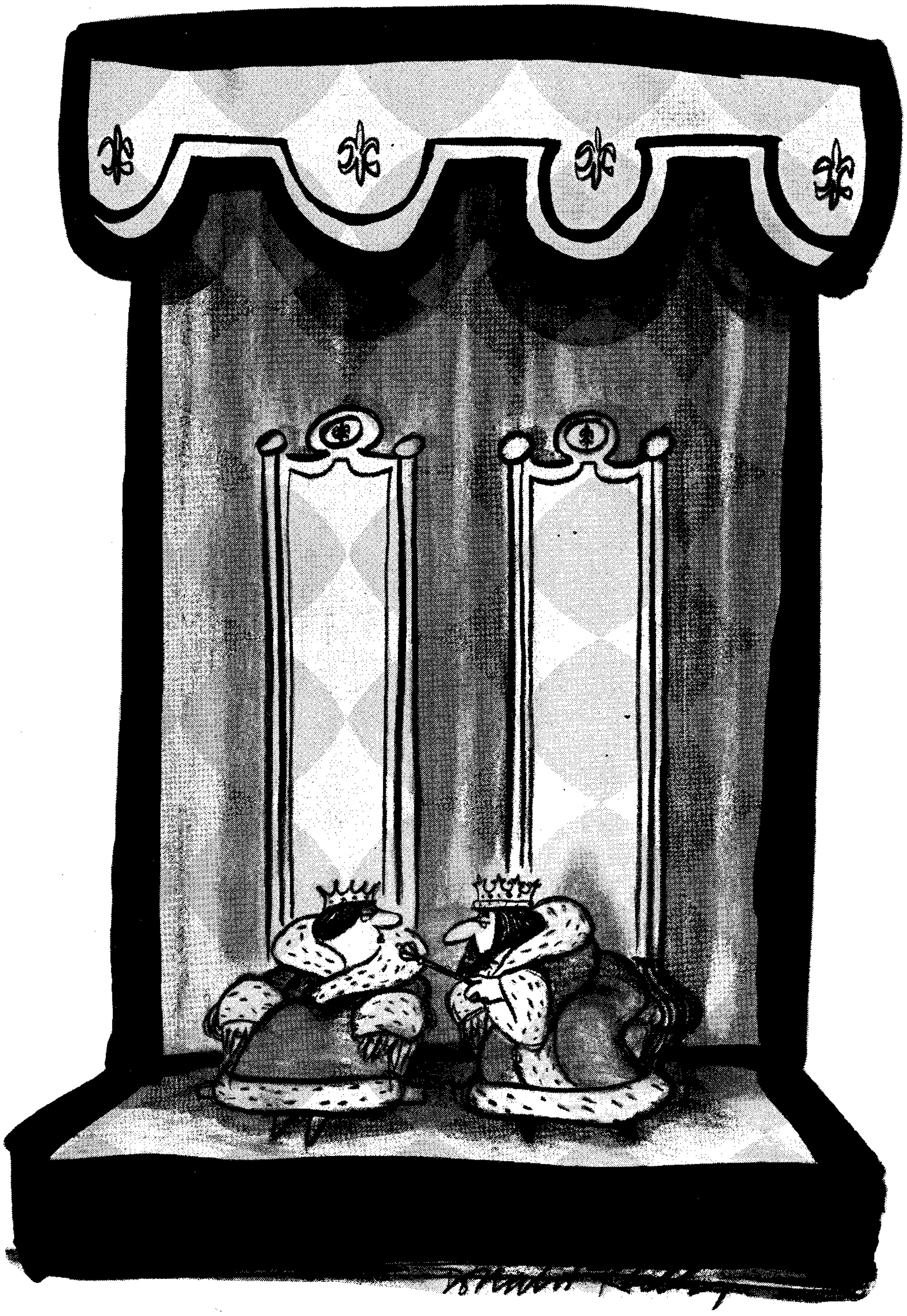
As we were carrying on the conversation in Russian, this list of interpreters struck me as ludicrous.

"Spanish," I said.

"Why Spanish?"

"Oh, anything will do."

I was giving her trouble, but then it was mutual. She put out her cigarette, and I closed the door softly behind me, smiled at the three women behind the hall desk, pulled on my raincoat as I walked across the lobby, and then ran through an open door that led out onto the street.



"Reign for a while, will you? I'm taking a nap."

FROM a guidebook, published in 1966 for English-speaking tourists:

> "If towns could fill up application forms like we do sometimes, then Odessa would look something like this:
>
> Date of birth: 1794
>
> Social position: toiler.
>
> Profession: seaman, docker, machine-tool constructor, builder, musician, gardener. . . .
>
> Education: 14 colleges including University, 26 technical schools, 130 secondary schools.
>
> Military service: Participated in battles even before the origin, having captured Khadzibei by storm; repulsed foreign intervention during the Crimean War; fought gallantly on the barricades in 1905; fought for Soviet Power in 1917 and during the Civil War that followed; withstood a 73-day siege against the nazi hordes during World War II; now retired from active military service, but always ready to fight the country's enemies.
>
> Military and Civil Decorations: decorated with the highest military order—Hero of the Soviet Union and the Order of Lenin, as well as with the Medal "For Defence of Odessa."
>
> Knowledge of foreign languages: we know many languages, but best of all—the Language of Friendship.
>
> Family: We have 745,000 daughters and sons.
>
> Address: The City of Odessa (Lat. 46° 29′ N. Long. 30° 44′ E.), Ukraine, U.S.S.R."

In a single line of verse, Pushkin described it better: "There for a long time skies are clear."

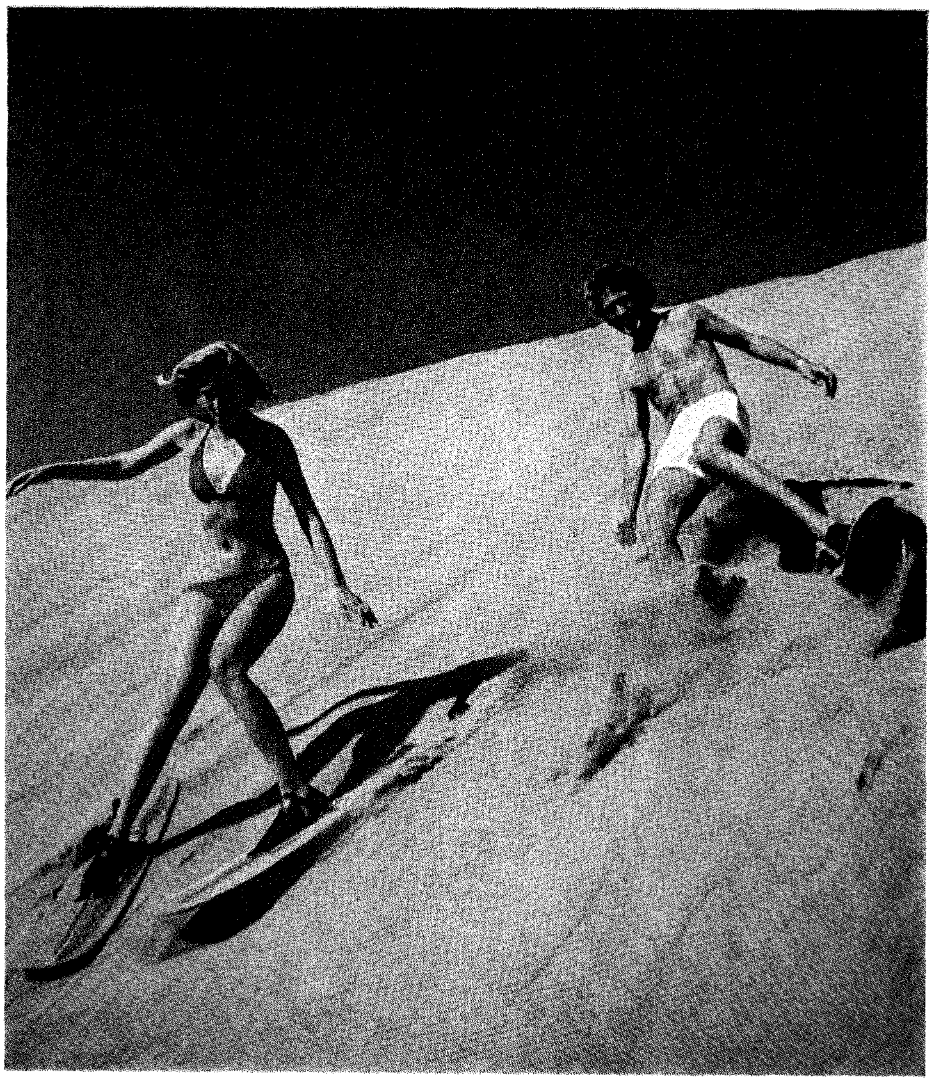
IT was still blowy, but the sky was clear. The acacias and the chestnut trees—also in full bloom—threw fugitive shadows on the sidewalk. The Primorsky Boulevard was lined with benches, on which people, mostly old people, either sunned themselves or read. Women talked gently among themselves; men in white shirts with short sleeves sat reading. One man had a miniature Doberman pinscher tucked under his arm, and was reading Jack London's "South Sea Tales." Another man wet his index finger to turn a page of Hemingway's "A Farewell to Arms."

I felt the afternoon warmth leaving the air as I walked. The port was below, and in between, on a steep slope lined with paths, was a thickly planted and dark-green park.

I wore jeans and sneakers (I had brought one dress in case of emergency), and Soviet women do not wear trousers. Nobody stared. One discreet glance, neither curious nor critical, and eyes moved off slowly somewhere else. Yet there was not a single other tourist in sight. Sitting on a low stone wall,

“Sand Skiing in the Sahara. Even if you don’t win the downhill race...it’s a beautiful way to get a suntan.”

6 YEARS OLD. IMPORTED IN BOTTLE FROM CANADA BY HIRAM WALKER IMPORTERS INC., DETROIT, MICH. 86.8 PROOF. BLENDED CANADIAN WHISKY. ©1974.



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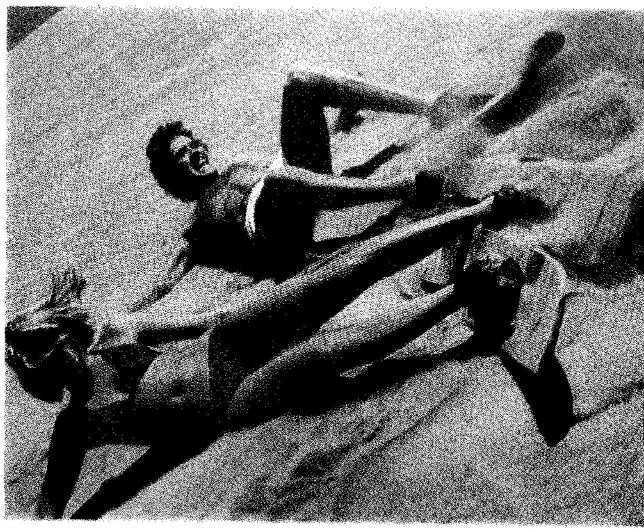
“But there are hazards... those sand traps you don’t see until you’re right on top of them. Kerplunk! Linda and I plopped right into one. That’s when she asked me to take her to the next oasis.

“Later, we toasted our adventure with Canadian Club at the Hotel du Sud in Ouarzazate.” Wherever you go, people with taste agree the best is C.C. For them, it’s the only Canadian. Incomparably smooth, mellow and light. It’s in a class by itself. “The Best In The House”® in 87 lands.



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Our honeymoon was domestic champagne in a cold water flat. And a weekend of dreams.

Which, miraculously, have come true.

A little girl with your red hair. A little boy with my funny ears.

And an 18th century farmhouse, almost paid for. (Still hard to heat.)

Tonight's our anniversary, and I intend to sweep you off your feet.

By asking for your hand all over again.

Diamonds make a gift of love.

I observed a father, walking just below me on one of the paths of the lush park, playing with his son and a black mongrel dog. It was the second dog I had seen in the Soviet Union, and I never saw another.

The port was busy. In addition to cargo boats and liners at anchor, there were two white ships tied up at the pier, each topped by a couple of white spheres that, from a distance, looked like Ping-Pong balls.

I came to the Potemkin Steps, famous not only because of an incident in the Revolution of 1905 (the sailors of the Potemkin mutinied, killed some of their officers, and then put in to the port of Odessa) but also because of the equally revolutionary sequence Eisenstein shot on these same steps for his great silent film of 1925 "The Battleship Potemkin."

I ran all the way down to the Maritime Station, and then walked back up again slowly, more in tune with the stream of strollers. I counted a hundred and ninety-four steps going down, and a hundred and ninety-eight going up. I then went back to the hotel—driven by hunger and the knowledge that I didn't have a kopeck on me and so couldn't eat anywhere else.

The next morning, one of the women at the desk in the lobby of the Hotel Odessa told me I could change a traveller's check at the Hotel Krassnaya. It wasn't far off; I could walk there, she said. There always seemed to be one bank open somewhere, but it always seemed to be in another hotel. The revolving door leading to the street was secured with string. "Why?" I asked a man who was sweeping right by it. "Because it's broken, and we don't want it used," he said. Luckily, there was a second one. It was a little difficult to find the Krassnaya. Russians hesitate to say, "Walk straight down and then take the first street to your right." It seems to pain them to have to be so forthright. Finding your way is a matter of advancing and asking questions, until you feel you're tepid, warm, warmer, hot, you've arrived.

When I left the Hotel Krassnaya, I got into a taxi and said, "Take me to the Moldavanka." The Moldavanka is the Jewish slum area of Odessa.

The driver turned around, looked me over carefully, and said in a tone of voice that I did not find reassuring, "I don't want to take you there. Why should you want to go there?"

"I'm a tourist and I'm curious," I answered.

"Our town is lovely; but to the Moldavanka you don't want to go," he said.

"Oh yes, I do," I said.

"It's ugly. Nobody goes there."

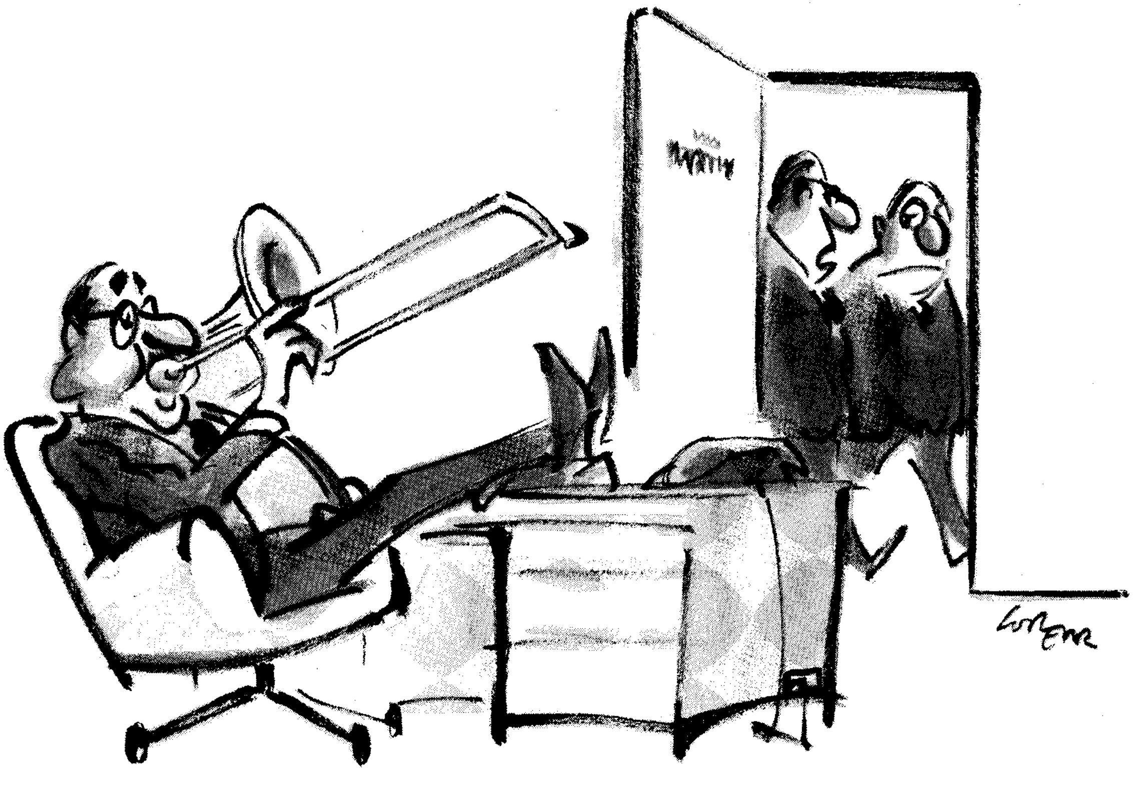
"I'll walk if you don't take me there."

He saw that I was determined, and he wanted his fare. I was afraid that he would report me, but I also felt that for his own safety it would prove simpler, in the end, not to. All the way, he kept muttering, "And where does she want to go in the Moldavanka? Of course she doesn't know. It's just a *place* for her; it means nothing. She's read Babel, and she wants to see if it's changed. . . ." We picked up a man on the way (in the Soviet Union, a taxi picks up passengers so long as they're going in the same direction as the person or persons already occupying it and the first passengers agree to it), and the driver said to him, "Wants to go to the Moldavanka. Won't be able to get back. Serves her right." Suddenly, he stopped his car and said to me, "Might as well get out here." I paid him and got out.

The streets of the Moldavanka were very wide, the buildings ramshackle. On almost every street corner stood a vender selling lightly salted cucumbers from a stall. An old couple at my side gave up trying to cross a street and instead asked me where they could find a taxi. Neither one of them could see well, but they were not wearing glasses. I said I did not know. I crossed the street and walked on. Two men called insults at me as they went by, and then laughed. One woman spat. Obviously they had never seen a tourist before, or a woman dressed as I was. They recognized that I *was* a tourist, and felt I had no right to be there. I saw several Chassidic Jews, both young and older, in battered black hats, worn overcoats, and long side curls; men without a leg, hobbling on crutches; men with a missing arm. It is easy to forget the toll of the Second World War except in an Eastern country that is poor. Here appearances do not matter so long as one can keep moving. Suddenly, in the quiet street, a wedding party went by in eight taxis.

I asked a woman cucumber vender if there was a bus going in the direction of the Hotel Odessa, and she wiped her hands on her apron before she told me no such thing existed. I thought that she, too, would spit at me, but she did not. I had become frightened.

After twenty-five minutes of standing in the middle of the street—it appeared to be much safer than the sidewalk—I finally saw a taxi and waved it to a stop. At the same moment, two young men in shirtsleeves tried to prevent me from getting into it. "We're



"Voilà! Le violon d'Ingres."

late for the wedding!" they cried. "Please take us with you." It turned out that they were going in the opposite direction, and so either they or I would have to cede the taxi.

The driver whined, "Please get out. For a wedding, they will give me a good tip."

"I'm sorry," I said, "but an Intourist guide is waiting for me at the hotel, and I'm terribly late."

In case the driver decided to come with me and make a fuss, I gave, as an address, the Pushkin Monument; it was about a five-minute walk from the hotel. On the way, we rounded up two large women, one of whom immediately addressed the driver as Petia. "How's life?" she asked. They seemed to have known each other for a very long time. As I paid the cabdriver, I heard a shocked male voice calling my name. I turned around, but it wasn't me the man was speaking to. A child, aged about three, all in pink and with a big bow in her hair, was calmly taking off her underpants in the sun by the rim of the fountain.

I had been told that if I looked up my family it might make trouble for them, since they are Jews. My great-uncle, who died not long ago, had been the head of a hospital in Odessa, and I wanted to see it. After the announcement of his death, there had been no further correspondence between my mother and those members of her family who still resided in Odessa. Perhaps my great-uncle had been the principal letter writer. My mother refused to talk about it; her family and Odessa were two subjects she consistently avoided.

I had thought of giving the taxi-driver the address of the hospital that morning. Now I was glad that I had not. I had no telephone numbers, and there is no such thing as a telephone directory in the Soviet Union. The person I most wanted to see was Cousin Mossia, who slept on our Paris living-room couch for a while when I was a child; he had been let out to do some engineering studies. I had also wanted to see my aunts and uncles and cousins and nephews and nieces, and all of a sudden I knew that I never would.

AT three in the afternoon exactly, I waited in the lobby downstairs. The guide was late. When she appeared through the revolving door that was not wrapped with string, one of the three women at the desk said, "Natasha, you're late!"

"I know," she said, unflustered. "My other tourist had troubles with his papers." She turned to me with a happy smile and said, "It's lovely out; what shall we do?"

"Let's walk," I said.

"Good."

She gave some instruction to the driver parked in front of the hotel, and then returned to me. "We can have the machine for three hours," she said.

A three-hour excursion! As I was to find out time and time again, one thing the Soviets treat differently from us is time. Brezhnev addresses his comrades for four and a half hours, non-stop; Arthur Miller's "A View from the Bridge" takes twice as long to play in Moscow as it does in New York. And the tempi reserved for Tchaikovsky, and, even more painfully, for Glazunov, are almost unbearably slow to a Western ear.

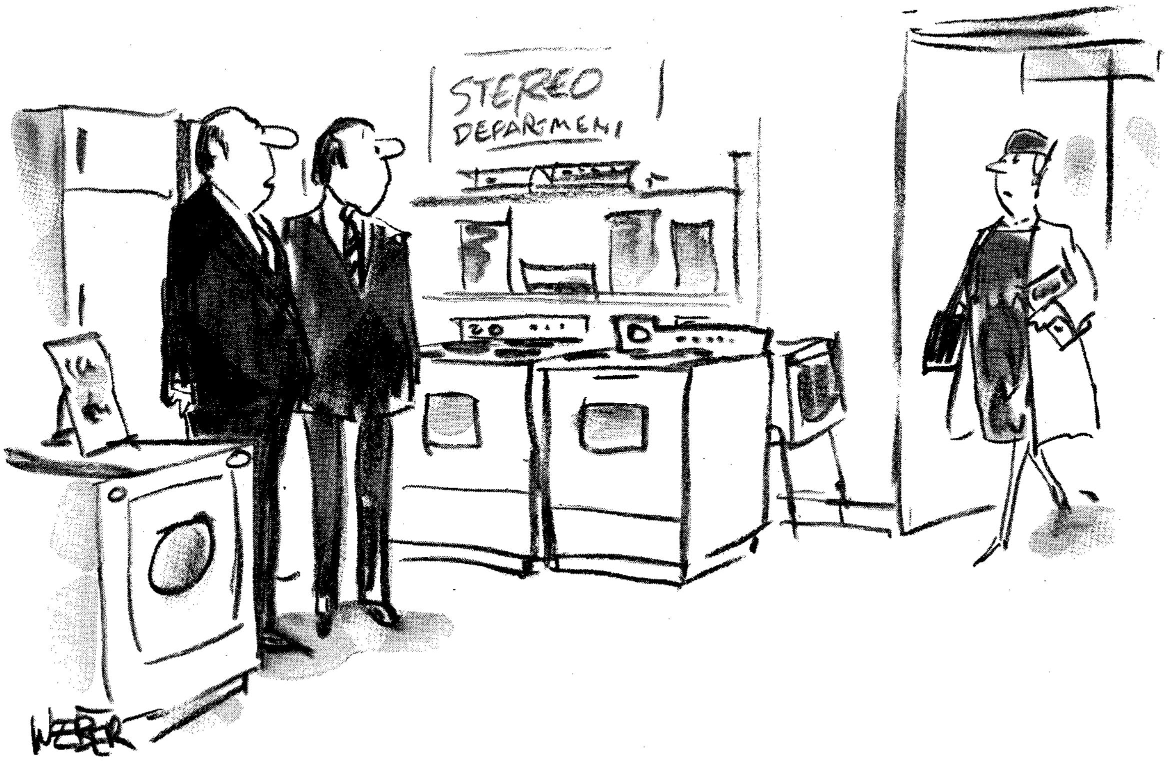
Our schedule appeared to be pleasantly vague. "I told the driver to pick us up at the Opera after a while," Natasha said. She took out of her handbag a small photograph of her son, aged four. Her husband had studied at the Odessa Conservatory, she said, but was now working as a piano tuner. They lived with her mother, who took care of their little boy. She had had years of study to become an Intourist guide—one of the best-paid jobs in the Soviet Union.

Natasha looked charming in a beige dress and coat—very bourgeois. One of her light-gray eyes had a disconcerting way of moving off in strange, unexpected directions. "I was told to pick up a woman in her twenties who speaks Russian," she said, "and I was curious because we have the same name." She told me this after I had said to her that I had two more or less grown sons. Past eighteen, women in the Soviet Union grow bulky. After their first child, they turn frankly matronly.

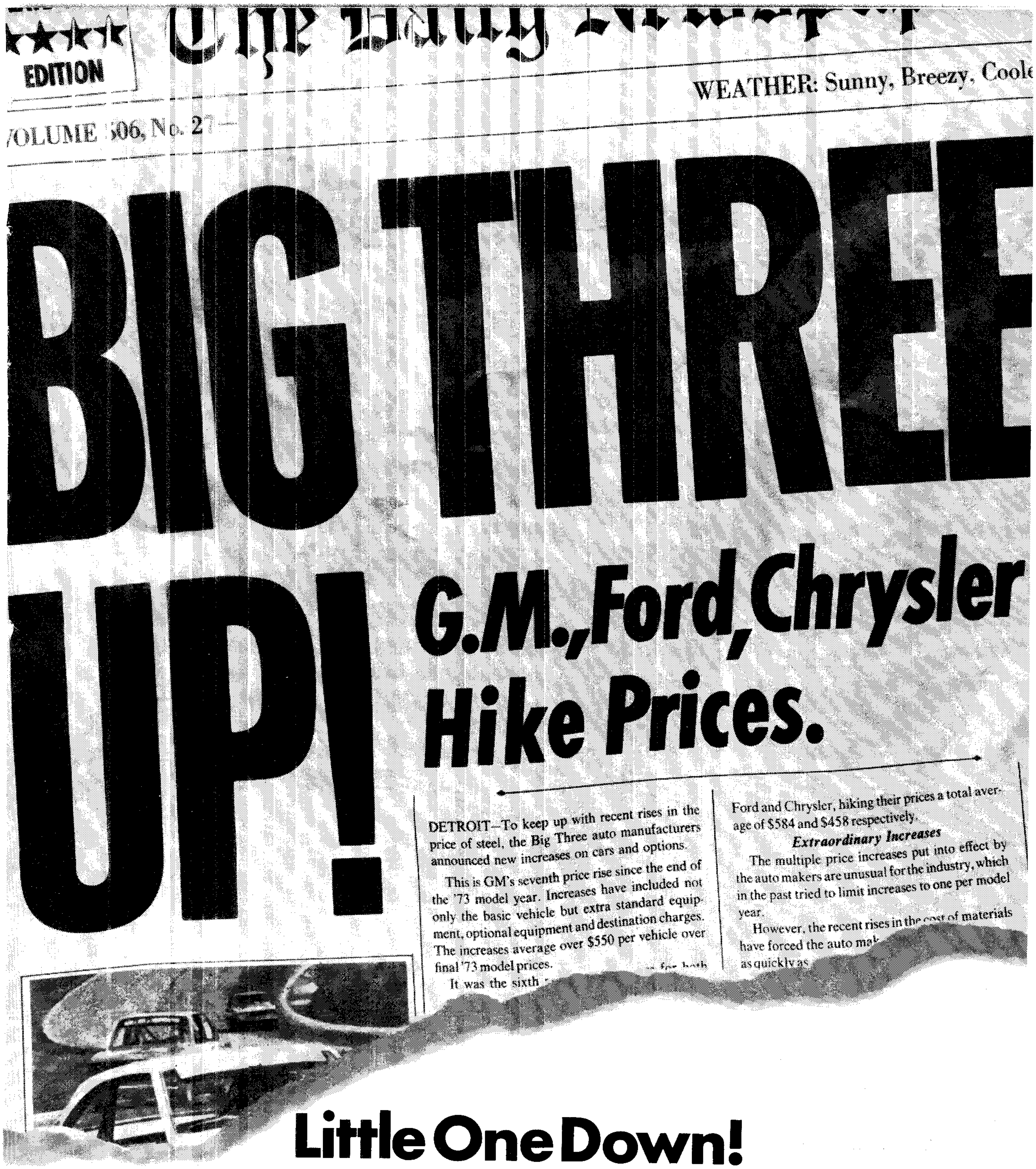
But from the moment of my arrival in Moscow Western canons of beauty had collapsed, as I began to live in a tighter emotional connection with the next person.

Natasha and I strolled to the end of the Primorsky Boulevard, where the former Vorontzov Palace stood at an angle, half of it perfect and square and white, the other half gone, burned down, a charred ruin. Natasha explained, "We renamed it the Pioneer Palace, and used it as a recreation and teaching center for our children, and then there was a fire, and nothing was done about it." She asked me whether I knew that Pushkin spent a year in Odessa, and had a love affair with Elizaveta Vorontzov, the wife of the governor-general. And did I want to go down the Potemkin Steps?

I pointed down at the



"Look sharp. Here comes a goddam consumer."



EDITION

The Daily

WEATHER: Sunny, Breezy, Coole

OLUME 506, No. 27

BIG THREE UP!

G.M., Ford, Chrysler Hike Prices.

DETROIT—To keep up with recent rises in the price of steel, the Big Three auto manufacturers announced new increases on cars and options.

This is GM's seventh price rise since the end of the '73 model year. Increases have included not only the basic vehicle but extra standard equipment, optional equipment and destination charges. The increases average over $550 per vehicle over final '73 model prices.

It was the sixth

Ford and Chrysler, hiking their prices a total average of $584 and $458 respectively.

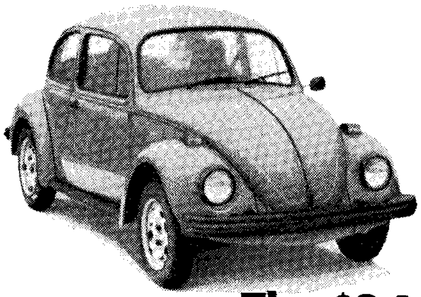
Extraordinary Increases

The multiple price increases put into effect by the auto makers are unusual for the industry, which in the past tried to limit increases to one per model year.

However, the recent rises in the cost of materials have forced the auto mak

as quickly as

Little One Down!



Volkswagen Announces The $2499 Love Bug.*

A Specially Equipped, Limited Edition Beetle.

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harbor, at the two white ships surmounted by the Ping-Pong balls, and asked Natasha what they were. "No idea," she said, and I could see that she was speaking the truth.

The flower bed on the green lawn in front of the Opera House was in the shape of a lyre and planted with begonias. The Opera House was designed by Fellner and Helmer, the team of baroque architects who designed the Vienna Volkstheater, and sounded not unlike the inseparable Dobchinsky-Bobchinsky of Gogol's "The Inspector General." On the grand staircase, Natasha turned to a succession of women ushers and said, "Excuse me, but I have a tourist here, and we would like to see a bit of the play." We were finally seated in the very last row of the top balcony. "Moscow Art Theatre on tour," Natasha whispered in the dark. The décor, on several planes, and in different shades of gray, was futuristic. An actor stood alone onstage, dressed in a gray military uniform with a tunic top. "How can I live in this bourgeois, decadent city when my country is at war?" he declaimed. Then he spoke about a little prince, and in the next sentence about *the* Little Prince. "Is the actor supposed to be Saint-Exupéry?" I asked.

"Yes," said Natasha. "The play is called 'The Life of Saint-Exupéry.' He is a great hero for us in the Soviet Union."

"I can no longer fly," the actor said. "That is the same as saying I can no longer love."

Horrified at the actor's lines, I moved closer to Natasha and whispered, "I knew him during the war, in New York."

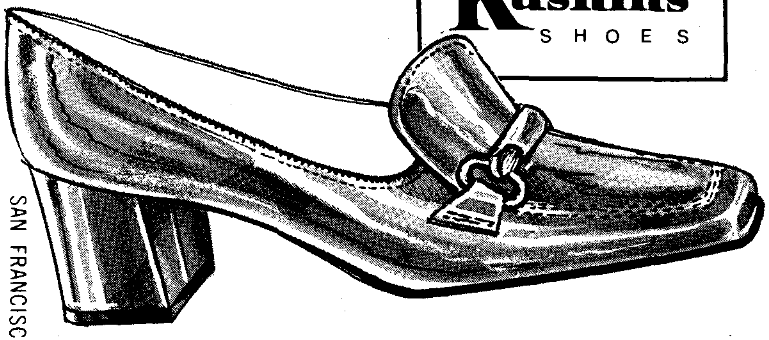
"Is that so?" she asked, delighted. "Does the actor look very much like him?"

"Not at all," I whispered back.

"I am more terrified of what the world will be like after the war than I am of the war itself," the stage Saint-Exupéry said. After that he disappeared to die, while his mother, in full mourning, read a farewell letter, which, of course, he never wrote. The bows were ingenious; like a farandole, set to jazz of the period. Saint-Exupéry was resuscitated and, with the rest of the cast, danced down to the front of the stage from all the different levels of the set. The applause was very loud.

The Opera House had just been redone. "Complete *remont!*" said Natasha. "We used eight kilograms of gold—mostly for the angels. And the chandelier doesn't look it, but it weighs more than a ton!"

When I was a small child, our apartment in Paris was repapered all in



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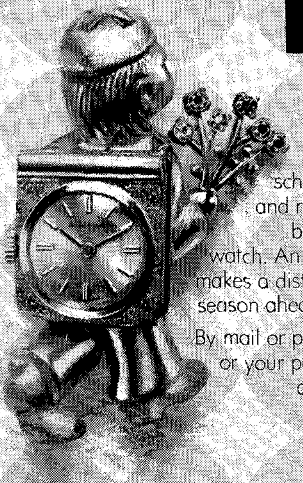

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beige and new carpets laid, and my aunt said, in Russian, over the telephone, "I'm sorry. We won't be able to see anyone this week. Everything's in a mess. We're having a *remont*." The word meant "done over." Soviets use it constantly, just as we did.

From the Opera House, we drove to see the Monument to the Unknown Sailor—a tall obelisk standing by the sea. The guard of ten boys and girls was changed every fifteen minutes. Two loudspeakers, perched high up in two trees, propagated propaganda by narrating, vibrato, the known story of the Unknown Sailor. As we walked back through a wide alley toward the car, Natasha explained to me that Odessa had been one of the six Hero Cities of the Second World War, the others being Moscow, Leningrad, and Stalingrad— Here she stopped suddenly and blushed, and looked to see whether or not I had noticed. She should have said Volgograd for Stalingrad. Quickly, she asked me if I wanted an ice-cream cone from a vender. While we stood and watched some children at play, I told her that I would send her a copy of "The Little Prince" in French for her son. She was very pleased. She said that she had gone swimming for the first time this season and had caught a heavy cold, and was taking the latest drug for it—tetracycline. I said that perhaps for an ordinary cold . . . By then we were comfortably installed in our *machina*, driving past Filatov's famous eye clinic (Filatov was one of the first eye surgeons to effect a corneal transplant), and Natasha said proudly, "The head of it now is a woman." Then she turned to me, inquiringly. "You went out this morning?"

My heart thumped. "I went out for a walk," I said.

"Did you enjoy yourself?"

I nodded.

"Let us speak of Catherine the Great," she said.

"Let's, by all means," I answered.

"Do you know that when she was asked to approve of the plans for our city she threw her fan open onto the nearest table and said, 'I want the streets of Odessa to radiate from the port exactly like this.' And she pointed to the sticks of the fan. And that's the way it was done. Now, *there* was a woman of genius," Natasha added, and took hold of my hand. This show of affection, which I would have found totally inappropriate three days ago, now felt completely natural.

As we got out of our car at the Pushkin Fountain and Monument, Natasha said, "See? He's got his back turned to the Duma that caused him so

Rena Rowan for Jones New York.

Envy clothes. The Ms. Executive suit. Jacket in tiny-checked brown wool and polyester. About $78. Matched to an easy-gore skirt. About $33. Both, sizes 6-16. Wool and Acrylic turtleneck about $18. Sizes S,M,L. In colors to match. In the direction of Bloomingdale's, New York; Macy's, New York; Jordan Marsh, Boston; Kaufmann's, Pittsburgh; Sakowitz, Houston.

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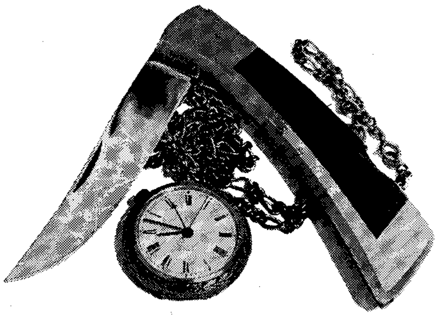

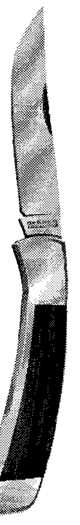

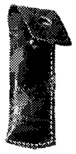

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much trouble, in that building over there. It was the people's idea to place the monument this way. The people gave the money for it."

THAT evening, as I packed, I left out, for Natasha, some Vitamin C, my copy of *Time*, and two flowered notebooks. I was to meet her downstairs in the lobby at nine-fifteen. The ship I was taking, the Adjaria, sailed at midnight.

At nine-fifteen exactly, she came through the stringless revolving door, dressed in a rainbow of pastel colors—pink dress, pistachio coat, vanilla shoes and bag—and with a very red nose. "Here," she said, as she handed me a book. "Reading matter is not expensive in the Soviet Union. That's one thing you can say for us." It was the second part of a play trilogy about Lenin by Nikolai Pogodin, called "The Kremlin Chimes."

I had already noted two things—that people read a lot (as soon as I saw someone sit down, a book seemed to open automatically) and that their interest appeared to be evenly divided between the more remote and the more recent past. The two names one saw most often in print, or heard spoken, were those of Pushkin and Lenin.

There was a car waiting in front of the door. Already installed in it were a large, florid Texan in his sixties, wearing a French beret and a leather thong with a New Mexico silver-and-turquoise ornament as a tie, and a kind-faced but very unkempt Intourist guide of an uncertain age, with a black mustache and lots of black fuzz on her legs. Her name was Tamara. As we drove down to the Maritime Station, the Texan, whose name was Hauser, complained that the singing at the Opera had been below par and that Tamara had, in any case, dragged him away in the middle of it.

The first crisis occurred in the first room of the Maritime Station, at the very first control booth, when a young man who sat behind bars said my passport was not valid. I said not only was it perfectly valid but I had had it stamped by the Soviet Embassy in Bern five days before, just for safety's sake, and I showed the young man the brand-new stamp. He scrutinized my passport forward, backward, and upside down. It was obvious he couldn't read a word of it, and after about fifteen minutes he let me go. The second crisis came at the second control booth. There the young man who sat behind bars told me that I had no visa and therefore could not board the ship. I decided that he was out of his mind, and pointed to my visa confidently. "Aaahhh!" he said. "That is for getting in and out of the country once, but not for coming back *in*. Tomorrow you will be out of the country, and if you go on that boat you will have to reënter Soviet territory, and you don't have permission to do that."

"But I don't understand," I said. "I was issued a visa valid for the length of the cruise by your embassy in Bern."

"What do *they* know?" the young man said. "I cannot let you board the ship with an invalid visa."

I ran for Natasha and Tamara, who were both seeing Hauser through, since he spoke no Russian. They came back with me. They pleaded. They begged. Moving his head from side to side firmly, the customs inspector refused to change his decision. Tamara sat down on a bench, and started to rock back and forth, as if she were at a wake. "Oooohhh!" she wailed. "This has *never happened to us with a tourist!*"

"You forget what happened three weeks ago," said the young man behind bars. "Would you like me to tell your tourist?"

"There must be some mistake," I said. "I *have* to get on that boat." But it had begun to look as if I wouldn't.

"What happens if I stay in Odessa?" I asked Natasha.

"You can't. You don't have permission to stay beyond this evening. After that you need a visa."

I sat down next to Tamara. She was still rocking, slowly but furiously.

"Let me go speak to the Maritime *people in the next room,*" said Natasha.

Hauser sat himself down next to Tamara. "Visas," he said. "Always troubles with visas."

When Natasha came back, she was smiling delightedly and said, "They tell me over there that nothing is wrong." Tamara immediately stopped rocking.

"So let's go," I said. I got up. So did Tamara and Hauser.

We all walked into the next room, where a tall man in braided navy blue stood behind a counter. "Ah! You are the owner of that passport and that visa. Just take yourself over there." He indicated a third young man, at a control booth with a barred window. This young man took a look at my passport and visa and said, "You cannot reënter the country with what you have, so it's no use trying to get on the boat."

Tamara sat down on one of four empty chairs and resumed her rocking.

"My God!" I said, and was again reminded, by the expressions on both Tamara's and Natasha's faces, that in the Soviet Union God was extinct. "What *shall* I do?"

Tamara hugged her bosom with both arms as she rocked. Suddenly, she stopped. "Maybe you could pick up the visa on the way."

"On the way where?" I asked.

"Well, in Greece, or in Italy."

"And if they don't give it to me?"

"Then you get off the boat in Venice and go home."

"Wait here," said Natasha. "I'm going to see Vassily again."

In a moment, she was back, radiant. "Vassily says you could try to get a visa on the way."

Tamara and Natasha led me to a woman who checked passengers on their way out to the dock. "Present your *kuponchik*," she said amiably.

"Which one?" I asked. The travel bureau in Geneva had given me, in a blue leatherette folder, a series of printed cards, my airplane tickets, my itinerary and passport, as if they were so many playing cards from a pack. At the hotel in Moscow, these had been translated into "*taloni*" and "*kuponi*"—"*talonchiki*" and "*kuponchiki*" if the woman I was dealing with was in a good mood.

"The one that's with your breakfast *talonchiki*."

I could find neither. While Natasha was looking among my papers, I shouted, "This is ridiculous! You live in a world of little papers! Gogol's little papers!"

"Every country has its problems," the woman said evenly. "There's nothing to get excited about. If our only problem were little papers, we'd be doing well."

Natasha and I kissed. We promised to write. Tamara shook my hand vigorously.

The Adjaria was tied up at the dock. Larger than most cruise ships, smaller than the giant ocean liners of the twenties and thirties, it was long, white, and full of grace, with one funnel encircled by a wide red band with a gold hammer and sickle.

THE purser saw me to my cabin. It was a pleasant room that gave onto the stern, with a free-form couch covered in royal blue, two armchairs of matching royal blue, a low coffee table, an enormous radio, and a white telephone. "My name's Victor," he said. "What's yours?"

I told him.

"Fine. Now, don't bother about either the radio *or* the telephone. They're both broken. If you need anything, call me."

"Well, I need a visa . . . no . . . tomorrow morning," I said.

"Aw-keh," he said, with a heavy

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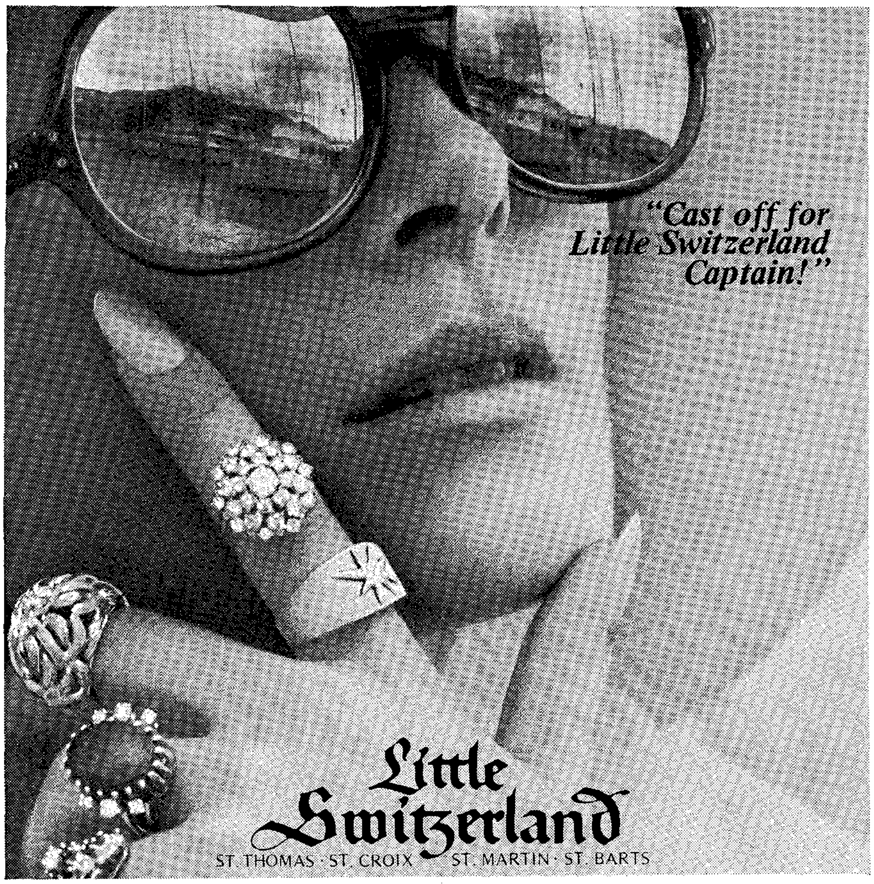
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Russian accent. "Now: The public-address system will let you know the ship's exact position. We make regular announcements. Would you like me to show you how to lower the volume while you're asleep? It will still be loud." He turned a knob on the wall. "In case you're interested, you will find some literature about our ship right there." He pointed to some travel folders that lay by the broken radio, and left me, and I wondered how and when the free-form couch would be made up into a bed.

I went out on deck. In the stern, there was a tiny round swimming pool that looked like a wading pool for children. Four passengers stood huddled together at the railing.

Shortly after midnight, the whistle hooted twice, and very slowly and quietly we sailed.

A big stewardess stopped me on my way to the cabin and asked if there was anything I'd like. "Yes, please," I said. "Could I possibly have a glass of tea in my cabin tomorrow morning?"

From the look on her face, this was an outrageous request.

"You will have it," she said, finally.

The couch still hadn't been made up, so I looked around the cabin in search of sheets, and discovered that one of the doors opened onto another cabin, with twin bunks. I had a suite. The bunks were all made up with pale-yellow Turkish towelling sewn up as blankets of an oval shape. They were not large enough to tuck in. In fact, they weren't even large enough to cover a small human being. I opened another door, which led to a violently air-conditioned bathroom with a tub. It was also very cold in the sleeping cabin. I opened a cupboard, and out fell a heavy checkered blanket. I made up the bed with it, put the Turkish towels on top of the blanket, and went to get the travel folders to read in bed. With them, I found a typewritten sheet, Russian on one side, English on the reverse:

WELCOME ABOARD THE M/V ADJARIA.

Here is some information concerning our ship: Books and magazines in foreign languages as well as chess, dominoes and other table-games can be found in the library from 10 till 12 am and from 5 till 7 pm.

The reading room is opened the whole day. Various deck-games: table tennis, billiards, deck-hockey and others are available on the boatdeck. Swimming-pool is lockated in the stern.

Entertainment is provided by the ship's orchestre in the Music Lounge./ Time is shown in the day's programme./

Ship's radio relay centre transmites the daily radio-programme as well as the information concerning the ports of call, Russian and foreign music.

If you want to switsch off the radio-set turn the knob of the transmeter to the right.

The electric sockets with 220V alternating current can be found in all toilets please.

Cables to any country are accepted from 10 to 12 am. and from 5 till 7 pm. at the library while sailing in the open sea only.

The luggage-room is opened one hour before arriving at a port and one hour after departure.

For ironing and laundry needs please apply your stewardes.

Timetables fixed near bars and the gift-shop show the time when they are opened to receive passengers.

The ship's ambulance is opened from 9 till 12 am, and from 5 till 7 pm. but in case of emergence You can apply the doctor at any time of day and night.

If you need some more information concerning your passage and acomodation please consult the Perser's office which is lockated in the 1-st class Reception Hall.

Wishing You fair weather and happy voyage to You!

The first travel folder I picked up was in Russian. On the cover were the names of the three sister ships of the Black Sea Steamship Company—the Adjaria, the Armenia, and the Bashkiria. Inside were color photographs: "In the library," "In the dining-room," "De Luxe Cabin" (mine, featuring broken radio and telephone), "In a cabin," etc.

The second folder, reserved solely for the Adjaria, was in English, and gave detailed timetables and what it called Tariff Rates for the trip Odessa-Venice-Sochi. Directly under the words "m/v 'ADJARIA'/one-class ship," I read the following:

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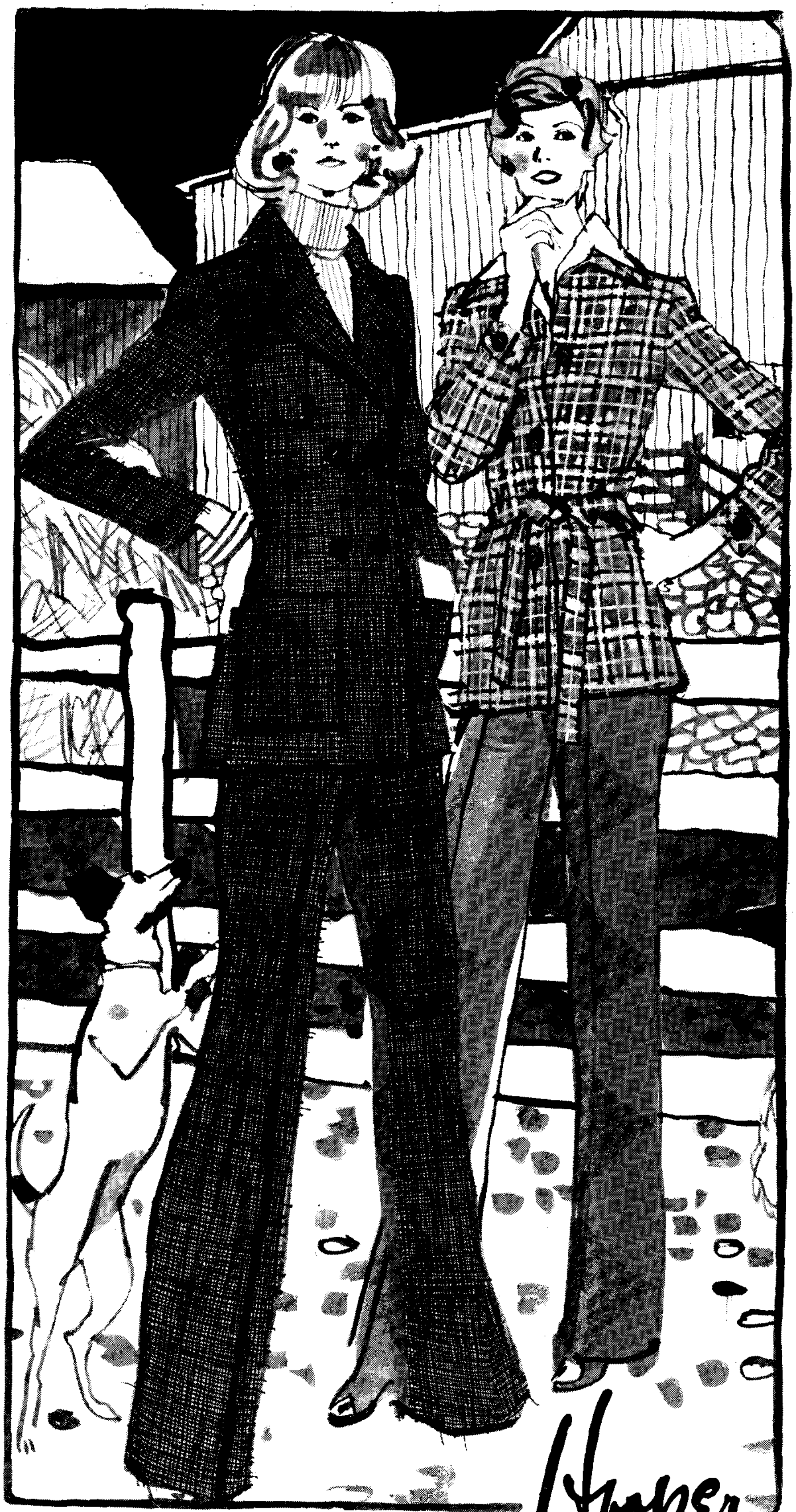
Grade "A1"
/four berth cabins on main & 2nd deck/
Grade "B1"
/double-berth cabins on main deck/
Grade "B2"
/4-berth cabins on main deck/
Grade "B3"
/ 6-berth-cabins on main deck & double-berth cabins on 2nd deck/
Grade "C"
/4-berth cabins on 2nd deck/
Grade "C1"
/6-berth cabins on 2nd deck/

VARNA, MAY 30

AT six in the morning, a shy young stewardess brought me a glass of tea, and looked at me curiously for



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signs of some grave and debilitating disease. It was true that I could hardly move.

When I went out on deck, it was raw. The sea was a muddy gray-green and rather stormy, but the ship was as steady as one's earthbound living room. The red flag with the hammer and sickle snapped in the wind. One lone man, in his overcoat, with the collar turned up, sat on a deck chair, reading. He did not look up from his book when I said, "Good morning," as I went by. Perhaps he did not hear me.

I saw that they were showing a film in the music lounge—"The Chronicle of a Murder: A Story of Nazi Occupation"—and I walked in. It was a Czech mystery, dubbed in Russian, pro-American, pro-Jewish, and very simpleminded. It was partly about retribution and rehabilitation. "Do you know what rehabilitation is?" asked one man, riding in a diplomatic limousine with another man, toward a dénouement. "It's making a Jew out of a piece of soap." I could vaguely discern the shapes of about ten of my fellow-passengers in the dark. Except for Hauser, I had not met any of them. A child screamed and was quickly taken away by its mother.

When we reached Varna, I still hadn't met anyone, because I had tried to get in a nap and so was the last person off the boat.

The purser stopped me as he handed me a pass. "Could you do me a great favor?" he said. "Come to the music lounge tonight at nine, when we sail. This is our first run of the season, and we don't even have thirty passengers. I need you to help me liven things up. If we don't get the dancing started, the place will turn into a mausoleum. Would you do that for me?"

I didn't get to see much of Bulgaria. At the end of the dock a street vender was selling hot giant bagels. I wanted one desperately, but had no leva. It was my first encounter with the problem of valuta—a problem that was to recur time after time as we disembarked almost each day in a different country.

It was hot in Varna, and the sun shone. (Very often, the weather was inclement at sea and suddenly cleared as we approached land.) As I walked slowly down a shaded avenue, I was followed by a young man with enormously padded shoulders on his jacket, who quickly gave up after he had overtaken me. And then I ran across Hauser. "Time to get back," he said. "In any case, I got no money."

We walked in a cheerful silence,

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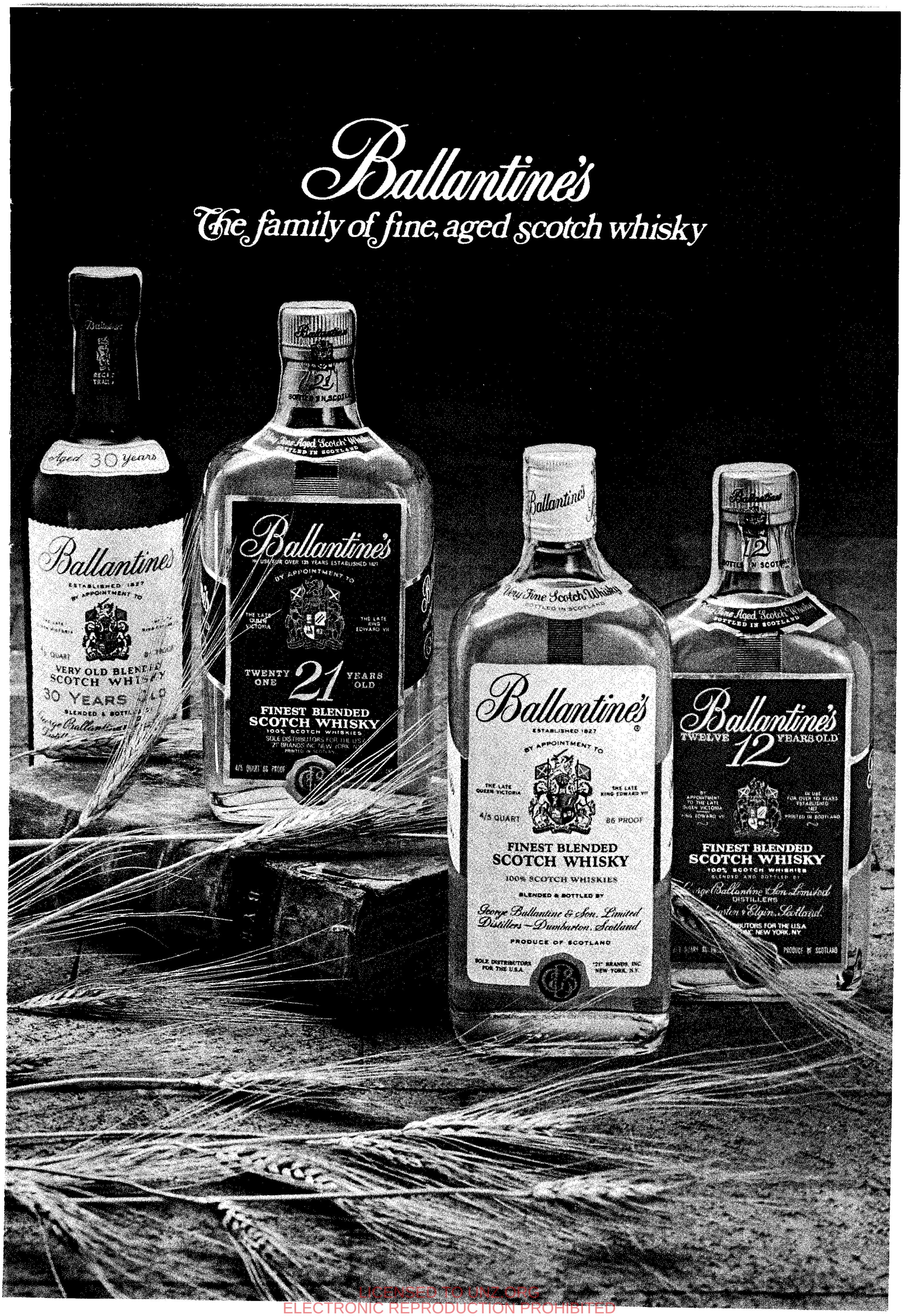
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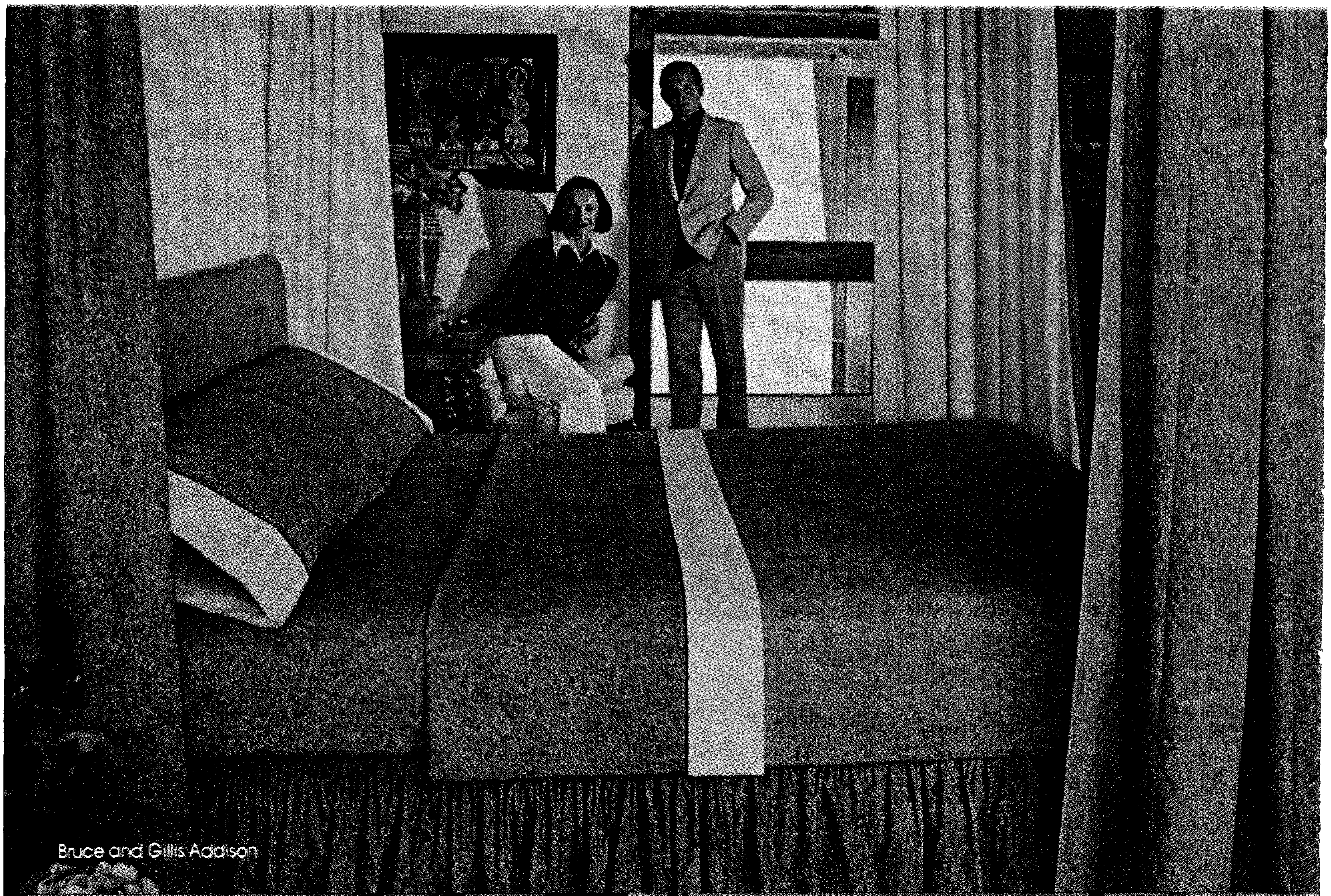

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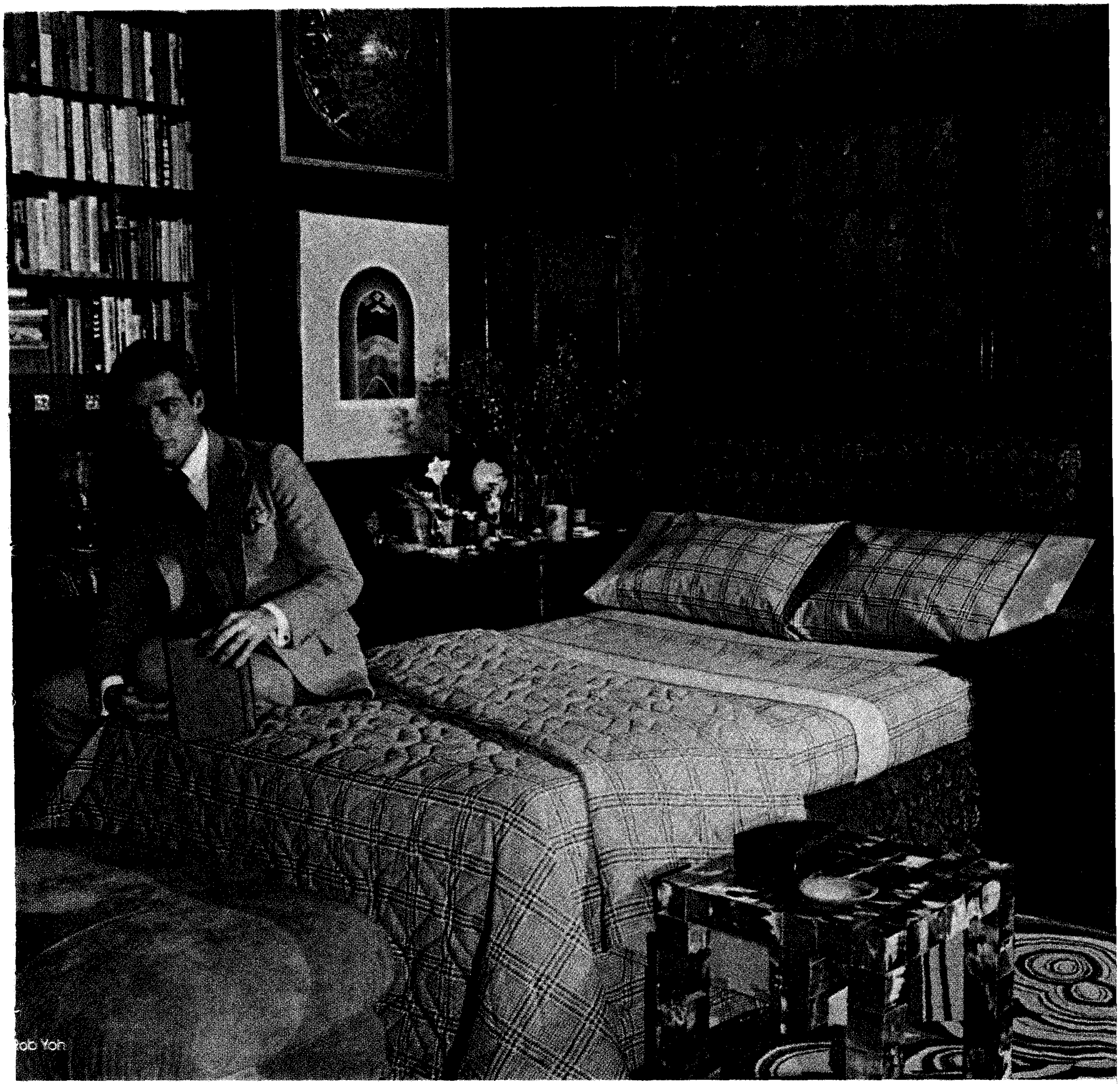

Bruce and Gillis Addison found Blass Donegal tweed perfect in their spectacular new Southampton house. These Donegal sheets also come in blue and black.

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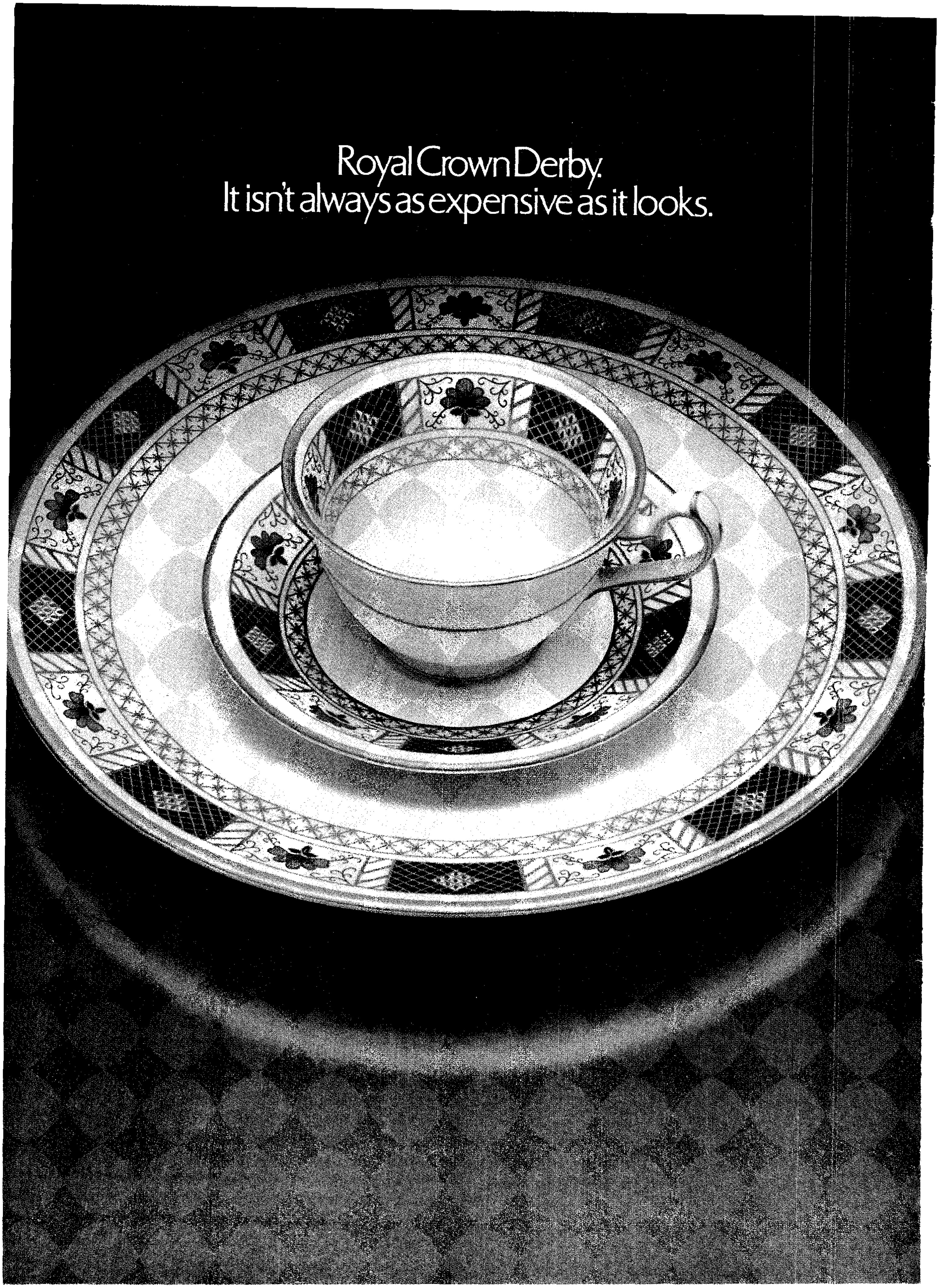
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until he started to tell me how Cardinal Spellman got America into the Vietnam war. "Remember how he used to go to Korea to celebrate Christmas Mass? And how he brought Diem to the States? *There* was a maniac, now; remember him? And remember Mme. *Nhu*? Diem had a Catholic brother who was a priest, I believe. They all got us into it. One thing the Russians are doing is building up their fleet." Then, turning toward me suddenly, "Seen those missile detectors in Odessa?"

The boat sailed an hour later than it was scheduled to, at 10 P.M. The purser joined me in the music lounge. He moved well, was very sure of himself in general, and of his powers of seduction in particular. He had good strong features, short-cropped hair, and sharp eyes, and he was always on the go. In fact, he usually ran. We danced to a very slow tango, played on a whiny phonograph that a young deck steward turned on and off. While we danced, Victor told me that he needed only four hours' sleep a night. We were soon joined by a man who was introduced to me as Matvey, Victor's great friend and the ship's administrator. Like most of the crew, he was from Odessa, and bore a strong resemblance to the photographs of brothers and sons and nephews that my grandmother used to keep on her desk. He was myopic, with a gentle-looking, intelligent, somewhat melancholy face and a deceptively hesitant manner—Isaac Babel, also an Odessite, once described himself, "With spectacles on my nose and autumn in my heart." Matvey suggested that I try to get my visa in Piraeus the next morning. He would be in touch with the Soviet Consulate in Athens by telegraph, and he was sure they could arrange it. Besides, they were expecting a Greek official on board—"Very high up," Matvey said. If the official did come, he would accompany me to the Soviet Consulate. If not, I could go on my own.

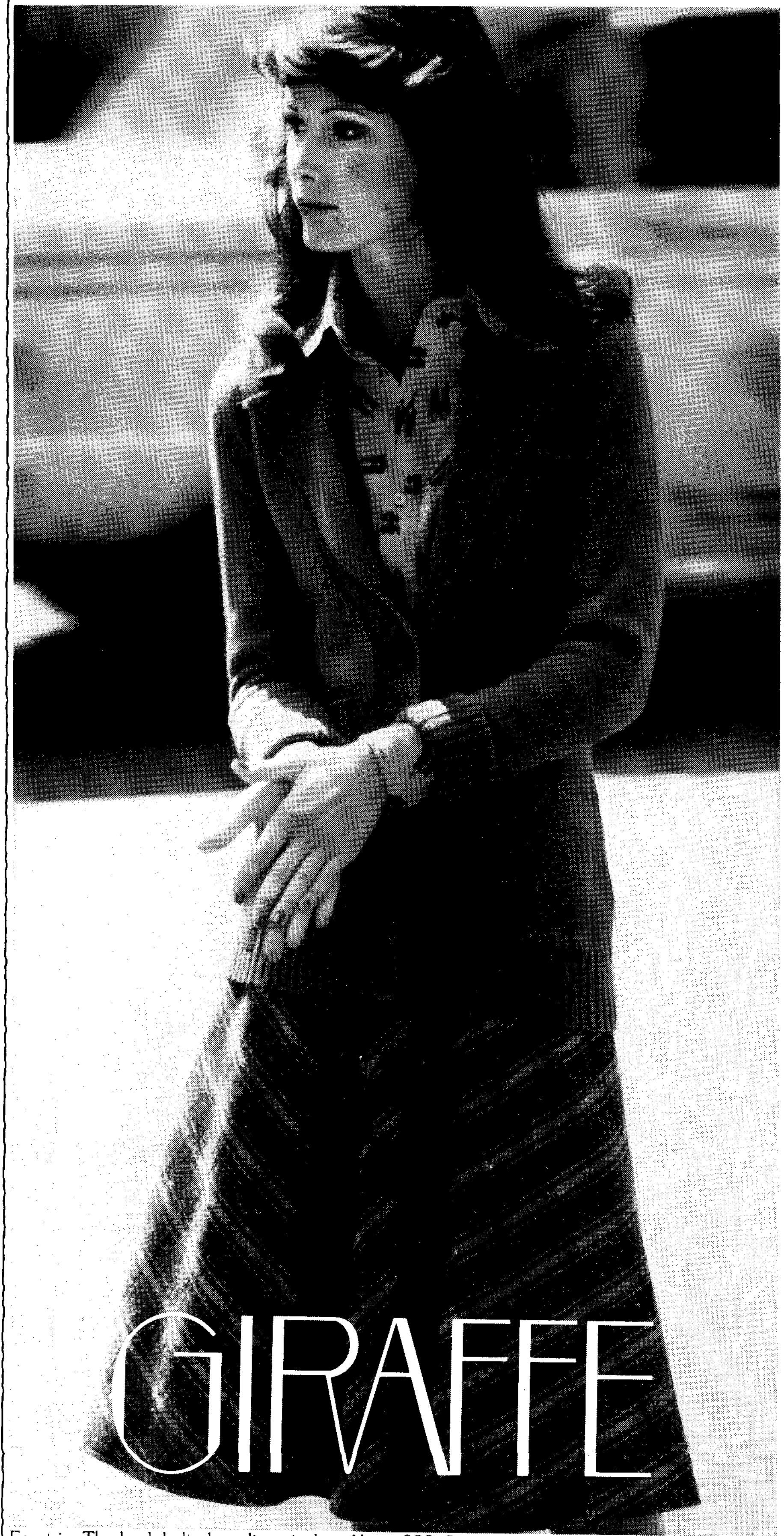
I did not realize until later on in the trip just how insecure the Soviets felt in their relations with the countries where they had ports of call. It was always blowing hot and cold. And when they thought they knew what reception to expect the opposite usually happened.

Just as I was about to excuse myself, Hauser walked in. "You must sit with him for a *little* while," said Victor.

"Please," said Matvey.

"They're very subtle, those Russians, you know—very evasive," Hauser said, with a Texas drawl. "In 1968, I'm

Above it all.



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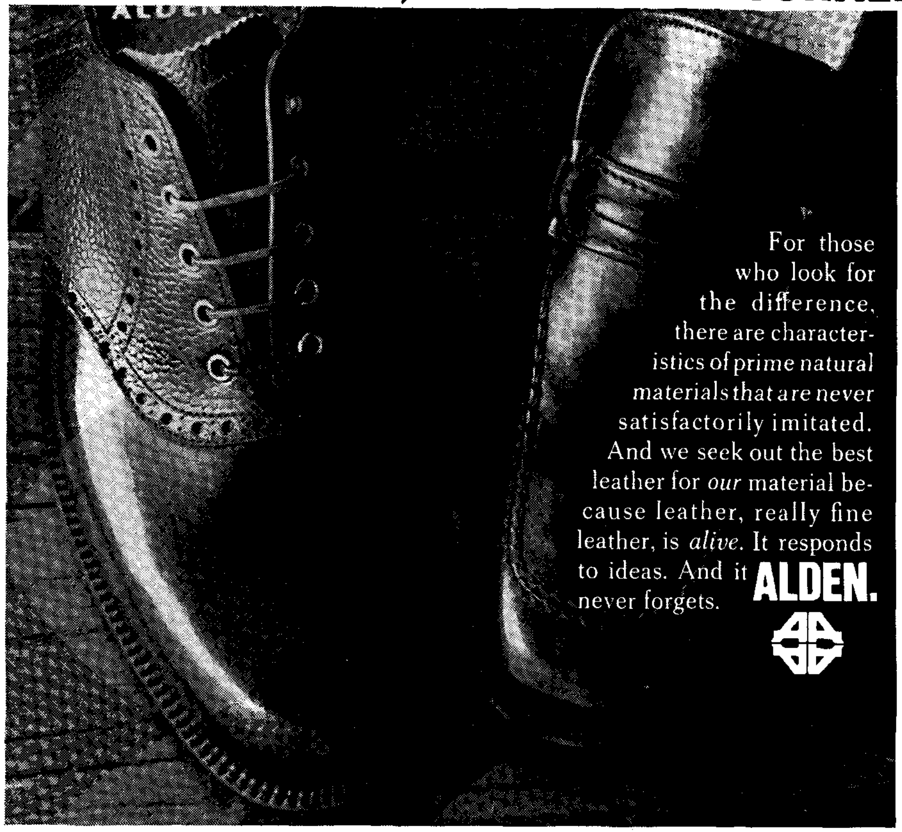

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off to Dnepropetrovsk, and they tell me I can't get in. No explanation. I found out later there's a military base there." There was a pause as he drank down three-quarters of a glass of Scotch-and-soda. "I told you how I went drinking with them Swiss-watch representatives in Tashkent? I had one bottle of cognac, and I liked it so much that I went and bought myself another, and I had that in my room, and next morning I'm in the hospital and you never saw such plumbing. . . . Did you know that Tashkent was the fourth-largest city in the U.S.S.R.? I thought it was a camel stop. Now, they had this lady doctor, and she'd been to the United States. . . ."

I got up. Victor and Matvey, sitting quietly at a corner table, blew me grateful kisses as I walked toward the door.

In the dead of night we passed through the Bosporus, the Sea of Marmora, and the Dardanelles.

PIRAEUS, JUNE 1

WHILE I waited for the Greek official, who never showed up, two young Greek girls came on board, bringing enormous bunches of salmon gladioli, which Victor accepted on behalf of the captain. ("You will never get to see our captain," Matvey had already informed me.) No one was allowed off. Victor sat behind a long table that had been installed in the music lounge. The passengers sat outside, in a sort of waiting room, with chairs and couches, and every once in a while someone would get up and peer through the glass doors to see if anything was happening. Nothing was. A woman with a small child and a nervous husband who couldn't sit still told me they were taking a holiday in Greece. They had obtained permission to do this because they had relatives in Athens. In Varna, they had been unable to change rubles, and so they had not even been able to buy a beer at a café.

Victor did not distribute the passports until eleven-thirty. The morning was gone. All the passengers except for myself had to give in their passports to the Greek police, set up at a rickety desk on deck. I needed my passport in order to obtain the visa, and so was issued a pass.

Matvey: "You have the addresses. You know what to do?"

"I hope so."

"This nice Greek gentleman who is always so kind to us will accompany you off the docks."

He must have been an official in

civilian clothes, but he was definitely not the one Victor and Matvey were awaiting.

Nice Greek gentleman (in English): "You speak Russian!"

"Why shouldn't I?"

We were running down the gangplank, and Matvey shouted, "Be back at two-thirty or we go without you!"

I looked back sharply. He waved and blew me a kiss. I started to walk along the docks with the Greek gentleman. There was a wind, but it was very hot. We passed a French ship.

Greek gentleman: "Ah! *Le Tricolore!*"

Me: "*Le double Tricolore!*" (There were two flags.)

"You speak French!"

"I was born in France," I said. "It's my favorite flag."

"Why?" he asked contemptuously.

"You don't like France?"

"I will tell you. When I was young, we thought France was a great nation, but then, with the war, the way they gave up . . ."

"And what about France today?"

"It's a nation in decline, like most. Now our only hope is America, yes?"

"Yes, of course. Where is the Consulate?"

"Near Constitution Square, in the most elegant part of Athens. You know Athens?"

"Slightly."

We were now walking through a vast shed.

"I have to change a traveller's check," I said. "I don't have a single drachma."

"Right over there. At that booth."

He stood at my side while I changed ten dollars. He and the man behind the counter quarrelled violently in Greek over the fact that I was writing with an orange Pentel.

"Now," I said. "Where can I get some pictures taken?"

He thought for a moment. "There is a machine in the subway station. Take *that* green bus over there. . . . Too late!" And as I started to run across the street in order to catch the next one, he shouted, "Good luck! The bus fare is two drachmas!"

Standing by the automatic picture booth in the subway station, I thought that the Adjaria would probably sail without me. A group of about twenty Greeks—boys, young men, girls, women with babes in arms—were taking their own pictures for what must have been the first time, and comparing them, and going back into the booth for more when the pictures didn't come out right. I explained, with the help of

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my watch face and about five words of Greek, that I had very little time, and a young man made way for me. Two minutes later, clutching three pale photographs of myself in which I looked like a desperate and dishevelled refugee, I was off to the Soviet Consulate.

It was a pretty town house, with a painter perched on a ladder against its façade, putting on a fresh coat of white that looked luminous under the southern sun. Inside, a large woman with a tight permanent wave and a pleated dress, and a cigarette in the corner of her mouth, told me to wait in a Victorian parlor—a leftover from some former, perhaps English, consular occupant. In a corner cabinet, two dolls under glass. There was no reading matter anywhere. I waited. At last a man walked in from an adjoining office with a sheaf of papers. In my nervousness I rose to shake hands with him. He handed me three forms and asked me to fill them in, and then left the room. Hunched over a low coffee table, I began. Father's birthplace? Let's see. At Rockefeller Center, aged sixteen, I had mistakenly put it down as Odessa. And before that as Yalta, because I had overheard at home that some family event of importance had taken place there. Finally, I had confronted my mother, and so in the government files in Bern he was correctly born in Kiev. His date of birth? Once more I improvised, unable to remember exactly how I had improvised before. This time, I took my mother's age and added nine. I really know next to nothing about my father. My mother does not speak of him. All I know for certain is that he died in London during the Second World War. My Cyrillic hand, thick and straight, did not look right. The Russian script that I had observed—of people of my parents' generation—usually was light and slanted to the right.

The woman with the cigarette came and took the forms. In a few moments she was back with my new visa. I thanked her effusively, rushed out into the sunlight, found a taxi, and gave the dock as an address. When we arrived, I got sidetracked by a *suffláki* vender; *suffláki* are crêpes, stuffed with shashlik, on a stick. Since I had skipped lunch, I bought two. The ship was docked very far out—a sure sign that the Soviets and the Greeks were not, just then, on the best of terms. Walking fast, in the hot wind and the brilliant sunlight, I managed to dribble tomato gravy all over my white shirt and trousers.

Matvey was waiting for me at the top of the gangplank. He bowed deeply, one arm on his waist, the other across his back, and said, "I congratulate you."

"And I thank *you*. You have already heard?"

"I make it my business to hear everything. Let's see it." He looked at the new visa, paused at the photograph, looked up at me, saw the tomato gravy all over the white, and doubled up with laughter.

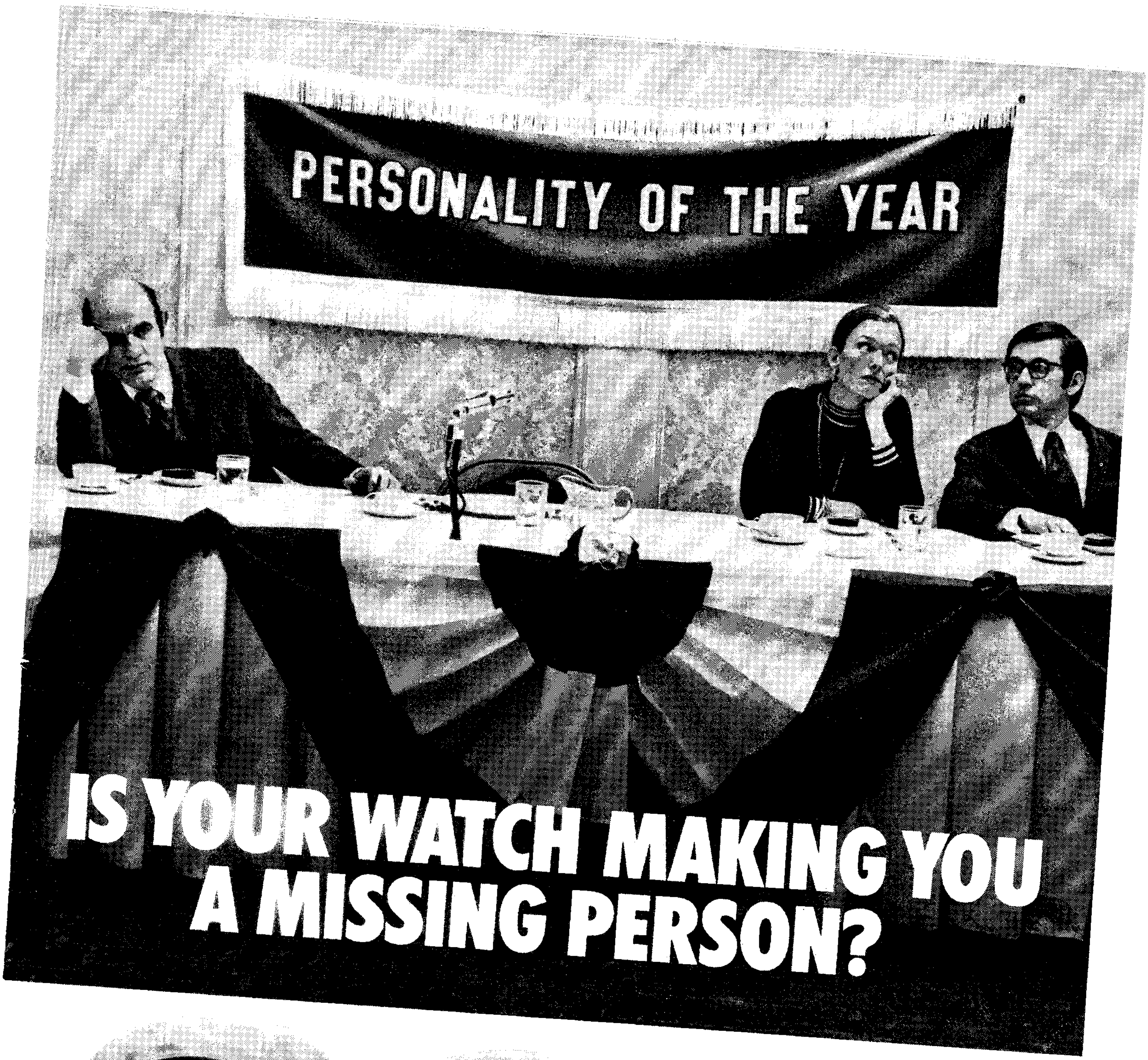
ONCE we were out of the port of Piraeus, the weather turned raw and cold once again, and I had to bundle up in two sweaters under my eternal raincoat. A woman in a deck chair was arguing with her small daughter, who wanted to swim in the round pool, which the Russians called the *bascin*.

"If you go in," the mother said, "you'll arrive in a nice state tomorrow, with a thirty-nine-point-five-degree fever, and there'll be no vacation for us in Corfu." So, another family was bound for a holiday in Greece. The Adjaria was both a cruise ship and a regular liner.

A frail and distinguished-looking old lady came up to me as I stood by the railing, and started to talk to me. Her last remaining sister had perished in the siege of Leningrad, she said. Now she was bringing up her sister's daughter, and it was not easy. Her coquettish, Old World manner was very different from the extremely direct approach of the younger Soviets. "I don't let her call me 'Auntie,'" she said. "Nor will her children ever be allowed to call me 'Babushka.' My name is Nina Arkadievna, and that's the way I want to be called by everyone, and that includes you." Here she meant to smile, but instead the beginnings of tears showed in her eyes. She lowered them, and I turned away.

So far, my presence aboard appeared to be accepted—welcomed, even. But I felt that if I pushed in any way, if I became inquisitive, if I asked direct questions, the person questioned would simply shut up or bolt and leave me ostracized. I also felt that they would eventually come to me. In the meantime, I could listen.

Nina Arkadievna was the only person I met on the whole trip who insisted on her patronymic. Everyone had one, of course, and it was either used or not used, depending on the mood of the occasion and the place. Often it was



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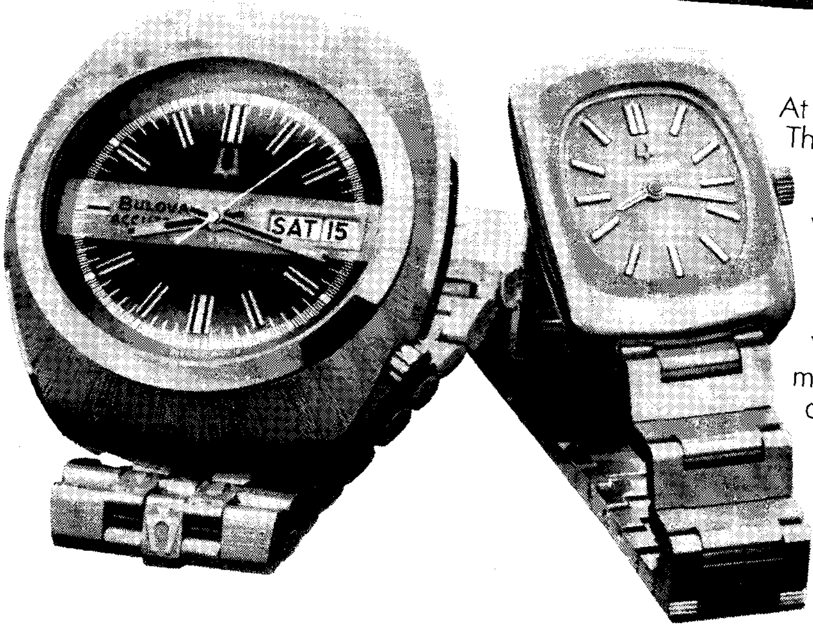

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used with mock formality in introductions; at other times, with true formality. The young stewardess who cleaned my cabin asked me what my first name was, and immediately addressed me by it as she asked me whether or not I was in a rush with the washing of my white trousers and shirt. "My name's the same as yours," she said, as she was about to leave the cabin, "so we're all in order." No one ever referred to anyone as "Comrade." No one ever referred to anyone as "Citizen."

I found myself walking by the library—I still didn't know my way around the boat—and went in. The librarian, Valentina—pretty, very feminine—was sitting at a wooden table, writing letters. "You can take anything you like with you," she said. "Oh, and you can keep almost anything you take. Just let me know what it is." The library was as cold as an icebox. She wrapped a second shawl around her shoulders and went back to writing letters.

On the bookshelves I found Lenin's "Sur la Politique Nationale et l'Internationalisme Prolétarien;" "Puszkin," in Polish; "Tosztoj," also in Polish; "Le Boa Constricteur," by Ivan Franko; Lenin again (in English this time), "On the International Working-Class and Communist Movement" and "The General Council of the First International 1866-1869" and "The London Conference: 1865;" also Maxim Gorky's "Mi Infancia." The books in Russian were mostly Lenin and Marx, with the collected works of Tolstoy.

I picked up a paper in which Brezhnev's latest speech, printed in small type, four columns to a page, took up six solid pages. It began: "Dear comrades—and friends. . . ." I started to read it and was interrupted by Hauser, who said, "Now watch me be a bad boy." Then to pretty Valentina, "Hey, you got Solzhenitsyn? You got Amalrik?"

"Sorry," she said. "'Ivan Denisovich' has disappeared. I don't know where he could be. I must have given him away." She smiled.

It was hard to reconcile Hauser's tiresome conversation and behavior with the fact that he was running after culture. He had travelled a lot in the Soviet Union, and he never skipped a museum, an opera, or a ballet performance if he could help it. Also, much of what he said turned out to be true.

After dinner I took a freezing walk around the deck, where I noted a few

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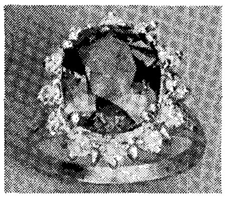

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Poles, huddled on deck chairs, in coats and woolly scarves and hats and berets, talking quietly among themselves. I was about to go to bed when I ran into Victor, who said, "I've been looking for you. Come to the music lounge. It's awful. There's nobody there." He took me by the hand, and led me directly to the dance floor.

Instead of the record-player, there was a band—the Boys from Odessa (in English). I had heard them rehearsing before lunch and again in the late afternoon. The band consisted of large drums, an electric guitar, small drums, electric organ and piano, and another electric guitar. The bass drummer was also the singer of the group.

"Who are they?" I asked.

Victor said, "Oh, young men who are tired of their jobs and have obtained permission to cultivate their musical talent for a while. Engineers, always engineers. One is doing his medical studies."

As we danced, I said something about the Soviet love of little papers—wanting to tease him. Victor, like most Russians, did not like to be teased. Holding me at arm's length, he glared at me and said, "You think we're bureaucratic? You should see what they're like in Marseilles."

When the Boys from Odessa stopped playing, Victor took me straight to Hauser's table, in spite of my efforts to pull him in the opposite direction. He was out to make everybody comfortable, and it was true that Hauser had no one to talk to. Victor himself spoke very little English.

I glared at him as he danced a waltz with Valentina, who was all dressed up in mint green covered with sequins. At my side the monologue went on and on: "My wife left me when I sold the business. She couldn't take the drinking. Even though I never beat her up, but you know how it is. So next thing I do I get arrested for drunken driving and put in Blue Jay—that's that prison outside Jacksonville. I didn't hit anybody or nothing like that, but I got caught, see. That was *my* problem. Now, you can get murdered in there for twenty-five cents by them vicious niggers. I *know*. . . ."

Matvey was bowing deeply before me. We tangoed. Then the chef asked me to dance. It was a mazurka, and the Polish group was already on the dance floor. The chef had a marvellous um-pa-pa, um-pa-pa way of dancing—up and down and very bouncy. Moiseyev-like. I said, in a low voice, "Why is the food getting better and better every day?," and he answered, very

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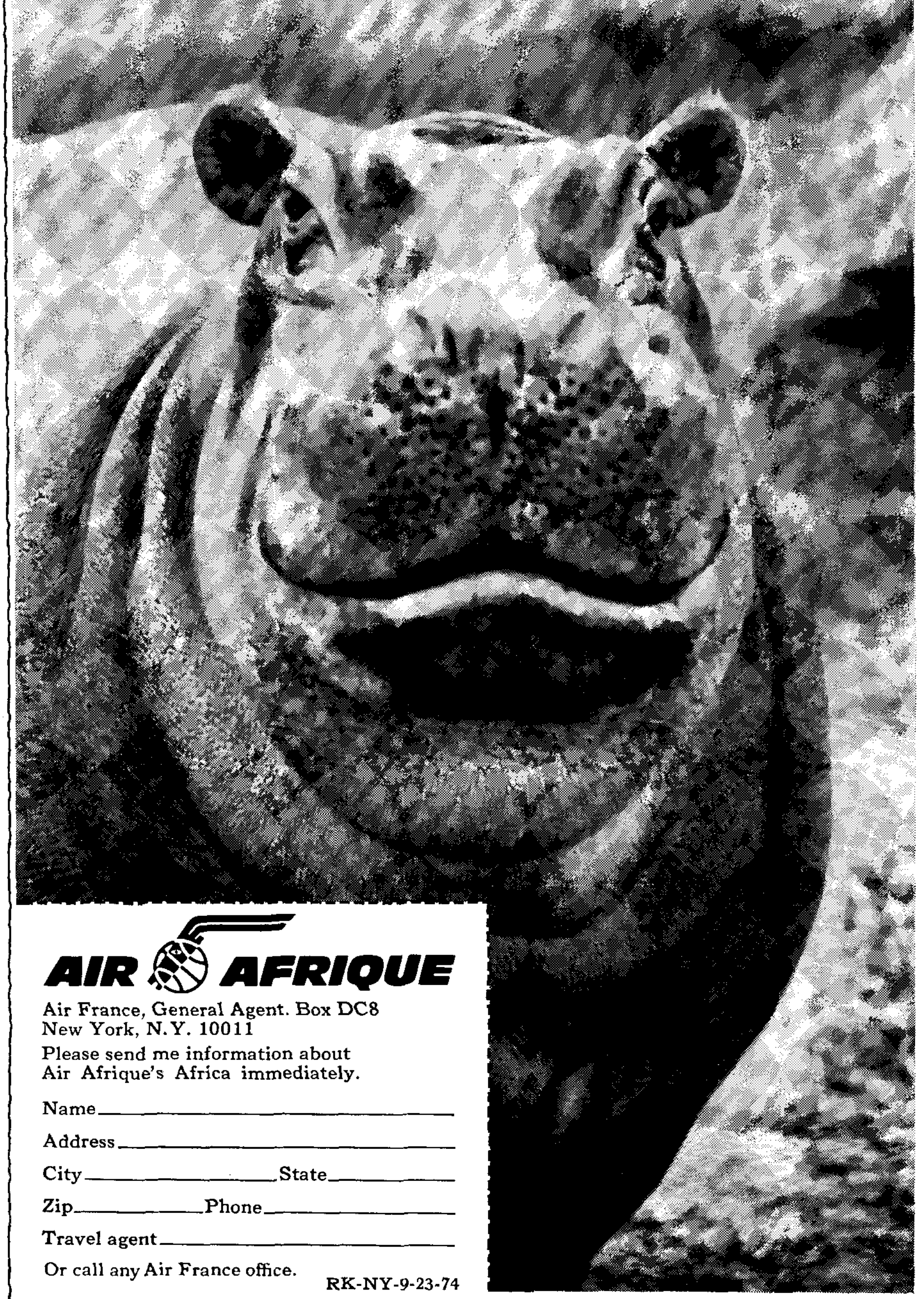

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loud, bouncing up and down, "It's all the fresh stuff now available to us. We can get no salads, no dill, no fresh vegetables or fruit in the Soviet Union. Besides, every time I get out, I get inspired." He came from Georgia, and loved the sea.

On Way to Corfu, June 2

In the morning, I put on my bikini and went out on deck, because that was what the other passengers seemed to be doing. The deck was swept by glacial winds, and I immediately went back to my cabin and put two sweaters on. There was only one unoccupied deck chair, in the midst of a Polish group. Among themselves, they spoke only Polish, intimately, without ever raising their voices, and I understand very little Polish. But they did speak Russian, although reluctantly, and with mistakes, and they appeared willing, all of a sudden, to include me. There were six of them. One couple in their early thirties, with a daughter called Renata, who couldn't be fished out of the *basein*, although she was blue and trembling with the cold. Another couple, apparently related to the first (the two women turned out to be sisters), quieter, and childless. And a third, older couple; the man with a thoughtful face, the woman beautifully dressed in tones of beige. She wore handwrought, heavy silver-and-semiprecious-stone jewelry, not at all artsy-craftsy, which she said a friend of hers had designed and executed for her in Warsaw. She appeared to be the only woman aboard who had what would be called taste in the West.

There was also a stocky, silent Polish woman, who sat dreamily on the edge of the *basein*, splashing her feet. She wore a bright-yellow baseball cap on top of a mound of dyed auburn hair, and panties and a bra under her pale-yellow bikini. Most of the women on board wore underwear under their bikinis, and the panties and bras were always ampler than the bathing suits and overshot the edges. The two younger Polish men dove in and splashed like children, with whoops of joy. They wore bathing caps, in spite of the fact that their hair was very short. Three breaststrokes and they had swum one length. I walked to the edge of the pool and tested the water. It was extremely cold. I asked one of the Poles to lend me his bathing cap when he was through with it, as I had just washed my hair.

I had returned to my gale-swept mattress and was listening to the Polish around me, trying to understand as much as I could, when I let out a shriek. The Pole had tickled my left foot, a bathing cap was thrown at me, and the incident was a subject of great merriment for half the stern. Everybody had to know what had happened. People rose from prone positions; others turned around.

When I complained to the Polish woman with the silver jewelry, whose name was Ela, that I could not change traveller's checks on board (I had had to pay for my laundry, and only foreign currency was accepted), she excused herself and returned with a five-dollar bill, folded again and again into a minuscule square, which she slipped into the palm of my hand with a magician's smooth technique that made me wonder.

"Don't tell anyone," she said. "And give it back to me whenever it's convenient for you. No rush." Then, "Is it true that you work at the American Embassy in Moscow?"

I had suspected that rumors about me ran around the deck, from the way the other passengers observed me, but I did not know what the rumors were. I told her that it was not true that I worked at the American Embassy.

"Then what *do* you do?"

"I write children's books," I said. That seemed like safe work, and I had a tourist visa and it would have been unwise to say that I was a writer.

"Then you must be on leave?"

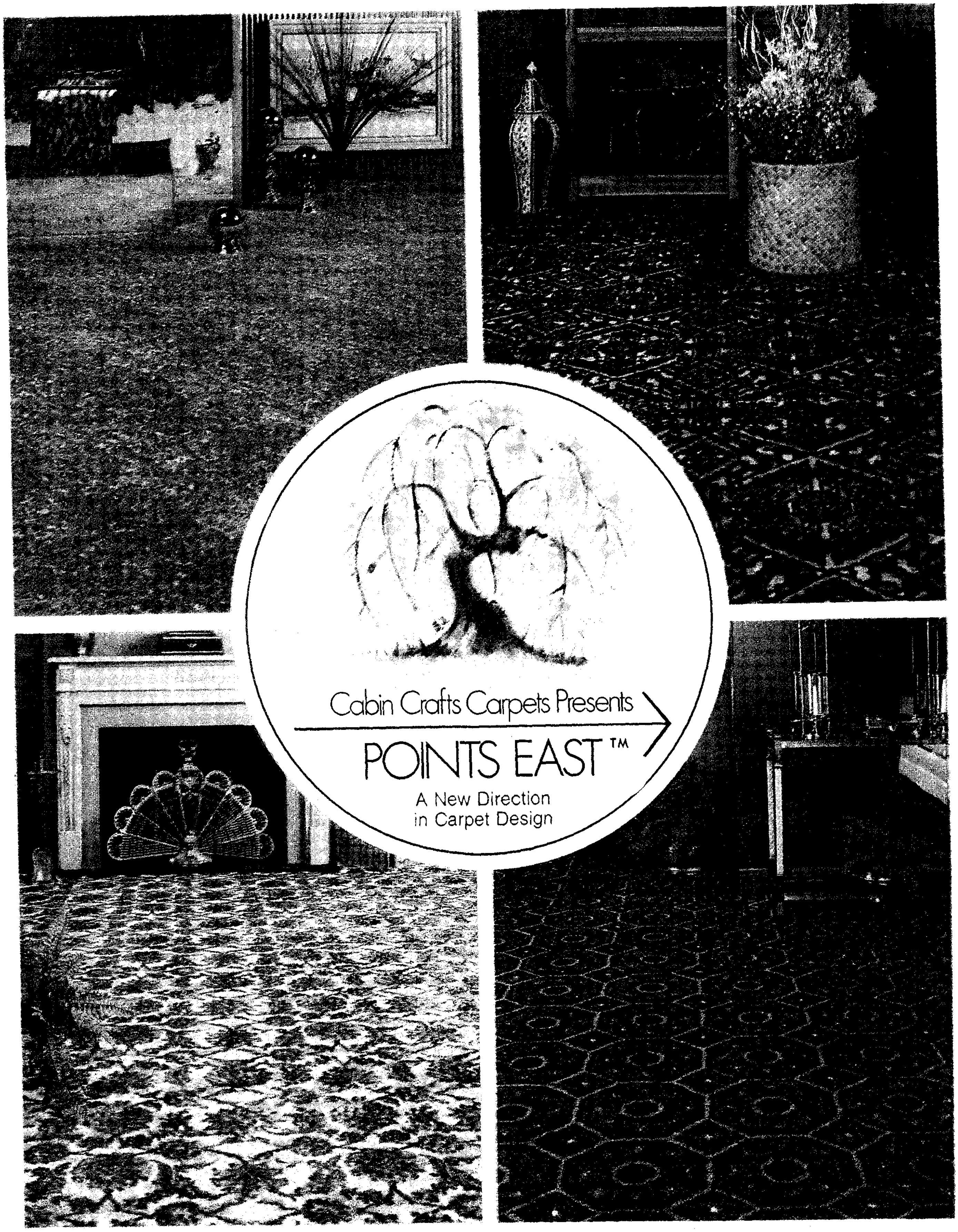
"Precisely."

In the Soviet Union, most people get a month off from their work, and the word for "vacation" is "leave." Everyone on board, except for the crew, was on leave. And as far as crew and passengers were concerned, so was I.

The ship docked at Corfu. Though I did not see Hauser leave the ship, I knew that he was disembarking there. It was a relief to think there would be no monologue that night.

With a tiny slip of paper for a pass, we went ashore together, and were immediately harangued by carriage drivers, who proposed, at an outrageous price, to show us the island. People scattered in different directions. I found myself in the midst of a group of about ten passengers, who stood around, not knowing what to do or where to go. We looked like a typical cruise-ship crowd out on an afternoon excursion—middle-aged men in shorts, with small caps on their heads, and the women all dressed up. One woman had on a maroon crêpe dress embroidered with sequins.

I remembered that I had an old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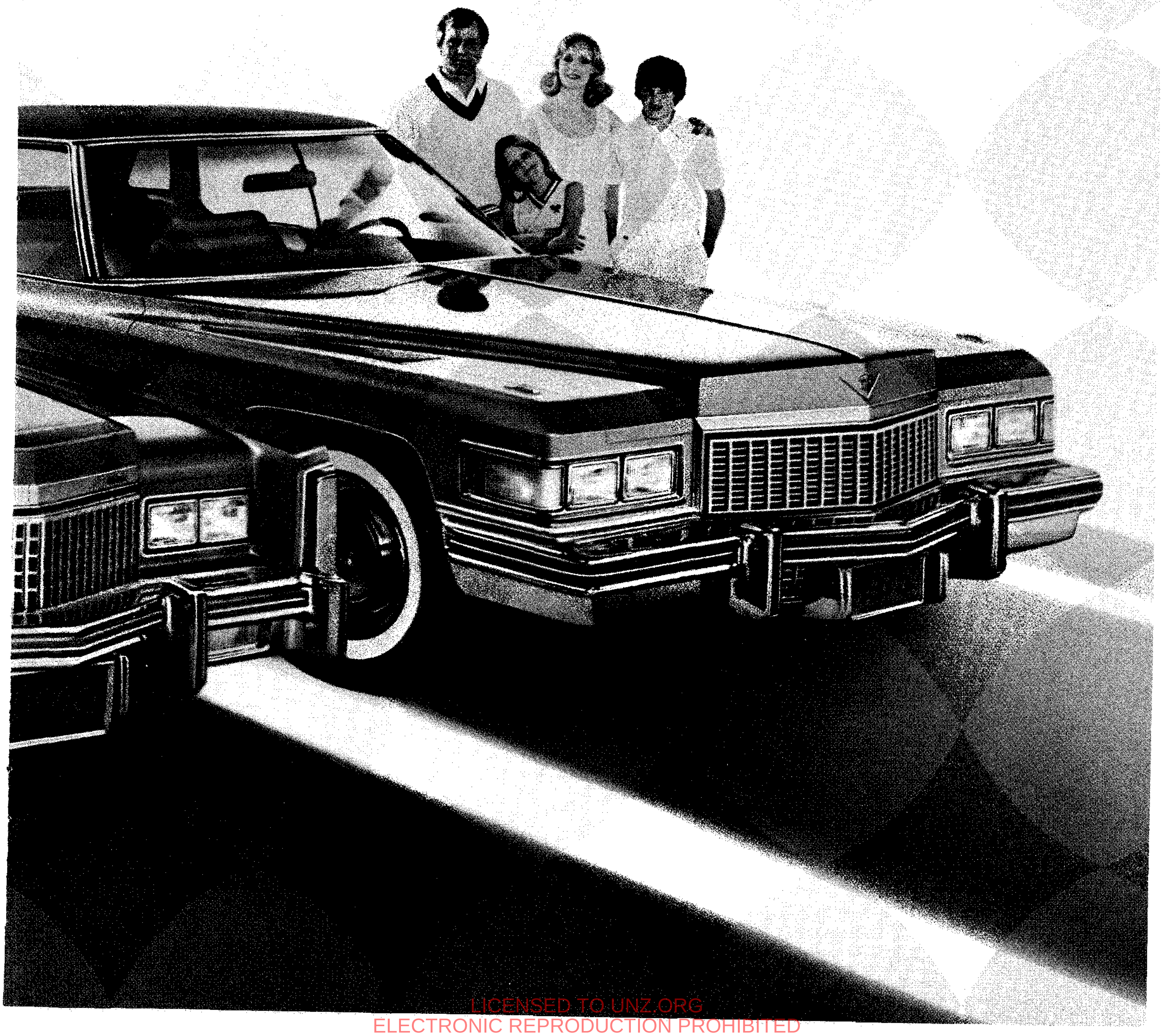

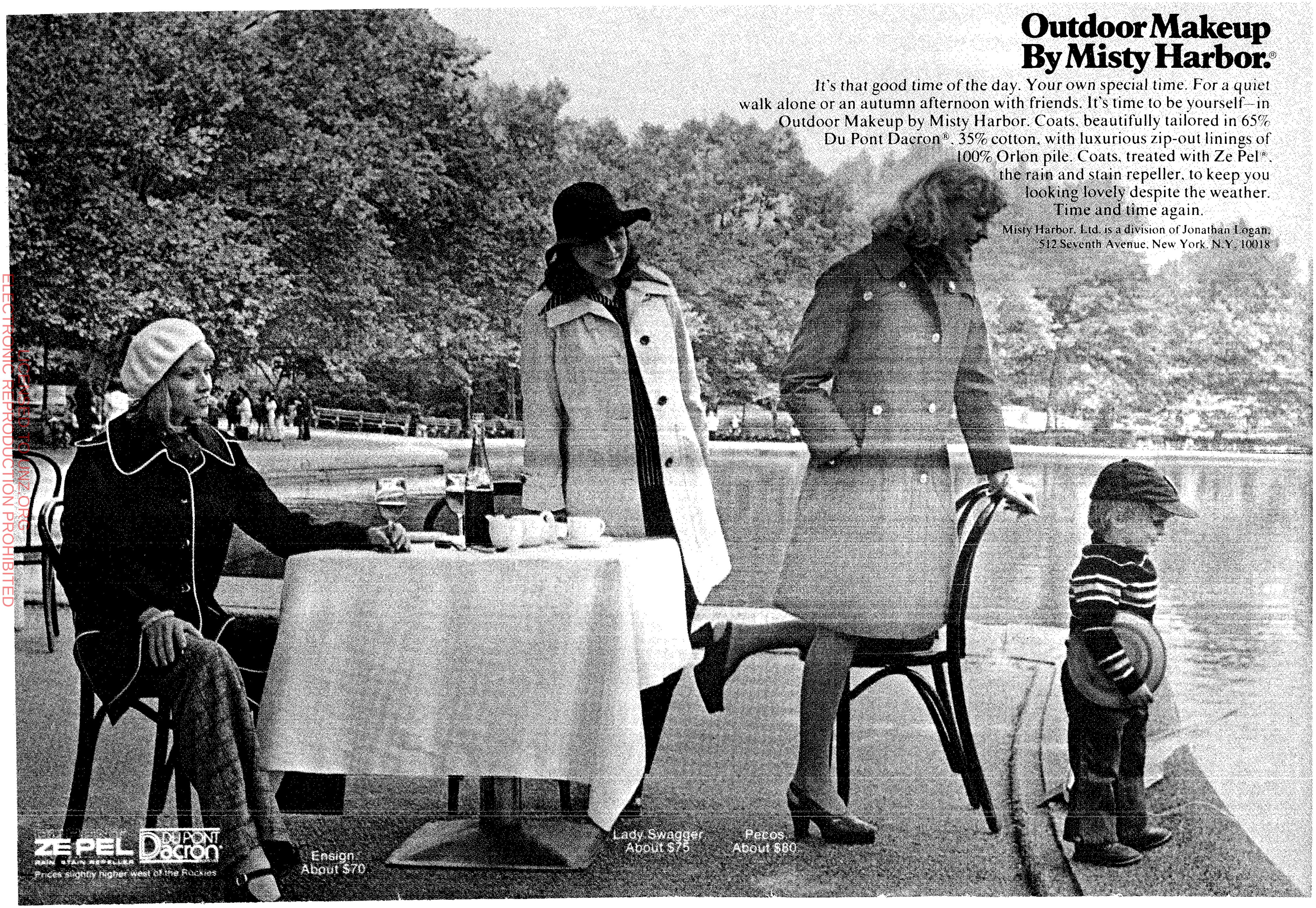
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friend with a house on the island, and decided to look him up in the telephone book, and, if he happened to be there, to bring all my new friends down for a visit. The others were delighted with the idea.

"Is it a capitalist-type villa?"

"Oh, absolutely!"

"Then we would love to come."

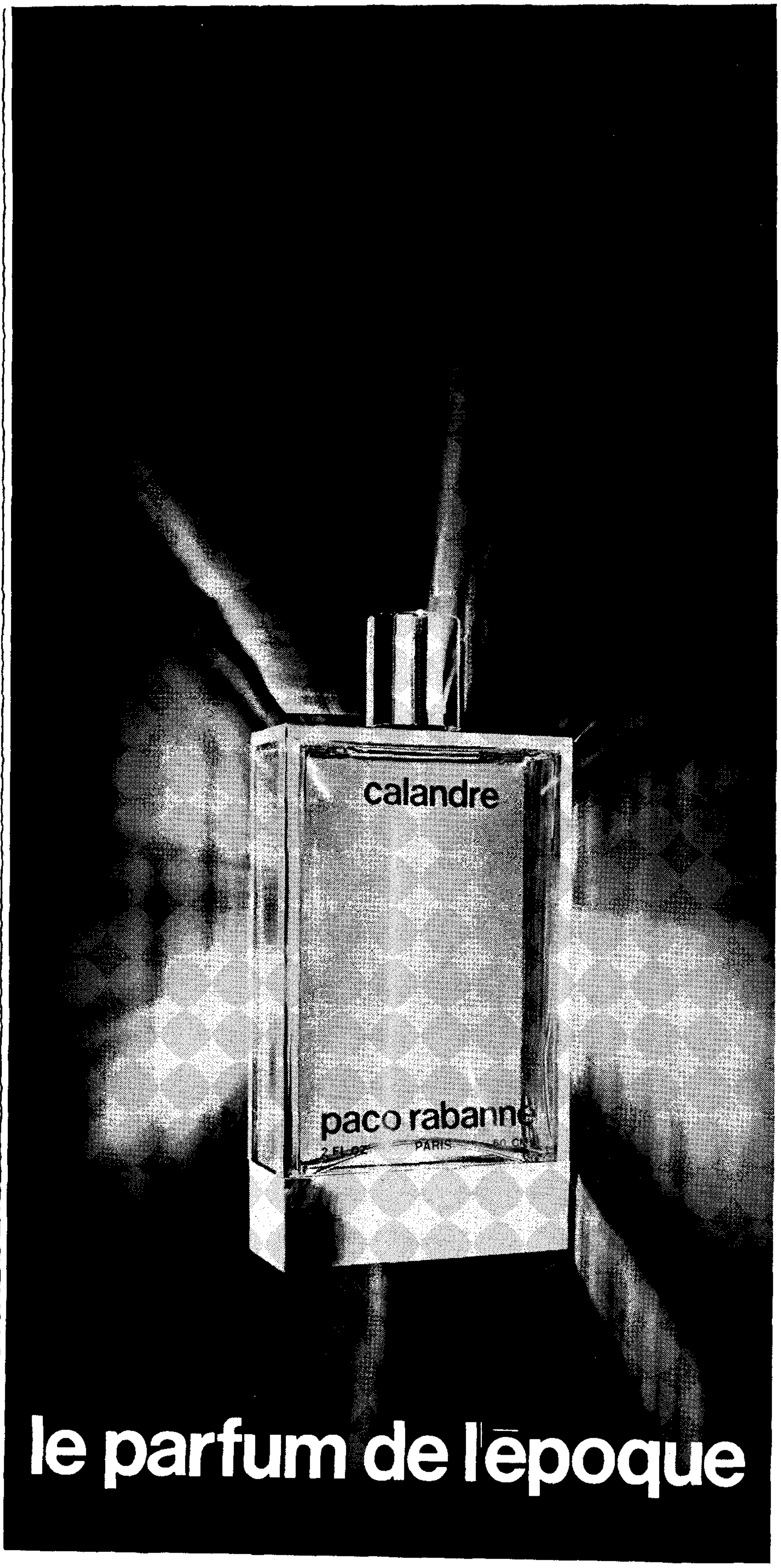
It was three in the afternoon. We had to be back on the boat at seven. We wasted a lot of time looking for the post office. Finally, I went up to an ice-cream vender sitting under a tree in a square by the sea. He produced a telephone directory, but my friend was unlisted.

The Poles were the only ones who appeared to have money to spend. They were busy choosing tiny fake amphorae. The others bought, at most, a postcard. I chose one for Nina Arkadievna, and had difficulty getting her to accept it. As she slipped it in her bag and thanked me, I could tell she was thinking about what she could give me in return.

Among the party from the ship was a big bald-headed man with a small black mustache and an expression of infinite kindness in his eyes, behind the thick glasses he wore. He had a fat, diminutive, intelligent-looking wife, rather plain, not made up, but with a strong face and lovely olive skin. They were holding hands. They followed me for a while, and the man introduced himself. "Lubomir," he said—a romantic name that hardly fitted his protruding stomach, baggy shorts, and the peaked cap he wore on the very top of his bald head, but then he had those eyes; in fact, his whole face seemed to melt with kindness.

All of a sudden, the group broke up, for lack of a capitalistic villa to go to. In the streets of the town, we met, parted, and met again. I attached myself to a young couple. The man was stocky, and his forehead was furrowed, although he couldn't have been more than thirty-four or thirty-five. He was bareheaded, his thick curly black hair cut short. He wore a tweedy gray suit, made out of raw silk, and pointed black shoes. His wife was a towering beauty on thin heels, heavily made up, her long hair dyed a dark copper-red. She wore a wildly printed minidress, and chattered all the time. She said that her name was Lena and her husband's name was Petúr. He acknowledged my presence politely, and went back to his own thoughts.

As I walked between them, she told me that she came from Leningrad, where her father was the head of an important sanatorium. She was work-



BONWIT TELLER

ing as a biochemist in Moscow. Her husband was a hydroelectric engineer. He spoke with an accent. When I asked him where he was from, he answered, "Bulgaria."

I was puzzled by the number of Poles—and now it seemed there were Bulgarians—on board the Soviet cruise ship. And what were they all doing working in Moscow? Why hadn't Lena followed her husband to Bulgaria?

"Where did you meet?" I asked Petúr.

"In Moscow," he said.

We kept meeting strays from the group, and everyone seemed headed for the fort. I asked Lena if I could carry her string bag with her handbag and a thermos inside it. "Of course not," she answered.

The fort was full of armed Greek soldiers. We paid a small admission fee and climbed all the way to the top of the ramparts. Later, Lena saw a jeep coming toward us on the road, and said, "I have a strange feeling they'll think we're spies and shoot us all down." Her husband slipped his arm around her waist.

Although most of the couples on the ship were no longer young, all of them appeared to be extremely devoted and close to each other. And they didn't seem at all shy about demonstrating this fact in public.

After the fort, we took a long walk through the town. Altogether we walked for over three hours, and never once did Lena, on her spiky heels, show any signs of fatigue or distress. She stopped and looked at all the shopwindows, and I was completely at a loss as far as her taste was concerned. She seemed to love cut-glass bottles, and went into raptures in front of fat stuffed couches of red plush trimmed with pompons. And then, suddenly, she would admire the right sandal or a well-cut, pretty summer dress. She stopped and dreamed for several minutes in front of a store window that displayed household appliances. From toasters to washing machines; from ice trays to the Frigidaire itself. She sighed and said, "We see very few of these." I understood her to mean that she saw none.

All afternoon long, Lena kept searching for lemon trees. Petúr said impatiently, "Victor told her she would find lemon trees on Corfu, and she's never seen a lemon tree, so—you know women—she's got to see one."

They told me they had a daughter, aged six, who had started out by staying at home with her babushka while her mother went to work. Then she

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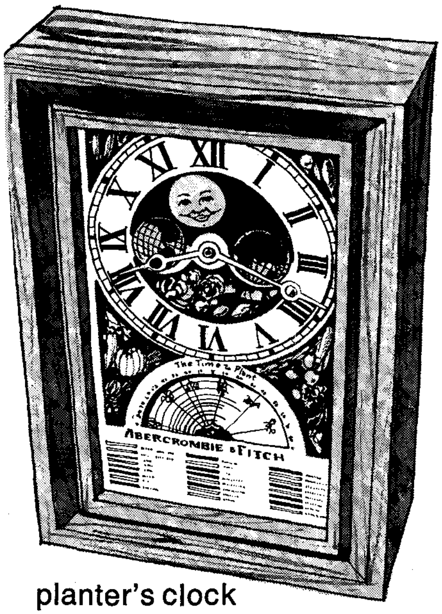

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had gone to kindergarten for the whole day. Now she boarded at school, and came home for the weekend. Eventually, she would become a full-time boarder, and only come home on leave. Lena found this arrangement perfect. Caring for the child would have bored her terribly, she said. She wanted, rather, for her daughter to share in the family's work schedule. The child had been extremely anxious to become a weekly boarder. All her friends were doing it, and she didn't want to be different.

In a garden, we found a beautiful lemon tree with lots of lemons on it. "At last!" said Petúr, and Lena clapped her hands and said, "Oh, *look* at those lemons! The *size!* I never thought it was going to be like this. And look at the sun on them, and the gloss on the leaves!" She was like a child. We stood there for quite a while, and then walked back to the same square we had started from.

We sat down at a wooden table under the trees, and Lena unscrewed the cap to the thermos. It came with two cups, and Lena filled one of them with coffee and offered the other to her husband. She handed me two lumps of sugar, from the boat, and said that she would have hers after me. I wondered why we couldn't have gone to a café; why Lena had carried that heavy thermos with her all afternoon. As if she had read my thoughts, she said, "We can only take the equivalent of thirty rubles out of the Soviet Union. So I make my own coffee. Vladimir, the barman, gave me a tiny piece of lemon to squeeze into it. Here. Try. It adds to the flavor."

Thirty rubles was about thirty-eight dollars—just enough to take care of entrance fees to museums and public monuments. Shopping was out of the question. The Poles must have had black-market dollars. I remembered that I still had that five-dollar debt to honor.

I asked Lena, "Do you ever get to read the underground press?"

"Oh yes, all the time," she said with enthusiasm.

"Have you read all of Solzhenitsyn?"

"Nothing since 'Ivan Denisovich.' "

Afterward I wondered about Lena and the underground press. I think it was a pose; the Soviets liked to impress on a visitor the fact that they were more free than they knew themselves to be. She might not even have been concealing the truth from me; she might have read other authors, or poets, published by the underground press,

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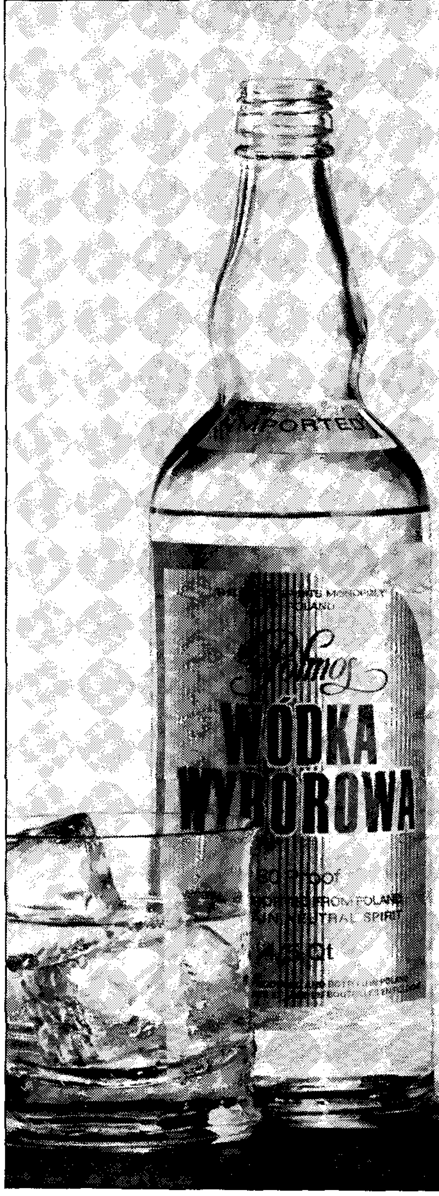

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but not Solzhenitsyn. It is difficult to pin a Russian down, for by withholding one part of the truth and forcing another he believes he dwells in a fatal kind of honesty.

"*There* is a bitter man," said Petúr.

"Who?"

"Solzhenitsyn. I know of hundreds of people who were in Stalin's camps. To be taken to a camp was an everyday occurrence. When they came out, they went directly back into life. They didn't carry on the bitter fight. Why continue to make such a fuss about a thing that everyone else is trying to forget? Those days are past. But I will tell you something: In our country, there are people who are born troublemakers. Jews like to make trouble. So does Solzhenitsyn, and that's all there is to say about him."

(*Our* country? Had the Bulgar Petúr become a Soviet? By marriage? By adoption? By choice?)

Wanting to stay within the framework of his oversimplified way of stating things, I said that, for a writer, it must be terrible to be harassed by the police and unable to publish one's work.

"It's all his own fault," said Petúr. "We live by rules. Every country has its rules. And if you choose to break them, you must suffer the consequences. I live by the rules. And just look at me. I'm happy and I prosper."

"Perhaps writers have a more difficult time than hydroelectric engineers," I said. "Pasternak got into a lot of trouble, too. Both the book and the movie were banned in the Soviet Union, and yet I hear 'Lara's Theme' played over the radio on the ship endlessly."

"That's because it's such a good melody to dance to," Lena offered sweetly.

Petúr lit a cigarette and inhaled deeply. There was a silence while I sipped the vile instant coffee with the lemon flavor. I passed the plastic cup to Lena. She emptied the dregs on the ground and refilled it to the top. I looked at my watch. We had another half hour.

Lena said, "Tell me about Svetlana. I'm dying to hear about Svetlana."

"She has a child."

"By the editor? The one who wrote her book?"

"No, by the architect she married."

"You mean she married once again?"

"No, no, she never married that editor, whoever he is."

"Then tell me the whole story!"

So, in that square in Corfu, I told Lena how Svetlana had defected to the American Embassy in New Delhi, flown to Rome, hidden in Switzerland for a while, and gone on to the United States, and how she had married the former son-in-law and spiritual heir of a famous American architect.

She listened carefully. As for Petúr, I could tell that he did not believe a word I said.

"But what about the editor who wrote her book?" Lena asked.

"Tell me your version first," I said.

"Well," said Lena, "we were told that an editor came to Switzerland and wrote her book, and then that they went back to America together."

"She might have had an editor on her book, the way any writer has an editor," I said, "but she wrote the book herself, and the editor doesn't seem to have played any role in her private life."

"I don't know why you're wasting all this time talking about Svetlana," Petúr interrupted. "She's crazy."

"She's not crazy," I said. "And she did not exactly have a cozy childhood."

"Lots of people didn't have happy childhoods," said Petúr. "She's just another troublemaker."

"All right. She makes trouble. But why do you say she's crazy?"

"I have a lawyer friend, a woman who knew Svetlana quite well, and she told me that Svetlana had been put away in a sanatorium twice and that it was very serious."

"Really?" I asked. "Serious how?"

"She had delusions. Religious delusions. She hallucinated all the time and had to be put away. I don't know why they ever let her out. She's crazy."

"Are you sure that's the real story?" his wife asked rather timidly.

"Of course I'm sure. Why should Alexandra Llvovna tell me lies? She is a truthful person."

I said, "I think we should get back to the boat."

"Actually we're delighted to be rid of her," said Petúr, and, taking his package of Bulgarian cigarettes from the table and putting it in his pocket, he rose from his chair. "Svetlana's of no interest to our country."

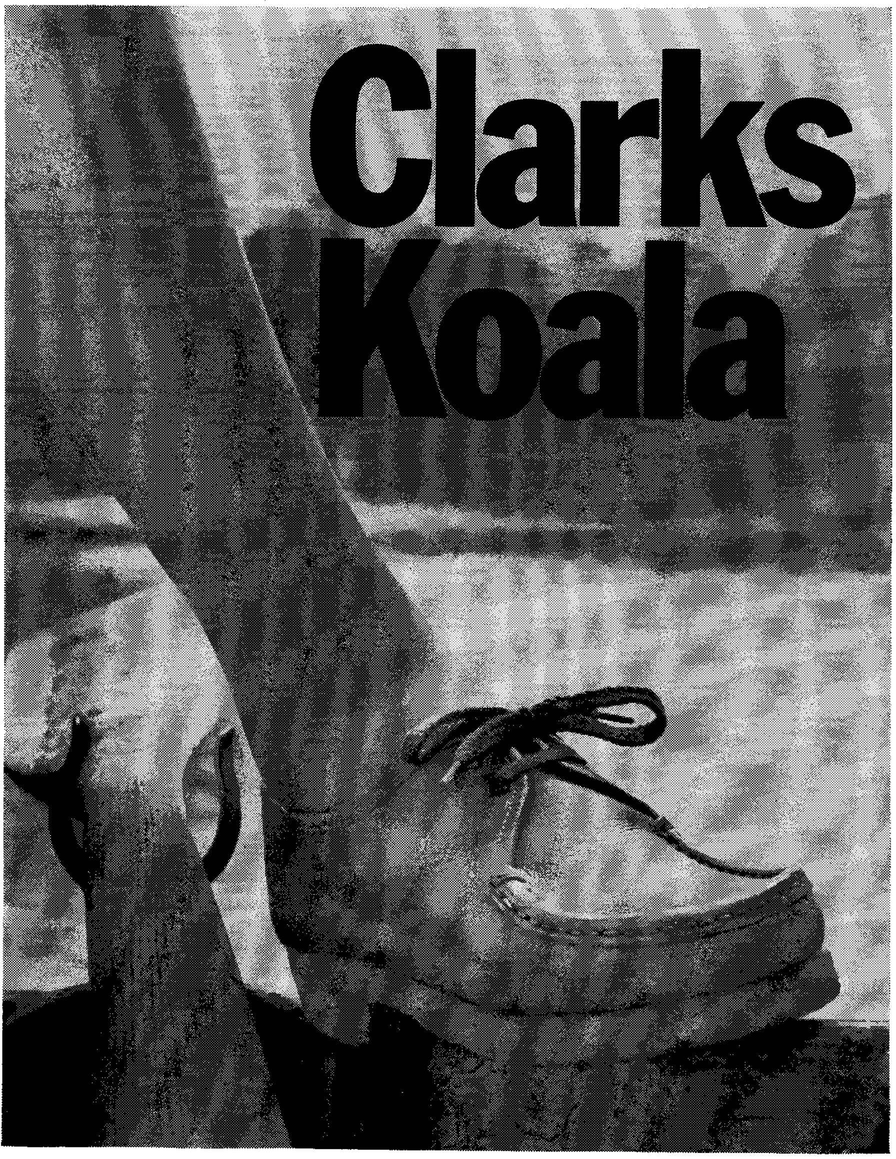
That evening, still docked at Corfu, we dined on what was described on the English side of the menu as stewed steak. It turned out to be fried. After dinner, I joined Lena and Petúr for a drink in the bar. Petúr brought his own pint of Ballantine. From the way he handled it, I gathered that it was an object of considerable status. Vladimir abandoned his place behind the bar and joined us. The summer before, he said, during the peak of the season, he had slept nine people on the floor of his barroom. Every bunk in every cabin had been occupied. Now he had very little to do, this being the first run of the season, and so would I be willing to give him English lessons? I said that I would try to find the time. I was on leave, but there seemed to be so little time. "Late at night?" he asked. I said that I usually danced in the music lounge until quite late. "Then perhaps *after* the dancing?" "After the dancing," I said, "it is usually time to go to bed." He looked at me as if I had said something very peculiar. I had already discovered that most members of the crew required very little sleep. If they stayed up all night, they napped for an hour or two the following afternoon, and that seemed to suffice. The passengers appeared to be indefatigable. Lena looked like a long-stemmed rose, in a fresh orangey-red minidress and another pair of sandals.

We had coffee with the Ballantine. Lena said, "I'm very worried that your hippies will have invaded the Soviet Union by the time my daughter is fifteen." And, two minutes later, "Talk to us about Frank Sinatra." Then, "Tell us about Liz Taylor."

I loved to dance in that music lounge to the music of the Boys from Odessa. All fatigue left me as soon as I ceased to listen very hard to what people said and listened to the music instead. It was nostalgic most of the time, and often based on old Russian folk songs. The dancing was old-fashioned ballroom dancing. No one knew how to dance any other way. What went on in that music lounge was so far removed from the fashions that had come and gone through our Western discothèques for the past fifteen years that it had an entrancement all its own. It was so out that it wasn't even provincial. Often, two young girls danced together. The men never, except that night in Corfu, when two Greek sailors, in summer whites and sneakers, did a long series of Greek dances. One of the sailors was tall and solid, the other delicate and diminutive. They were alone on the dance floor. We all watched from the side tables. They were superb.

But Victor interrupted my bliss by taking me to the table of a new arrival, an American of Lithuanian Jewish ancestry. His name was Jimmy, he said, and he had retired from a haberdashery business and taken off, after the death of his wife.

"If my kids saw me on this Commie boat they wouldn't believe it" was the



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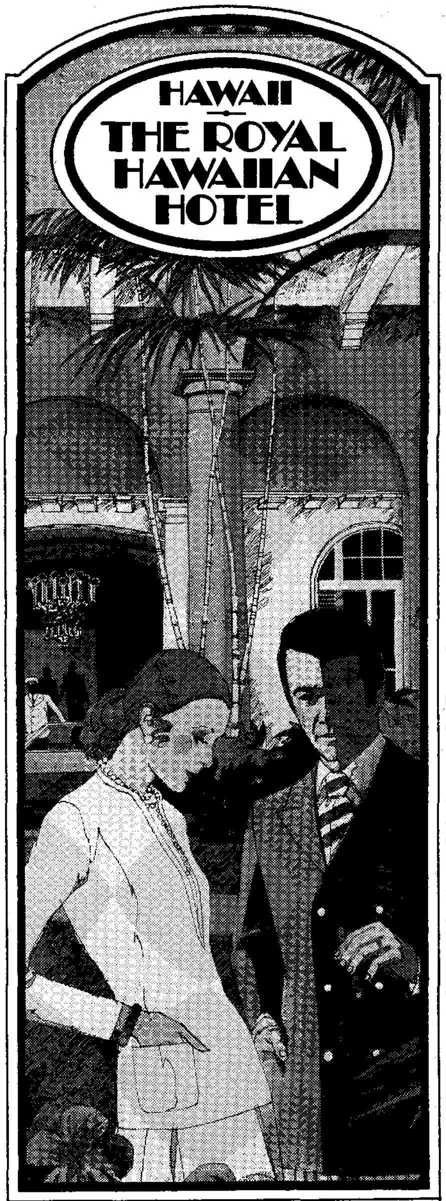

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first thing he said. I was to hear a lot about his kids. His elder daughter was a psychiatric social worker in Harlem, and his younger daughter, now at Wellesley, had lain in front of a bus in an anti-Vietnam-war demonstration.

The Greek sailors returned to a side table, with a bottle of vodka. Victor asked me to dance. I was in a rage by that time, and kicked him in the shins all the way to the middle of the dance floor.

Victor: "If you don't behave, I'll send you to your cabin."

Me: "Victor Ivanovich, *must* you stick me with these lonely vulgar monsters pushing seventy?"

Victor (innocently): "But my dear, who else could they possibly talk to?"

I escaped from Jimmy, who had already taken to calling me Cookie, and went out on deck. A new cluster of Poles stood hunched over the railing. We were to sail at eleven.

Right beneath us, a rowboat was moored by the side of the ship. A moment later, the two Greek sailors jumped into it from a ladder and were followed by Victor and a third sailor, who sat down and took the oars. The sky was black. The sea was black. The white rowboat was illuminated both by our lights and by the lights from the harbor. Victor climbed back up the ladder, as fragile, as agile as a spider, against the white flank of the ship.

In the rowboat, the two Greek sailors who had danced stood up. At first they sang. Then they fell silent. I could only hear the wet sound of the oars. The rowboat slowly receded; the two sailors moved away from us, straight and simple as two candles on a slice of iced white cake. And then, slowly, *we* started to move. The whole thing was so beautiful and unexampled that I felt on the edge of tears. Just then a tiny Pole whom I hardly knew except to say good morning to brought a blanket out of nowhere and wrapped it around my shoulders. "You looked cold," he said as I thanked him. "Bye-bye, Corfu!" he shouted, and waved gaily at the lights in the harbor before turning to me shyly for approval of his English.

WHAT with the various excitements of the day, staying up last on deck to watch the lights of Corfu melt into final darkness, the coffee, the Ballantine, and all the conversation, I didn't fall asleep until about five, had difficulty getting started in the morning, and turned up a few minutes late for eight-o'clock breakfast. Victor's table (he always ate alone, in various

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parts of the dining room, and sometimes at odd hours) happened to be right next to mine. He looked around at me and asked, "Why do you always sleep so much?"

We had a whole quiet day at sea. Nina Arkadievna asked me whether I had ever seen the sanatoria in Davos. I told her that I had but that they were all abandoned, because tuberculosis had been more or less eradicated by some mycin or other. She told me that the best sanatoria in the Soviet Union were to be found in Sochi, and that I should make it a point to visit them. Then she said, "I don't believe all those stories about tuberculosis no longer existing. That's just Western propaganda. We have been told that the bacteria just lie dormant and that they develop immunity to the antibiotics. This is both medical and logical."

I left Nina Arkadievna to go give Vladimir an English lesson. "I don't feel like studying anything today," he said. "This is one of my bad days." So I sat on a stool in the bar and he made me a glass of tea. He had already served it when he asked, "Or would you rather have an espresso?" He told me that his greatest problem was figuring out the valuta. No one on board was allowed to pay in rubles. With the result that a passenger, after leaving Varna, might pay for a vodka in leftover leva and request the change in drachmas, in order to have the entrance fee to the Parthenon. "If you multiply one passenger into a party of six, all of whom pay in different valuta and want different change—"

We were interrupted by Matvey. "Sorry," he said to me. And then, turning to Vladimir, "Volodia, we need you."

"Take care of the bar while I'm gone, and do your best about the valuta," Vladimir said to me as he walked out. Fortunately, no one came in.

I finished my tea and went out on deck. A gale was blowing again, and I could not understand how that handful of passengers could lie there in their bikinis and underwear without ending up in one of their reputable sanatoria. On one of the top decks, I found a small space that was shielded from the wind, and lay down for a short rest in the sun.

At three o'clock, I was in the music lounge for a showing of "The Master of Taiga," a sort of logrolling Siberian Western. (The logs stood in for the horses.) There was a fat baba who cooked nothing but cabbages and cabbage soup throughout the film. The color was so realistic and she cooked so

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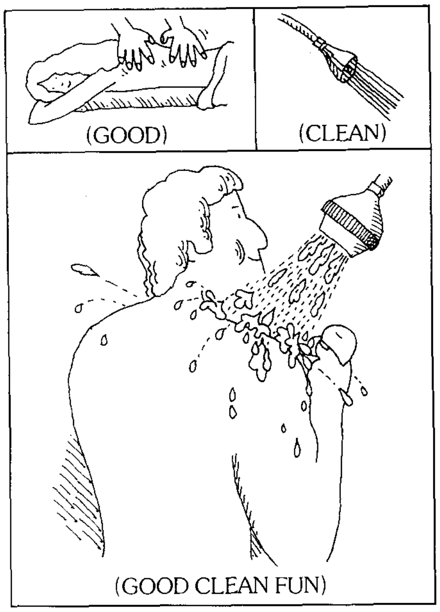
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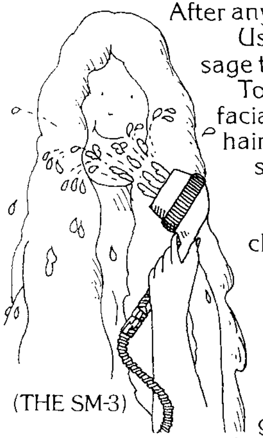
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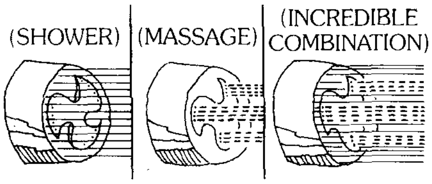
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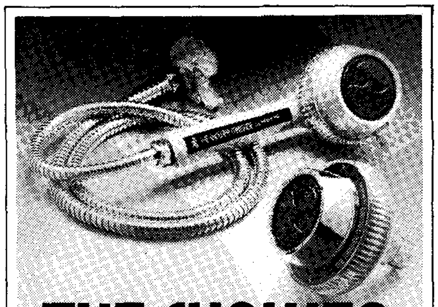

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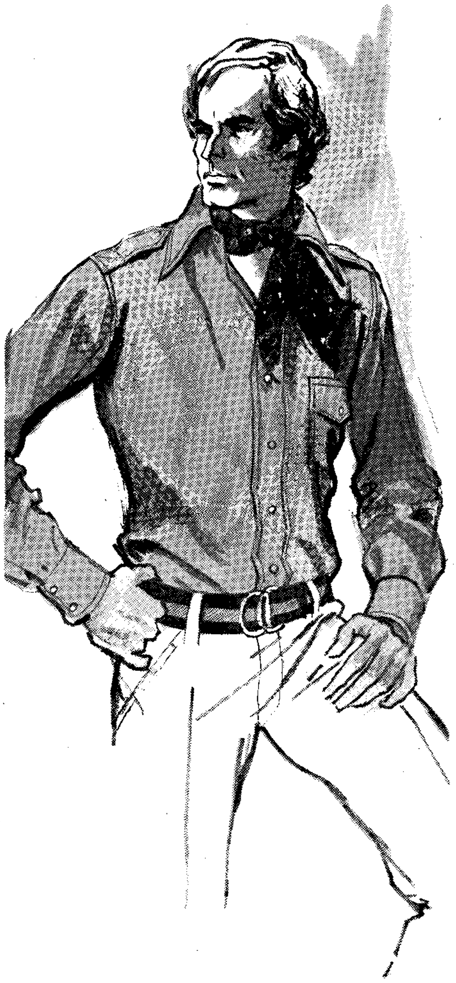

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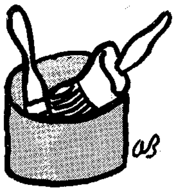
much that I felt a strong odor of cabbage clinging to my nostrils and to my clothes. It was the usual story of treacherous friendships, and a big bore. The Soviets loved every moment of it.

That evening, I danced with Ela's husband, and one of the two younger Poles, and with Matvey and Victor. The Boys from Odessa announced a new piece, the event of the evening, and everyone sat down to listen. It was called "The Odessa Fantasy," and was an arrangement of well-known folk songs, enchantingly sung by Sergei, the drummer. I went to congratulate him afterward, and he was made rather shy by the fact that I had singled him out of the group. He said that he was very bored being an engineer but that making a career for himself in music was at the present moment unthinkable. He was an only son and had to support his father, who was ill and unable to work.



I told Matvey that I should send a cable to my family. He warned me that it would be expensive, and indicated the way to Administrative Headquarters, where I would find a radio operator.

I ended up at the ship's ambulance instead, and a surprised young man, dark-haired, about thirty years old, introduced himself. "Piotr Petrovich," he said. "What's wrong?"

"Nothing at all," I said. "I was looking for Administrative Headquarters to send a telegram and lost my way."

"Oh, please stay with me a little while!" he begged. "I'm the ship's doctor, and it's been an endless day. Nobody got sick. Here, I will show you around. First, I show you my cabin."

It was of a nice size, with books in bookcases. It seemed safe to have books in cases, as the ship was very steady. (I was longing for a good storm, which never came.) Everything was orderly in Piotr Petrovich's cabin. On his desk, I noticed four pink carnations in a vase. I had hardly sat down on his bunk when he took my hand, lifted me off it, and said, "Come, I want to show you my operating room."

It was small enough to look like a dentist's office, but with a full-size hospital bed instead of a chair.

"We had a party of Germans two years ago, who did the Greek Islands. They were so well organized you can't imagine. Only, on Crete their bus overturned. It was terrible, but I was able to fix them all up except for one woman with a broken back, who insisted on being sent home to Munich. Nice?" asked Piotr Petrovich—meaning the operating room. "I can perform just about anything in here." He switched on a strong light over the hospital bed. "See?" The room smelled strongly of iodine and chloroform.

Standing under the bright light, Piotr Petrovich said, "I have no money, I'm married, and I have one child, but I think it would be wise for me to specialize. Probably ophthalmology. I seem to get more and more drawn to ophthalmology. There's so much that is new going on, and my dream is to work in the Filatov Eye Clinic."

He wore glasses, and carried his head slightly forward, inquisitively. He was very nearsighted.

I moved over a little, and stood directly under the big round light. "Piotr Petrovich," I said, raising my chin, so that the light overhead hit my face directly. "Look at me."

He bent over close. "What lovely eyes you have."

"No, I didn't mean that. Look closer."

He did. He looked, and he looked again. He sat down, and he got up, and he sighed a huge "Oich!" and looked again.

"I don't believe it," he said finally. "You are wearing the new contact lenses."

I explained that they were not so new, and that I had worn them for well over ten years.

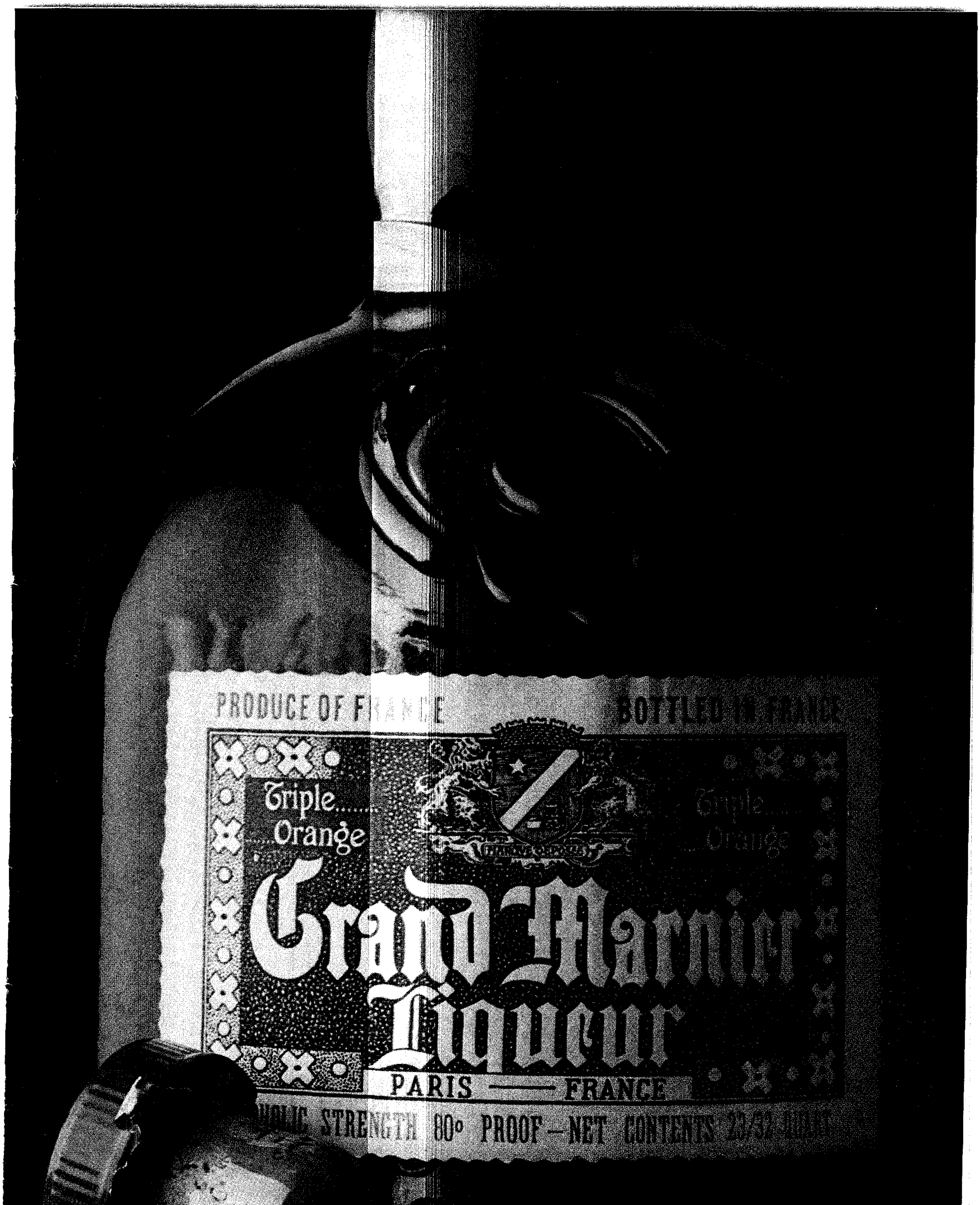
"I don't believe it," he said again. And then, "If I give you my prescription, would you be able to get me a pair in Venice tomorrow?"

I explained that it didn't work quite like that; they had to be fitted and it was a complicated process. "But you should get them eventually, if you can," I said. "They really are marvellous. They restore the world to you the way it was before you became nearsighted."

"You don't know. But the waiting list at the Filatov Clinic is two whole years. And I've only *heard* about those lenses. I don't know if we even *make* them in the East."

At that moment, Matvey came in, looking miserable, and with his right cheek swollen the way cheeks used to swell in cartoons. He had looked perfectly all right half an hour before. "I have an impossible toothache," he said.

"Come in, come in. Make yourself comfortable," said Piotr Petrovich in his best professional manner. "I'll be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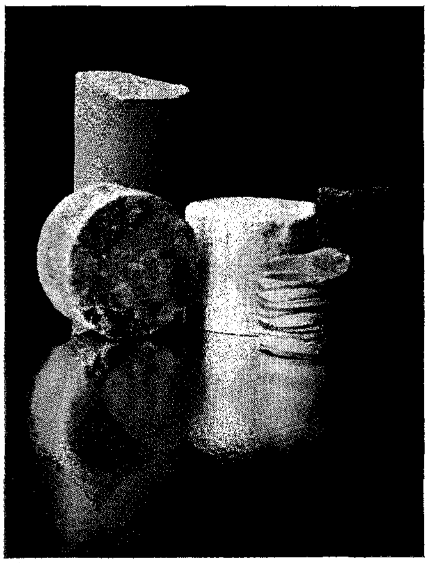
More oil from

How Exxon is squeezing additional oil out of a 55-year-old field.

A popular myth has it that oil is found in large underground lakes or pools. Actually, when oil and natural gas are discovered they are inside sedimentary rock. They are trapped in the tiny pores of limestone or sandstone as far as five miles underground.

Usually, when a well is drilled into oil-saturated rock, natural underground pressures force the oil to *flow through the rock* to the well and then to the surface.

However, in many oil fields these natural pressures are not strong enough to move the oil to the well. Or, over time, they may have diminished to the point where they must be supplemented by additional pressure. This additional pressure is provided by "secondary recovery" methods.



Sample drilling cores taken from oil-saturated rock formations in Alaska, Texas and Saudi Arabia. Oil and gas must come from and flow through rock like this before they reach the well bore.

Forcing water deep into the oil-bearing rock.

The most widespread secondary recovery method in use throughout the oil industry is *waterflooding*, which was introduced over 30 years ago. Water is pumped into the oil-bearing rock to flush out more of the oil than would be produced by natural, or primary forces.

On the average, natural pressures move only about 15-20% of a field's oil from the underground rock up to the surface. By using secondary recovery technology, the final yield can be increased to an average of about 35%.

The Hewitt Field—a case in point.

The Hewitt oil field, discovered in 1919, near Ardmore, Oklahoma, is operated by Exxon and several other companies. Originally, this field produced nearly 30 thousand barrels of oil a day. However, the depletion of natural underground pressures gradually reduced Hewitt's production to the point where the field needed waterflooding.

In 1969, Exxon and other owners began a cooperative secondary recovery waterflood project, which has since cost about $20 million.

Engineers now estimate that the Hewitt field ultimately will produce 35% of the original oil in place. Without the use of waterflooding, total recovery had been estimated at only 20%.

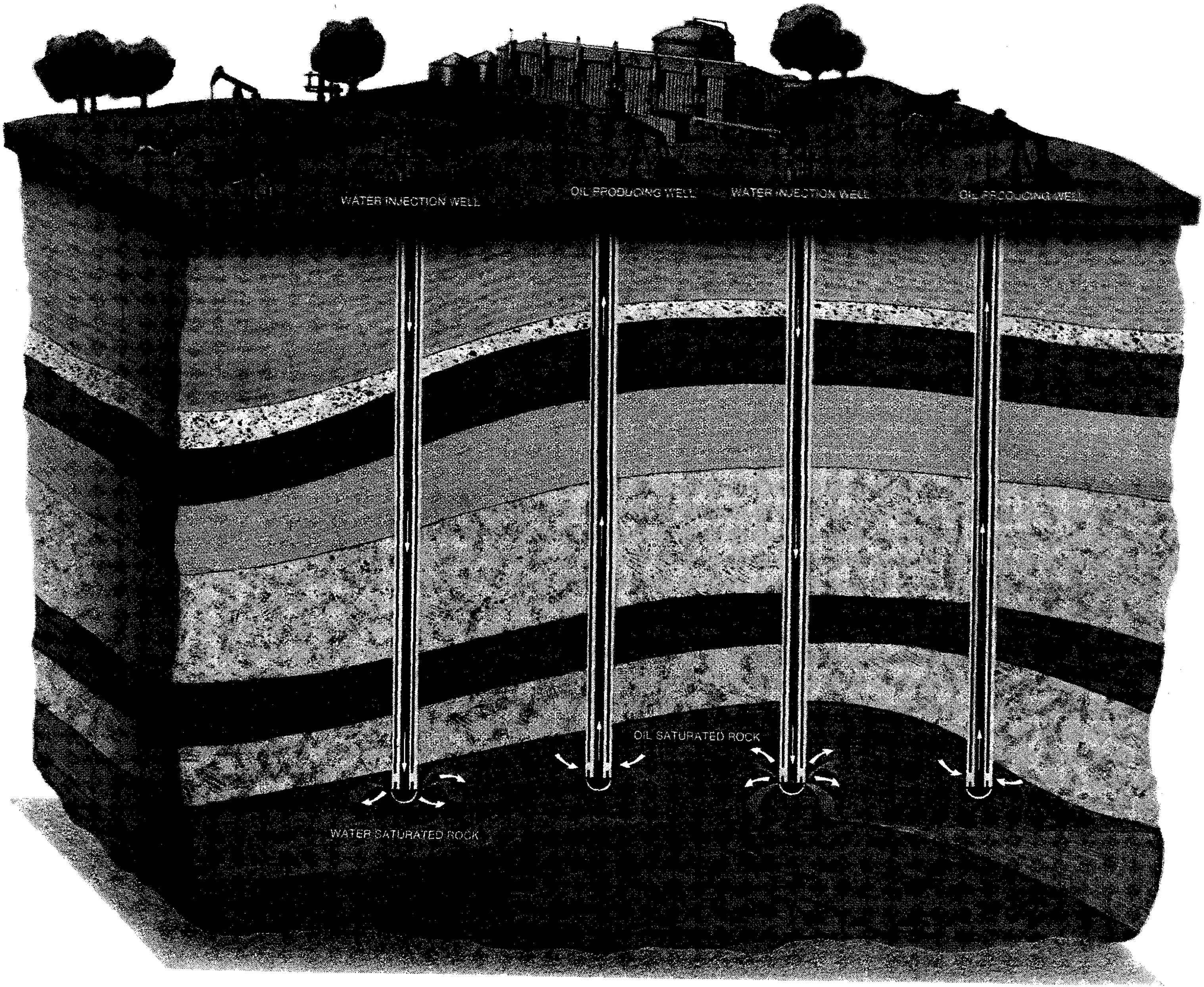
Sometimes, but not at Hewitt, natural gas is injected instead of water. However, the efficiency of waterflooding usually makes it more attractive.

An experiment using heat and subterranean "detergents."

Even after an oil field is subjected to secondary recovery techniques, such as water and gas injection, a large percentage of the oil still remains locked in the pores of the rock. So for many years, Exxon has been experimenting with tertiary recovery methods designed to recover more of this oil.

In one experimental process, a "detergent" or surfactant is pumped into the rock. This agent works like a laundry detergent that removes oil from a shirt—it flushes out the droplets of oil which still remain in the pores of the rock. In some cases, particularly where the oil is thicker, sometimes nearly the consistency of molasses, steam injection also is being tested. The hot steam heats the oil, making it flow more freely.

old wells.


WATER INJECTION WELL
OIL PRODUCING WELL
WATER INJECTION WELL
OIL PRODUCING WELL
OIL SATURATED ROCK
WATER SATURATED ROCK

Artist's conception of the Hewitt oil field located near Ardmore, Oklahoma. Large quantities of water are being injected into the oil-saturated rock to significantly increase the oil production.

In perhaps the most dramatic oil-recovery technique, air is injected into the rock formation holding the oil. This injected air supports controlled underground combustion, which heats the oil, causes it to flow more readily and drives it to the well.

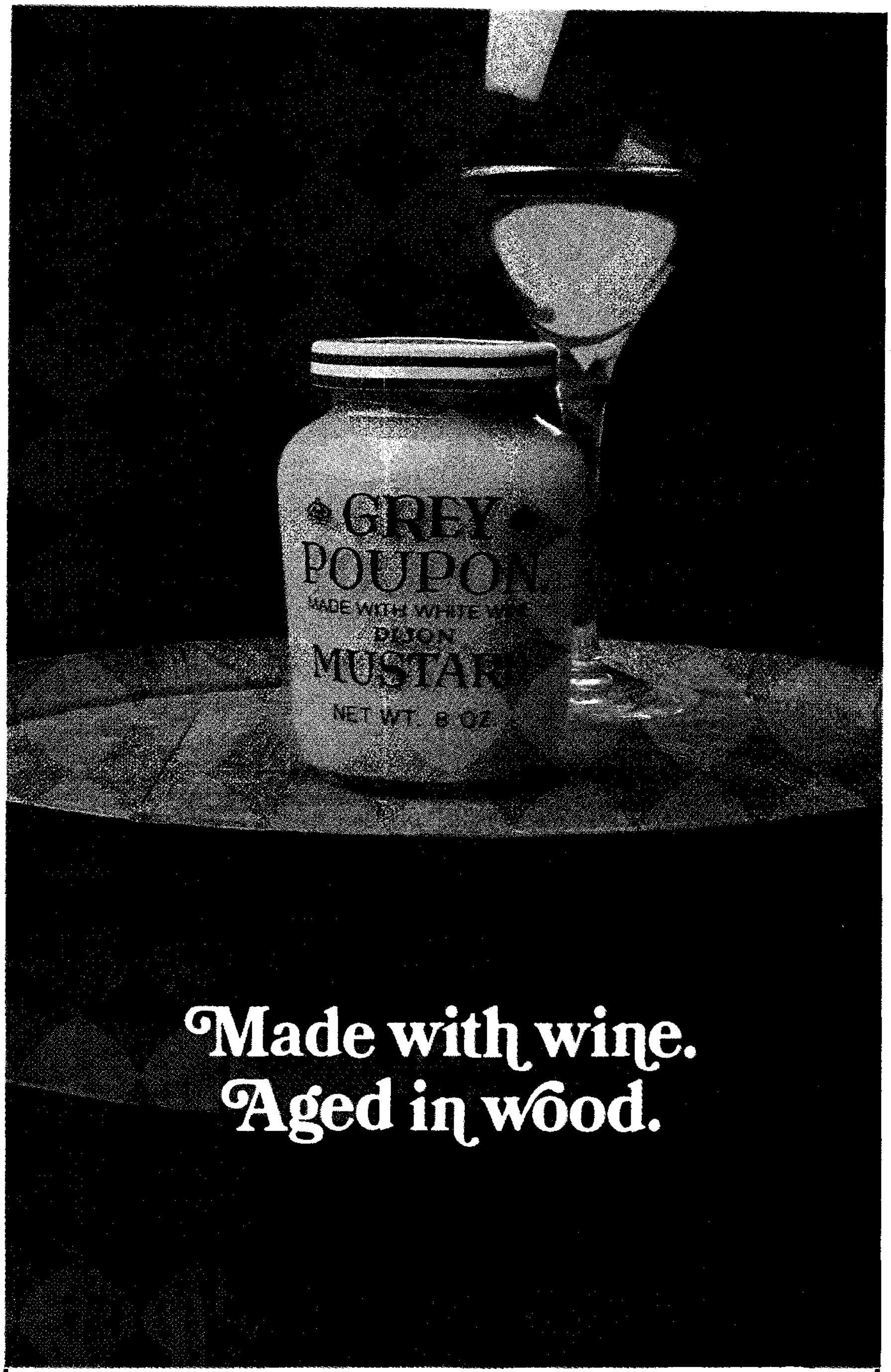
In addition, Exxon is testing and evaluating several other tertiary techniques.

A realistic look at the future.

To date, about 450 billion barrels of oil have been found and documented in the United States. Even after additional recovery efforts, like the waterflooding at Hewitt, are applied, some 300 billion barrels of this oil will still remain locked in the pores of rock. Today, there is no way to recover all of this oil.

But scientists believe that experimental "tertiary" techniques like "detergents" and combustion, could someday produce a significant amount of additional oil which America will need in the years ahead.

EXXON



Easy and Elegant Quiche
Quiche Lorraine

3 eggs, lightly beaten
1 cup light cream
5 slices bacon, crisply cooked and crumbled
3 tablespoons Grey Poupon Dijon Mustard
¼ cup finely minced onion
1 cup grated Swiss Cheese
¼ teaspoon salt
⅛ teaspoon pepper
1 unbaked 9 inch pie shell

Combine all ingredients except pie shell. Pour into pie shell. Bake in pre-heated 375° oven 35–40 minutes or until knife inserted in filling comes out clean.

with you in a minute." And to me, "When I'm through, would you dance with me?"

Five minutes later, he joined me in the music lounge. I asked about Matvey.

"I think he has an infected tooth. He'll have to take time off to see a dentist in Venice tomorrow. Not much I could do. I put some aspirin on it."

The Boys played their "Odessa Fantasy" again, and, now that we had listened, we could dance to it.

Piotr Petrovich said to me, "Tomorrow, early morning—we dock at five—we'll know how we stand with the Italians. If we're *persona grata*, they will let us dock on the Giudecca right near St. Mark's Square. If we're not, there'll be a very long walk."

VENICE, JUNE 4

AT dawn, on a radiant day, I stood on deck to see the approach to Venice. Instead, the ship stood still, at sea, for well over an hour, presumably while negotiations were going on. When we finally did dock on the Giudecca it was at the farthest possible point from St. Mark's.

"Half an hour's walk to the Salute!" Victor announced to the passengers, who had assembled just outside the music lounge. And aside to me, as he walked by, "We are just not wanted here."

We had breakfast at seven, and then gathered once more to get our passes. We were all in a state of excitement. Nina Arkadievna carried a book on Carpaccio. Circulars on Venice, illustrated travel books, and art books had made the rounds on deck the day before. None of the passengers I questioned had ever been to Venice. And almost everyone had retired early the night before, probably in order to read up on what hung in what museum.

Jimmy accosted me. "Hey, Cookie, you have to tell me what to do with that apple-pie Turkish towel those Commies fold up on your bunk. I thrashed around all night." I told him to look in his closet and if there was no blanket to ask for one.

We were off, down the gangplank and into the first bank on the docks, in search of lire. The bank not only refused to cash traveller's checks, it would not even change foreign currency. We didn't have enough Italian change between us to take a traghetto. We walked past a Spanish cargo ship called La Playa de las Nieves, and a Venetian boat, with a Golden Winged Lion on its funnel. The crew were unloading outsize frozen hunks of tuna fish, which crashed down from a crane to the docks, amid Italian imprecations. Then a peaceful cargo boat (contents unknown) from the Canary Islands.

Lena and Petúr planned to go to the Accademia and wanted to know whether or not it was free. We still didn't have any money. Finally, an energetic Polish woman called Rina, whom I had met only that morning, and who had introduced herself as a chemist on leave, waved madly from inside a small bank. "This way! This way! They're willing to do it here!" she shouted.

We all trooped in and, fifteen minutes later, trooped out again, much relieved. The bank had changed my leftover drachmas into lire, but refused to convert a traveller's check. For this, they told me, I had to go to American Express. I needed the five dollars for Ela.

Rina and her teen-aged daughter, Masha, turned off into a side street, and I followed them. So did some of the others. We had lost Jimmy. We arrived at the Piazza San Marco, and there I met with a shocking sight. I hadn't been to Venice since September of 1948, and I had kept the memory of it intact in my mind ever since. Now one couldn't even see the pigeons for the people. The Piazza was one large mass of advancing and receding humanity. A lot of it was German, in shorts, with apoplectic-pink legs. An army of young girls and boys reclined on steps, leaning against knapsacks, a human barricade. It was impossible to move without being jostled. But the Soviets and the Poles and the Bulgarians were entranced, both by Venice and by the vast assemblage of humanity. They were so pleased to find themselves in the right place at the right time, and this was easy to understand: it made them feel free.

They looked up at the Campanile, and at the Doges' Palace, and at the Basilica, and their faces shone with joy. Rina stared up at the Golden Clock and sighed, "Oich!" Then, turning to me, "Take us to a fish store."

"Why a fish store?" I asked.

"Because we never get to see any fresh fish, and I've heard that the fish is beautiful in Venice. Also, I must see some fresh strawberries in a basket. I've heard that they are to be found in Venice."

I told her that there were no food shops in the Piazza, that we would have to look for them farther off, and wouldn't she rather just walk around, or perhaps go to the Doges' Palace?

"The reason I want to look at food

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shops," Rina said, "and at all the other shops, is that it is the only way I can find out how other people live. I'm just dying to know how Westerners live. But first come over here and pose with Masha. Put your arm around her waist. I want to have a souvenir of you."

Masha and I stood with arms entwined on the steps of the Campanile while her mother took four photographs in quick succession, telling us to change the pose slightly each time. And then we started to cross the Piazza. On the other side of the slow, peacefully moving crowd, there was a demonstration of some sort—probably strikers. Rina stopped dead in her tracks and cried, "Oi! Oi! Oi!" and then, "Oh no!" She was truly frightened. "Masha, stay right here!" she shouted. And then, "I'm not getting anywhere near them!" She was overreacting to such a degree that I reached for her hand and said, "But it's nothing. Just a demonstration."

"A demonstration! Just a *demonstration!*" she cried. "Can't you see they're waving some sort of red flags?"

It was my turn to react. "I didn't think a red flag or two would have *that* effect on you."

"You wouldn't know," she said. And I obviously did not. She held Masha by the hand. She also held my hand. She wouldn't move.

"I absolutely refuse to meddle in other people's politics. It's *much* too dangerous."

"Who's asking you to meddle?" I said. "Come, I'll take you through."

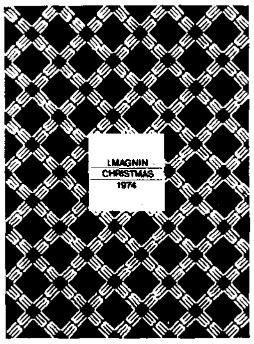
The demonstration proved to be the city attendants, from street-sweepers to guards in museums, who were on strike. They were protesting against both their working hours and their wages. They carried placards on which they had printed "Lavoro + Libertà = Lotta."

The police started to break up the demonstration just as we came close enough to see what was going on.

Ten minutes later, I left Rina and Masha in front of a fish store, where all sorts of fish lay on beds of dewy ferns. Fresh fish with scales like veined marble. Rina was still not completely recovered from her fright.

There was not much time left, and I had to go to American Express. I also wanted to call my sons' boarding school.

To my surprise, I found Ela and her husband ahead of me in the line for the cashier's window at American Express. Ela looked embarrassed, and bent around the man who was in between us to whisper, "Everything is



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made easier for me by my son, who emigrated to America. You have heard of Stanford University? He teaches there."

When her turn came, she slipped a piece of paper through the window to the bank teller, and received some American currency in return. I could not see the denomination. She counted the money quickly, folded it in two, and deposited it in her handbag. She didn't look at me as they left.

In order to place my phone call, I defected to the Gritti. And in a way I was glad that I did, because my reaction to it surprised me. In spite of the fact that I had not set foot there in twenty years, the Gritti had remained, in my mind, my favorite hotel in the world. But after the boat, I don't exactly know why, it felt stale, pompous, and slightly surreal. How artificial the tourists looked, in their good Italian clothes. The women wore one, two, three heavy gold chains around their necks, because it was, just then, the thing to wear, and they were so carefully made up, and their accents were careful, too, as they questioned the renowned concierge. And how overworked and professional the concierge himself appeared, after Matvey's mock bows, and Victor's habit of running the length of the ship's corridor in search of a piece of paper, muttering, "We're a regular line. No travel agency seems to realize we're not just a one-class cruise ship. That's why we have no foreign passengers on our first run. . . . Oh, what *am* I going to do?"

In less than a week, I had become completely at home with these oppressed people let loose on leave outside their own beloved and hardly bearable country.

While the concierge was trying to get Switzerland for me on the telephone, I went out to the terrace that gave on the Grand Canal and sat down at a table. An American couple was sitting at the next one. The man was bronzed, the woman well cared for. They were silent. After a while, the woman leaned across her table and said, "Would you join us for our first Daiquiri of the day?" I sat down with them and had San Pellegrino mineral water. They seemed to me very conscious of sitting on the terrace of the Gritti Palace, and very anxious to behave in the way they thought they should. The still waters of the Grand Canal lapped gently just beyond our feet as the man explained that he was in cosmetics and about to take a cruise with his wife on his boss's yacht. Nei-

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ther one of them appeared enchanted with the prospect.

I was observing the decrepitude of the palazzi across the Canal, the mildewed closed shutters on one in particular, when the woman asked, "Won't you join us for lunch?"

"Thank you, but I have my lunch with me," I said, and brought out of the depths of my travelling bag a brown paper bag that contained a hard-boiled egg, a slice of ham on thick bread, and a small orange.

"Why? Aren't you staying at the hotel?" the woman asked.

"No, I'm off a Soviet ship."

There was a moment's silence, after which the man said, with real anger, "How can you do a thing like *that? I* could never do a thing like that. Isn't it *grim?*"

At that moment a bellboy came to fetch me. I thanked them for the San Pellegrino, and excused myself. I had obviously upset the delicate balance of their values, and they were relieved to see me go.

Both my sons were out rowing on the Lake of Geneva, so I left a message with the school secretary and paid the concierge, perversely—because tipping on the boat was forbidden—giving him a much larger tip than I should have. He bowed deeply, thanked me profusely, and saw me to the door.

The narrow streets and bridges were even more crowded than they had been earlier in the day—perhaps because most of the shops were closed. There was a two hours' difference between our time and Venice time, but Matvey had said not to bother putting our watches back or we would get into a muddle and not be back on time.

I found baskets of fresh strawberries but did not buy any, for I knew the Soviets couldn't afford them and it would have embarrassed them if I had brought any as a present.

Having lost everybody, I considered going to Diaghilev's and Stravinsky's tombs on the island of San Michele, in order to escape the dense crowds, but it meant taking a boat, and I was afraid there wasn't enough time.

Coming into the magical Piazza once more, I remembered crossing it once in '48, my feet bare, my hair loose to the waist, wearing a wide peasant skirt of saffron cotton—I walked along with a friend who wore the mate to my skirt, in raspberry, her feet also bare. And the orchestra played Strauss waltzes, and we met a pair of disapproving black eyes. They belonged to a tiny neat woman dressed all in white. She was sitting at a table at Florian's with a gentleman who was also

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all in white, and she poked him, and he turned to look at us, and I recognized Mlle. Chanel and M. Cocteau.

Above the din, the eternal cries of "Gondola! Gondola!" could still be heard. And then I bumped into Jimmy.

"Hey, Cookie, where ya been? Come, we got time for a Coke."

We waited for a table to become free, and then settled down. He had a Coke and I had tea. I spotted the woman who was given to sitting on the edge of the pool with both her bosom and her bra popping out of her bikini top, her feet in the water, and the baseball cap on her head. Jimmy told me he had seen her several times, near or in the Square. He thought her dim-witted. I was sure that she had been afraid of getting lost. Tea and Coke came to over one thousand lire, or, roughly, a dollar and a half.

Jimmy: "Hey, you selling the table with the Coke?"

The waiter, smoothly: "Sir, this is the most beautiful square in the world. You have to pay for the scenery."

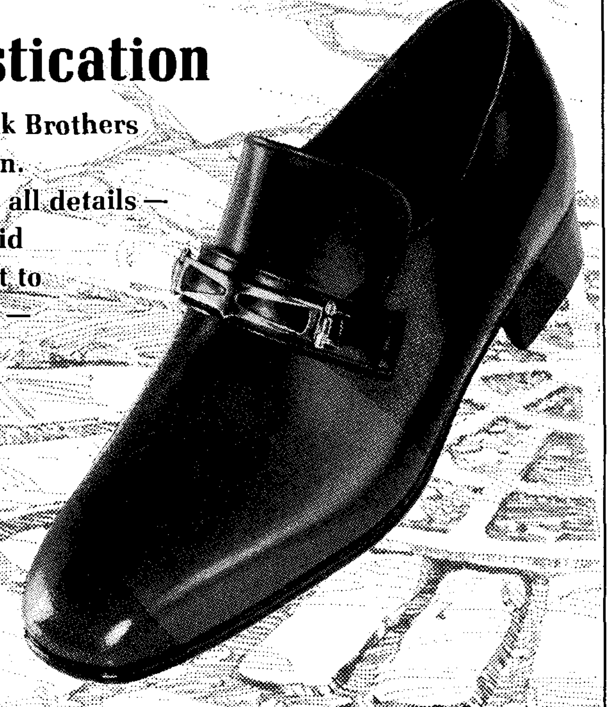
Jimmy paid. I picked up the slow woman, who had bought in a fish store a tiny live snail that she said would be able to survive in our *basein* on the ship. We took the vaporetto, instead of walking all the way back. I asked her what sort of work she did. "I work in an office," she said.

We left the vaporetto and walked past the cargo boats and up the gangplank of the Adjaria. I found myself in front of Matvey, whose face was very long. "You are wanted by the Italian police," he said.

"But why?" was all that I could manage. I hadn't done anything. The police station was in a shed at the very end of the docks. I had already gone past it twice today. And I was dead tired.

"It can't be anything serious," Matvey said. "Your papers are in order. But you have to go see what it is."

This time the tuna fish was being hauled *up* onto the boat, which did not keep one of the dockworkers from rushing over to embrace me, screaming, "*Amore! Amore!*" He was strong, and it wasn't so easy to disengage oneself, particularly as a group immediately formed, barring the way. I had to resort to kicking. Their laughter followed me as I ran on. Coming toward me I saw Galia, one of the young waitresses in the dining room, followed by Natasha, who did my room and laundry, and two boy members of the crew whom I had seen but not met. They were laden with boxes, which they carried in a neat pyramid in front of them, with a package or two resting



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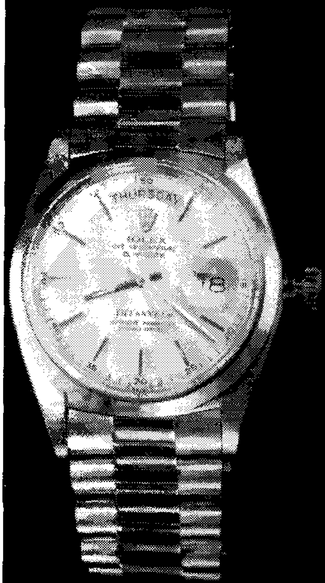

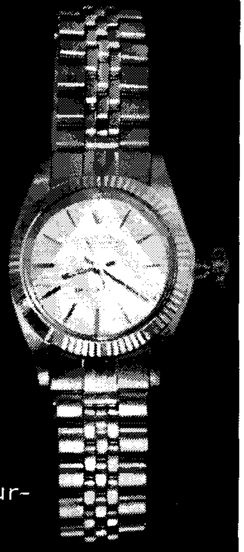

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on top. They were obviously buying up merchandise to sell on the black market in the Soviet Union. They did the same thing in Istanbul.

And all the time I walked I kept wondering what they wanted me for. After twenty brisk minutes, I reached the hangar that housed the Venetian police. A solitary, mousy man with thick glasses sat to one side of the shed, at a wooden table in front of a partition. "You asked for me?" I said, in English.

"Passport, please."

I told him I didn't have my passport with me, as it was usually kept on the boat.

"You should have taken yours with you," he said. "I can't do anything without it. You will have to go and get it."

"If you asked to see me, you must have had a reason," I said. "Try to remember. It wasn't to look at my passport."

"I have no idea why you are here. But I need your passport."

At that moment, a door in the partition opened and a tall and fair-haired Venetian appeared, all Italian charm. "What is going on?" he asked, with a musical, trailing accent.

"I've been summoned here, but this officer has no idea why. And my ship is due to leave shortly."

"I see," he said. "Ah, yes. Did you board in Venice?"

I explained that I had boarded the Adjaria in Odessa.

"Then there has been a mistake," he said, with a contemptuous look at the man sitting at the table. He leaned against a filing cabinet. "Of course you are free to return to the boat. But first, tell me, how do you like Venice?"

"I love Venice. I adore Venice. Only today there were too many people. I like it the way it looked in 'Death in Venice,' at six o'clock in the morning, with nobody around."

"Terrible film. Very bad for tourism." He looked at his watch. "But I think you must go now. It was a great pleasure." We shook hands. "And come back to Venice!" he shouted after me, as I took off like a streak toward my Soviet home.

—NATACHA STEWART

(*This is the first part of a two-part article.*)

•

A THOUGHT FOR THIS WEEK

[*Mary Elizabeth Falter in House & Garden*]

We're still working at *conserving electricity*. I've figured out ways to cut down the use of all the appliances—on sunny days I even dry clothes outdoors.

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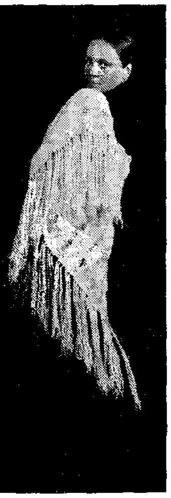

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THE CURRENT CINEMA

Of Dreaming and Mayhem

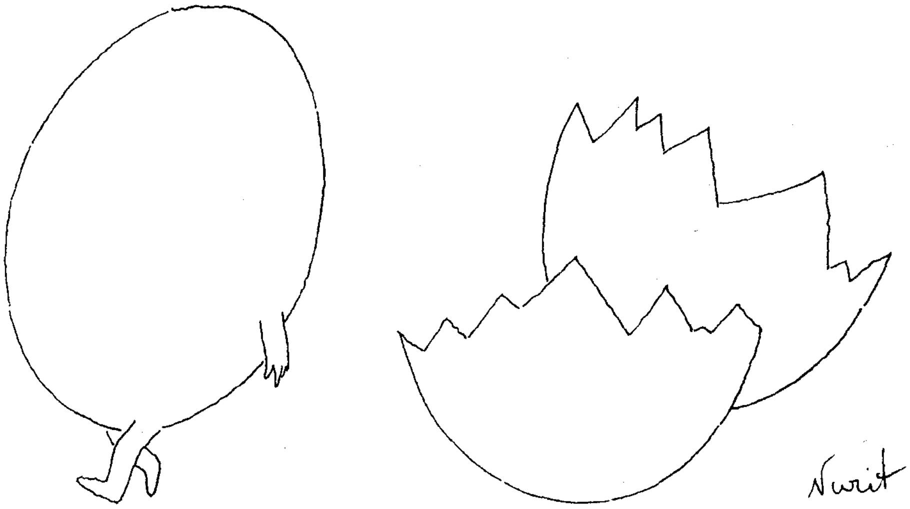
FELLINI once said about "8½" that he would be autobiographical even if he were telling the life story of a sole. "8½" was even more obviously autobiographical than most of his films; it was also without explicit timeliness, so that it got hard criticism for not being *engagé* enough. I remember walking on the Aldermaston March—the English Easter march in favor of unilateral disarmament—and trying to pass on my admiration of the film to a better athlete, who was striding away his holiday in heavy nailed boots, carrying a knapsack of austere provisions and notebooks of political jottings. He took a mountaineer's glucose tablet for energy, looking at me in a way that made it clear that an admirer of "8½" was a very minor peak to conquer, and said that the film left him unsure of how Fellini felt about the separation of Church and State, as though that wrote off the whole regiment of people in the arts who have chosen to create reveries about love and private life.

Fellini's new "Amarcord" ("I Remember") is even more beautiful and detailed than "8½," and free of the playful toying with the ugly and the outlandish which has made his latest films seem impure products and strike the impatient as epicene frescoes intended only to shock. It is perhaps the most dreamlike film he has ever made, though it is actually no dream film. It is about a childhood obviously close to Fellini's, at the start of Fascism, recalled by a fifty-year-old man brought up in a small town. The recollections overlap, as real-life events do. Pranks, family rows, the remarks of town oddities, the coming of Fascism in the guise of something like an uplifting Boy Scout troop seem to flow into one another. The central family consists of Titta (Bruno Zanin), standing for the adolescent Fellini; a tired mother; a self-dramatizing father, wearing a straw hat that he keeps stamping on while telling his relatives not to dramatize; a small brother, who looks at life as though he had his nose pressed against a window; and a thin, unbalanced uncle, less insane than others think. This Dostoevskian character, though he has been committed to an asylum, is said to have always been more clever than his brother at school. Attenuated now into an unshaven figure with a wise, taciturn, occasionally polemic face, he has extra inches of ankle and wrist sticking out of his Sunday-best suit like the ends of sentences that impatient families have never allowed to be heard. Though apparently mad, he is perhaps less deceived than anyone else.

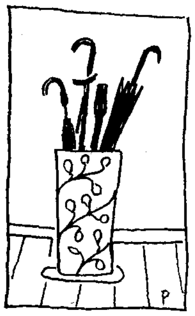
The season is changing. The witch of winter is ritually burned in a bonfire. Spring is arriving. Fluff balls fill the air like the feathers of molting ducks. The town unmarried beauty, who lies about her age and weeps now and then for a husband, wears her red beret at a more dauntless angle. Everyone fancies himself and indulges in grandiose fibs that take in no one. A man who is supposed to be playing in the local seaside-resort orchestra, belonging to a dated hotel that looks about to be shipwrecked, enacts the local Lothario to a surprised but grateful visitor and asks her, "Are you Polish? Only Poles have such fiery eyes." Sex is much talked about by the elderly, in tones of undiminished optimism, and tentatively approached by Titta, who makes a valiant attempt to woo the local tobacconist. A colossal amazon of a woman who wants to be carried about as if she were flying, like a Dumbo mother with the aspirations of a Zeppelin, she howls in ecstasy when the gasping boy manages to lift her off the ground. Pressed against her fluffy V-necked sweater, he twists his head round for air. There is an unmistakable Fellini moment when the excited woman, heaving with pleasure after the boy's repeated and Herculean successes in lugging the screaming sandbag about, strides ahead of him and raises the roll-up metal shop door for him as if it weighed no more than a piece of paper, saying solicitously that it's too heavy for him.

Boys at school undermine the mannerisms of their teachers. A master who talks meditatively of the Romans but concentrates mostly on keeping his cigarette ash as long as possible turns furiously on a small boy who has had the wit to bang authority's desk just when the ash is at a crucial point. Another master, pedagogically mysterious in his habits, chooses to teach in a hat and overcoat and to prowl round the classroom without looking at the boys. While an angelic-looking child manages to blow a raspberry at his schoolmaster every time he is taught a Greek letter that, according to the demonstrating master, involves placing the tongue at a particular place on the palate, the rest of the town is getting caught up in the early days of Fascism. Rows of young boys and girls and ranks of hopeful, poverty-stricken old-age pensioners wait for the arrival of a Fascist general. Their salutes, like his arrival, are obscured by a cloud of smoke. The only dissident is Titta's father, head of a bricklaying firm, who tries to turn up for the occasion in a Socialist tie. It is taken off him by his infuriated wife, for reasons of civic safety rather than of pro-Fascism. All the same, an old-fashioned phonograph bravely rigged up on top of a tower emits shocking sounds of Socialist music. His employees, if they had the money, or the time to think about it, would be Socialist to the core. One of them, nicknamed Brickhead, has written a poem: "My grandfather laid bricks. My father laid bricks. I laid bricks. But I got no house." He laughs. Someone asks the name of the poem. "Bricks," he says.

Uncle Teo, the madman, is taken out for a rare spree in a carriage driven to the family's farm. Courtesies are exchanged. On the way, Uncle Teo eats biscuits and shows the family the stones in his pockets. The family arrives at the farm. Things slowly disintegrate. Uncle Teo climbs to the top of a tree and yells "I want a woman!" over and over again. Male members of



the family get a ladder and climb it to try to get him down. Each one in turn is hit on the head by a well-aimed stone, about which a great deal of fuss is made. "What an eye! He hasn't missed once!" exclaim the watching children in admiration, absently swatting themselves hard because of the mosquitoes that seem to send most of their scuttling elders, apart from Uncle Teo, into such a state. He has a grander spirit. He stands at the top of his tree undisturbed, uttering his oratorical cry for a woman from his crow's nest of a soul. Uncle Teo may be mad, but he would never be a Fascist. He is at last brought down by a bustling midget nun, who swiftly climbs the ladder and says, "Get down! Enough of this madness!" She and other attendants at the asylum have been called for in despair by the hysterical relatives, who have tried everything to entice him down, including a fake departure without him, though Uncle Teo is a canny visionary who wouldn't care about the trick anyway. There is a life elsewhere, he visibly thinks. Told in the carriage on the way to the farm that he can catch a glimpse of blue sea if he looks over there, he stares fraternally at the sky instead. The asylum attendants understand him. "One day he's normal, the next he isn't. Happens to all of us," says one of the male nurses. Uncle Teo's solemnity, good sense, and feeling of awe are typical of Fellini's film. They are shared by an almond seller who dreams of a wonderful harem ("Oh, what abundance!" he exclaims, red-nosed and excited) and by the wide-eyed small children of the movie. One of them, going to school with a satchel on his back in a fog, falters and halts when he suddenly sees a wonderfully beautiful, soft-nosed white buffalo appearing out of the whorls of mist.



The fluff balls are soft, the snow is soft, and the eye of the film looks softly upon the little town's ceremonial occasions. There are many excitements. There is the bonfire, for instance. There is a communal voyage in small boats to see a grand liner called the Rex. It takes a long time to get to it, but everyone makes the effort. The girl of the town puts on a white sailor suit instead of her usual red dress, and a white beret replaces her red one. We have seen her going to bed in the first one: a gesture that seems to be a mark of the town's sense of the dashing, which is uncrushed by poverty or Fascism. There are always bad things to deal with, after all. The trip out to see the liner is an event. The dolphin species is talked of in words of wisdom. "My dentist says it's a very sentimental fish," someone says contemplatively. The town girl in her sailing kit finds her longing for someone to talk to over a cup of coffee momentarily assuaged by the community spirit. The liner is overwhelmingly beautiful: it is a brightly lit continent full of the debonair and the well-off. "What does it look like?" asks an engagingly irritable blind accordionist, restlessly lifting his dark glasses and frantic for a report. All the same, he can catch the sense of Italianate fun: small-town, self-important, full of braggadocio in ways that Fellini understands and loves. What a worthwhile trip! What a triumph! Then the town is again covered with snow. "We had a record snowfall this year, excluding the Ice Age," says a character who sometimes acts as a narrator.

"Amarcord" is an economical film about small-town bravery. It often sends shivers down the spine. Fellini has surely proved himself good enough by now to be trusted by skeptical bystanders who sometimes see him taking what seems to be a wrong route. To make such an atheistic, wonder-struck, affectionate work as "Amarcord" is very difficult. It is anecdotal yet all of a piece, comic but stirringly saddening. Once in a while, one wants to shake someone by both his hands and say "Well done."

MAYHEM: "the crime of maiming a person so as to make him less able to defend himself." Johan and Marianne, the husband and wife in Ingmar Bergman's wonderful, rueful "Scenes from a Marriage," are guilty of the old legal crime of mayhem, though from the outside they look ideally adjusted children of the modern enlightenment. They have two daughters and an income big enough. Johan (Erland Josephson) is a professor at a psychotechnical institute; Marianne (Liv Ullmann, never more beautiful) specializes in divorce law. They seem forgiving, interesting, full of fellow-feeling. Yet scratch Johan and beneath the skin you find something restless and priggish. Marianne's look of love and equability covers a hunger for some understanding less cruel than his to be shone on her endeavors. The

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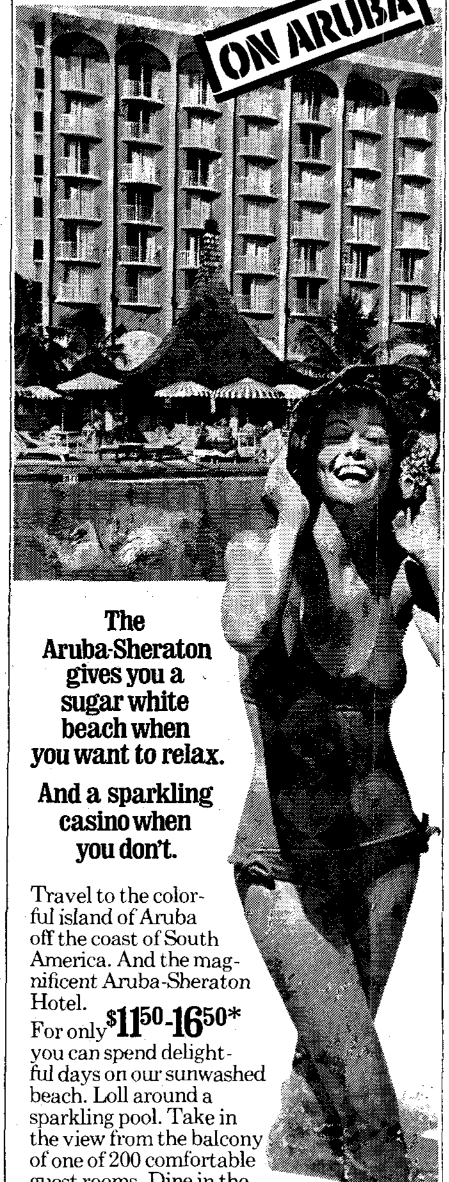

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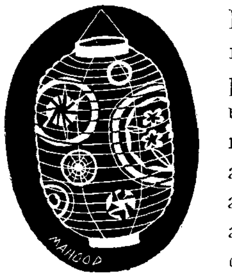
list of their tiny misapprehensions, veiling intents to weaken and disable in the apparently loving combat of their perfect marriage, begins to amount to sin, which is a notion far older than the crime that ancient law courts called mayhem. As Bergman shows them to us, the couple's cardinal sin is the replacing of love with need. In this specifically modern world, inhabited for well over two hours of screen time by these specifically modern, irreligious people, he has created for us an account of failures of comprehension and of minute selfish errors to which he can uniquely give the weight of blasphemy.

Not that the characters are unreal monsters. Their contact with each other simply covers a restlessness harbored without acknowledgment, so that acts of casual slaughter are often committed in the name of love in their businesslike, crabbed scheme of things. A staleness has set in. They were once politically minded, but that enthusiasm has faded. Their code of teasing has worn out, and it has lost its capacity to subsume the power of giving hurt. In Bergman's illuminated view of our planet, where he sees heresies and benisons as still possible, this story, which might have been soap opera, dwells instead on monotheistic notions of purity; it can summon up ideas of devout staunchness, and of burnings at the stake to which the victims have thoughtlessly carried their own firewood. The couple are accompanied everywhere by the inquisitor of their two intelligences, witnesses of their godless sense of love and regret, which constitutes a force so potent in their unforgiving new world that a fall from love amounts to a fall from grace. Sometimes Johan and Marianne are marvellously happy. But when things are bad the two of them have a way of nagging at each other which brings out the worst in them.



The first of the film's six headings is "Innocence and Panic." Then "The Art of Sweeping Under the Rug," "Paula," "The Vale of Tears," "The Illiterates," and "In the Middle of the Night in a Dark House Somewhere in the World." We begin with a woman who has come to interview this ideal couple for a women's magazine. Absurdly, she uses dark glasses and then wears them on top of her head when she is ready to concentrate. Johan describes himself solemnly, looking the image of a man struggling to tell the truth. He says he's extremely intelligent, successful, youthful, well balanced, and sexy. A man with a world conscience, cultivated, well read, popular, and a good mixer. What else can he think of? Oh, yes, friendly. A good family man. He pays his taxes. He respects his government, whatever it is, and he loves the Swedish royal family. He has left the state church. He's a splendid lover. He turns to his wife for agreement. She gives it. Her more shy description of herself is simply that she is married to Johan and has two daughters.

The interview has a curious effect on the rest of the film. It makes things seem over and done with, throwing events into the realm of the already accomplished, so that later scenes, also set in the present, are obscurely haunted by a sense of something past and lost, like a crucial dream obliterated by the cry of a child waking up, or the knowledge that an open book that was in the middle of being read is lying abandoned somewhere in a house and can't be found now, because a telephone rang a while ago. Again and again, a sense of things missing nags at the characters. What was it they failed to do, long since? Neither of them can put a finger on it. Marianne in particular is plagued by the thought that perhaps she has been doing the wrong thing all the time.

For the moment, worries are shelved. But the woman's instinct that Johan now finds an irritant is not wrong. For four years, this halcyon husband has been wanting to get rid of her. One night, he tells her he is planning to leave for Paris next day with a girl called Paula. In a state of shock, Marianne steadies herself by running breathlessly through practicalities. If he has to get up at five-thirty the next morning, she must set the alarm. She must get a new alarm clock at once. There are things of his at the cleaners. Frenzy makes her plead. What does Paula look like? Marianne is at Johan's mercy. He produces two photographs of Paula, hating his wife's weakness. Beautiful breasts, she says. They have a few fitful hours of lovemaking and sleep. She wakes before the alarm, wondering for a moment what the weight of stone on her chest is before she remembers. She turns the alarm off, wakes Johan promptly at five-thirty, gets breakfast, behaving with what he chooses to define as cool serenity because he prefers not to detect the unhappiness that makes her walk like someone on deck in a storm. Johan himself seems to be

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breathing pure ozone. "Tell the children anything. That I've walked out on you all." He drives off in the dawn. Marianne covers herself with the bedclothes for a moment and then rings up a woman friend for help. "Tell Johan not to do anything rash," Marianne says. The friend, together with many others, turns out to have known all along. Marianne covers her face with her hands against the day and draws in her breath like a swimmer who has swum beyond endurance. Was it a loveless marriage, then? The loveless marriage that her clients talk about when they come for a divorce? What is love, though, she would ask them. Ah, they would say, how to describe something that never existed? She had thought she and Johan were intimates. But they were making shortwave-radio calls to one another, the words coming and going in competition with the sound of other stations, which echoed like scientific noises to test the depth of an ocean.

The small revolutions that seemed smothered at birth have suddenly revived, and energized Johan into a tyrant. God knows, there were enough siren noises of danger. Johan grumbling about the way she harped on making arrangements. About her devastatingly high standards. At the same time, his irritability about the sheaf of parking tickets she hadn't paid. Marianne goes over and over it. Reënactment educates, but reënactment also debilitates. In the meantime, Johan lives in the present, and the present with Paula is something that, a good deal later, he speaks of with exhaustion at a meeting when Marianne has become the stronger, and his need of her—not love, still—is ignominiously demanding. He has come to dinner, behaving like a stranger, drinking whiskey, as he never used to. *Divorce? They are in a hellhole.* Johan's misogyny has developed. He has put on weight: because of misery, you can see her thinking. He suddenly captures her by defining hell as a place where no one believes in solutions anymore. Lightweights and blunderers suffer no less than anyone else, perhaps. After dinner, Marianne reads to him nervously out of a notebook in which she has tried to define her catastrophic lifelong wish to be agreeable, to please others instead of herself, and then she looks up and finds him asleep. Any woman less in love with him than Marianne, and any director less capable than Bergman of creating audience belief in love between two people who are out of key with one another's sensibilities, would find him an oaf.

So. The divorce business. Heavens, in Johan's office. She lives through the grinding humiliation of going through the divorce papers, the petty rows about which clock belongs to whom, the financial arrangements, her struggle not to be drawn back into the quagmire by making love again. It has become all right when he has been at a distance. She doesn't want to spend tomorrow mooning about and pining. She still has the upper hand. Johan sees himself as a wallet on two legs while arrangements are being made, but she has been inspecting the past. Somewhere they were lucky, but they have ended up as emotional illiterates about the wreck of their hopes. She has the assurance to make love on the floor and to tease them both about themselves like a girl. Johan gets drunk and fights with her, making her nose bleed, and trapping her in the room by the childish ploy of keeping the key in his pocket. She lies huddled on the floor. "Are you all right?" he says, himself again. In the end, she signs the papers after him, and walks out. A life behind. Years later, on their twentieth wedding anniversary, when they have got married to other people, they see each other excitedly in their old summer cottage but can't face restaging the past. Behaving illogically, as people do, Johan rings up a male friend for a key to a fishing cottage instead. The new place is full of beat-up bicycles and unwashed dishes. Marianne starts to laugh and makes the bed.

Liv Ullmann has never looked so gentle as in this film. There are scenes of her watching Johan asleep which light up the screen with her beauty. There is something about her forthrightness and obvious intelligence which is a little like Glenda Jackson. Extraordinary to watch a film about a *faulty intimacy which so potently* evokes intimacy at its strongest. "Scenes from a Marriage" is full of grieved moments, but the odd thing is that Bergman has never before made such an exhilarating film about grownup love, with all its twists, rituals, and benedictions. It takes a believer to understand sacrilege, and a genius to flood a tragic work with this piercing affection and sense of fun.

—PENELOPE GILLIATT

EDITORS' NOTE: Penelope Gilliatt and Pauline Kael alternate as *The New Yorker's* film critic, in periods of six months each. With this column, Miss Gilliatt concludes her current six-month period. Miss Kael will appear next week.

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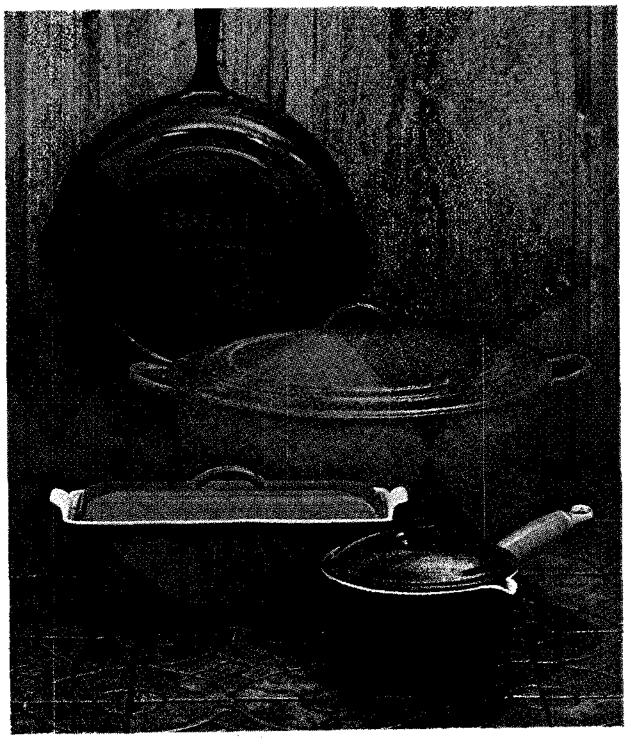

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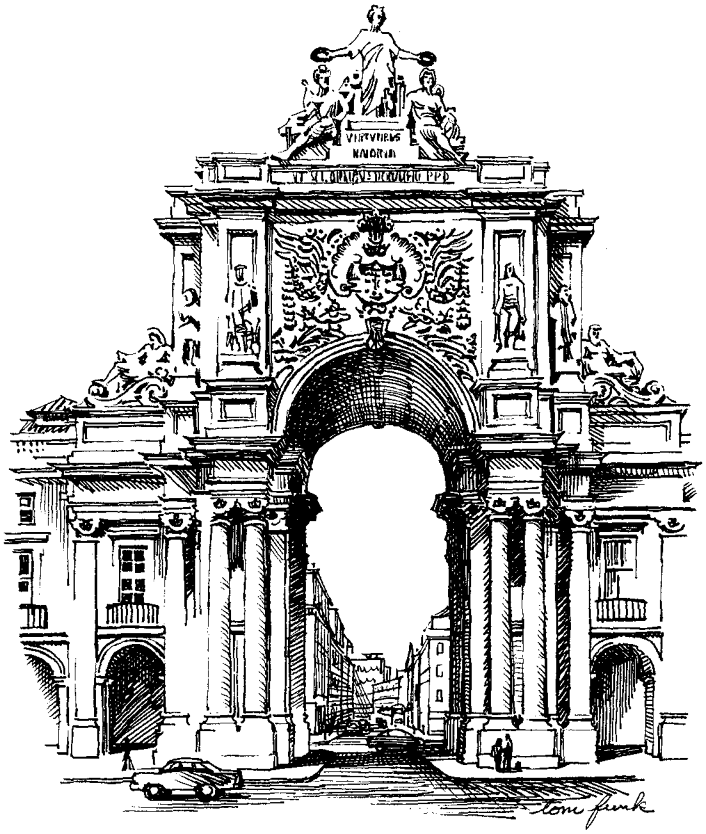

SEPTEMBER 13

THERE is an old, blind beggar here who sits all day on the sidewalk at one end of the Avenida da Liberdade, holding out a battered cap and calling, "Help me, help me! I am the last unhappiness in Portugal." The beggar has been collecting a lot of escudos—a lot, that is, for one beggar in a city where everybody's future is uncertain and people are reluctant to part with money. Money is scarcer in Portugal than anywhere else in Western Europe. The colonial wars in Africa have been taking nearly half the country's budget. The news of revolution at home has confused a million emigrant Portuguese workers in the factories of Western Europe, who used to subsidize that budget and are now nervous about sending back their salaries. Four heady months of freedom have prompted a timid and suspicious bourgeoisie to take substantial amounts of private capital out of circulation and consign it to the comparative safety of mattresses, biscuit tins, and old shoeboxes. And a group of new rulers who rarely agree with each other about anything has been struggling to alter the suicide course of an economy that for the past forty-eight years was in the hands of men most generally referred to here as "the economic medievalists of Europe." Still, it seems that people who pass the beggar on the Avenida da Liberdade always manage to find a few coins for him, and then they walk on, shaking their heads and smiling, talking about this "last unhappiness in Portugal." The old man, in his way, has become a sort of Tiresias of April 25th, which is what the Portuguese call the Army coup that, in one day last spring, overthrew the oldest Fascist regime in Europe. For them, his crazy chant is a prophetic riddle. They like to repeat it, but none of them can be certain what it really means.

The Avenida da Liberdade is not the heart of Lisbon, but it is the main street of Lisbon, in the way that the Champs-Élysées and Regent Street are main streets—nearly a mile of intimidating boulevard, laid out for marches and parades and the processions of kings and autocrats, and past its prime now, commercial and a little tawdry. Liberdade is the street the tourists see before they climb to the winding medieval alleys of the Alfama or explore the old markets of the waterfront. It is lined with airline offices and rent-a-car agencies, coffee bars and movie houses, big tourist hotels and the second-floor offices of foreign companies that came to Portugal for the cheap and docile labor that was the great natural resource of the Fascist state. Like all main streets, it is a façade that obscures the real life of the city and presents, instead, the values and intentions of its government. This, perhaps, is why so many people here are testing out the limits of their new freedom on the Avenida da Liberdade. Their tests are not the big political challenges of the trade unions and the new parties; they are small, plucky, anarchic gestures—*personal* gestures that defy the dead government and challenge the new one to defy them. The blind beggar claims a piece of sidewalk between the Avenida Palace Hotel and the Ministry of Information. Just to the south, on the busy square that people here call the Rossio, old street peddlers who used to be banished from the square have suddenly reappeared, with their wooden carts, and are noisily hawking fruit and onions and ropes of garlic. On the long, wide island that divides the Liberdade, a thousand cars are wedged between the giant Canary palms that the dictator Premier António de Oliveira Salazar used to take such exceptional care of. For years, no one was allowed to park there, but on the first morning that Lisbon went back to work after the coup, people drove their cars up onto the island and left them for the day as if they had been doing it forever. Farther along the avenue, at a book fair early in the summer, dealers produced an assortment of books of the sort that no one had seen in Portugal since Salazar took over in the late twenties, and now there are fashionable Lisboners who take their walks along the Liberdade with "L'Histoire d'O" under one arm and "Quotations from Chairman Mao Tse-tung" under the other. People are listening to poets who stroll the avenue at night reciting poems that were forbidden, and to young folk singers who bring their guitars to the big, round *praça* at the far end of the avenue for the incomparable pleasure of singing old, forbidden songs under the Fascists' favorite statue of the Marquês de Pombal and his imperial lion. Pombal was the man who built the Avenida da Liberdade, after the great earthquake of 1755 destroyed central Lisbon. He was Portugal's Richelieu. Ruling a pliant king, Pombal ruled Portugal, and he was the most accomplished despot that the country has ever managed to produce. This may be the reason that the Fascists tried so desperately to preserve the conditions of his century. It is certainly the reason that hundreds of students turned up at the Praça Marquês de Pombal in the days just after the revolution, armed with paint and charcoal, to liberate the avenue from its statue. Lisbon, since April 25th, has become as decorated as a New York subway car. But nowhere else do the big, bright scrawls that celebrate the revolution—and provide the city with a sharp, running com-

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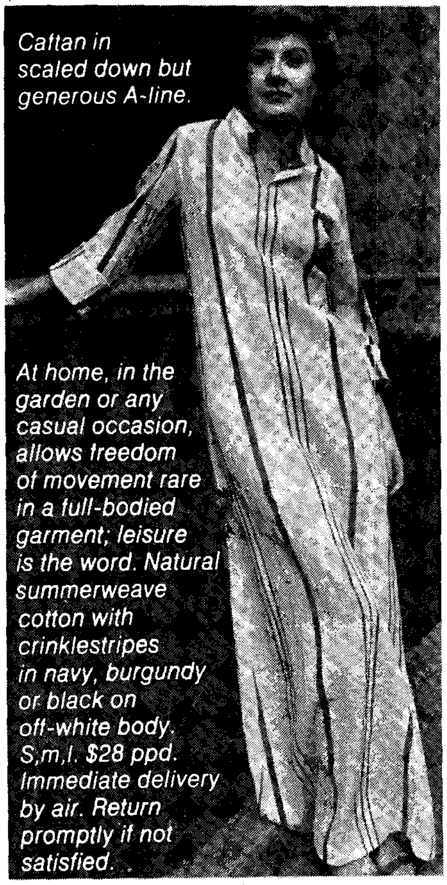

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mentary on it—look quite so valiant as they do on Pombal's white granite pedestal.

FREEDOM has curious meanings in a place where no one under the age of seventy has had any adult experience of it. The only democracy Portugal ever had lasted sixteen traumatic years—from 1910 to 1926—and all that remains of it now is a handful of respectable old republicans who talk a lot about constitutional guarantees and due process and are somewhat alarmed that so many of their radical grandchildren seem to find their preoccupations old-fashioned. To them, freedom begins with a proper constitution. Freedom to most Portuguese, born in the Salazarist state, is more apt to begin with the simple privilege of speaking openly. People in Lisbon, convinced by the examples of Chile and Brazil and Greece that the United States will try to subvert the revolution, were outraged when the European edition of *Time* described the revolutionary movement as not advocating "any major changes in Portuguese life," except an end to the war and a restoration of civil liberties. Civil liberties mean everything to the Portuguese. People here have lived for so long in fear and silence that the right to talk, to assemble, to demonstrate, to strike—even to shroud a statue of Marcello Caetano, Salazar's deposed successor, or scrawl a protest on a shantytown wall—is quite literally the beginning of their political education. In Lisbon, people are taking television lessons in how to run meetings and testing each other afterward on rules of motion, order, and interruption. In some of the provinces they have had to start with lessons in "What is a party?" and "What is voting?" Political meetings, which began here on April 25th, still go on, night after night, in farms and factories, theatres and apartments, bullfight rings, *tavernas*, and the new party offices. Everybody goes to them. In the vast farming province of Alentejo, in the south, where landowners' agents have started threatening peasants who talk about land reform or better wages, the meetings are a source of encouragement and reassurance, an antidote to threats about the terrible things that will happen to them "when Marcello comes home."

In the cities, the meetings are something of a cross between classes in politics and celebrations of the human voice. Half of Lisbon seems to have laryngitis and the other half seems to be suffering from nervous exhaustion.

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People here are worn out from the new late hours, bleary from reading newspapers, platform papers, and manifestos, and delirious with opinion. There are so many political parties now in Portugal that people are running out of names for new ones. Mário Soares, the Foreign Minister, claims to have counted over forty, and his own party, the Partido Socialista, is itself a coalition of three "autonomous" Socialist groups. The country is having an ideological heyday. Young aristocrats are talking about a dictatorship of the proletariat, Communist workers are talking about coöperating with industrialists, and peasants are talking about the right to fancy vacations at Estoril.

The only people not talking are the Fascists. In Lisbon, in fact, nobody seems to know where the Fascists are. Salazar and then Caetano ruled Portugal in collaboration with a very few old generals, cardinals, and landowners left over from another century, but to *run* Portugal they depended on the services of thousands of tractable bureaucrats and on the collusion of a new bourgeoisie, with old resentments, which traded its complicity for a minor but stable prominence within the system. The Fascists are still in evidence in provincial towns—the nervous clerks and the smug *doutores*, and the merchants who paste notices in their shopwindows announcing that, whatever the neighbors say, they have never informed, collaborated, or even approved. But in Lisbon, with a million people, the Fascists seem to have melted back into the population that produced them. None of them have really been persecuted. April 25th was the most gentle of revolutions. Only six men died in it, and five of them were shot by the PIDE, the political policemen of the old regime (the name comes from Polícia Internacional e de Defesa do Estado), who fired into a crowd when soldiers stormed their Lisbon headquarters. Over a thousand PIDE are in prison now, along with a few of the more notorious Fascists, and there is a national manhunt going on for thousands of PIDE who are still at large, hiding in the countryside. But there have been no purges of the civilian population, and no reprisals, either private or official, despite the fact that the PIDE operated through a network of more than twenty thousand informers. (There were factories in Portugal where half the workers were paid political spies.) The Ministries, of course, have changed hands. Most of the aging generals and admirals of the old regime—the Portuguese called them the Rheumatism

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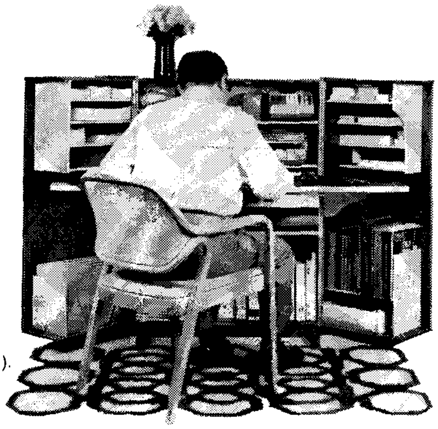

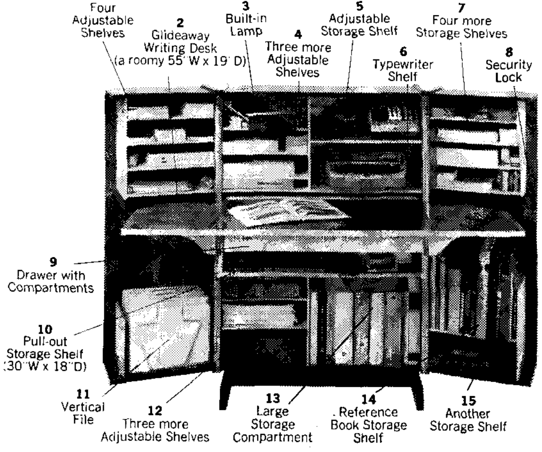
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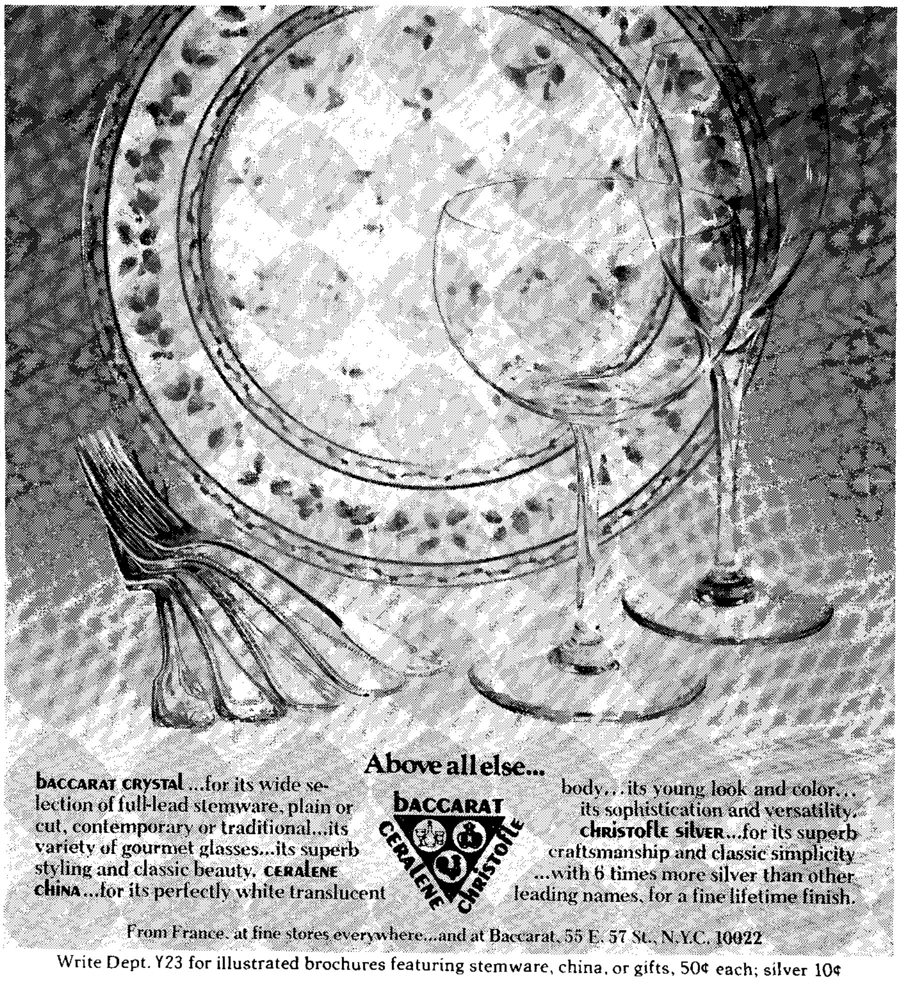

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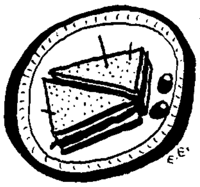
Brigade—have been retired. And the municipal councils and community juntas are being dissolved and new ones chosen. Yet the Portuguese seem to have no particular appetite for vengeance, and most of the proceedings have been as generous, if not as courtly, as the little farewell ceremony in which General António de Spínola, the new President of Portugal, took over from Premier Caetano and his ancient President, Admiral Américo Tomás, and sent them off to confinement in the best hotel in Madeira. The Portuguese say simply that they were much too happy about the revolution to think about revenge. Or they talk about *fado*, by which they seem to mean that passionately sweet, sad, wise, and, of course, *Portuguese* embrace of the inevitable which is the stuff of their folk music and the reigning cliché of their folk psychology. The Fascists celebrated *fado*, by way of converting the desperate stoicism of an oppressed peasantry into something resembling a national virtue, and by now even the most jaded aristocrats and hardened industrialists are convinced that they have *fado* in their souls. But neither the melancholy joy of *fado* nor the pure joy of a revolution can account for the extraordinary generosity with which the Portuguese are willing to put their gruesome past behind them. The truth is that there is virtually no way to purge Portugal of everybody who coöperated with the Fascists, because in one way or another the great majority of the people did. Salazar's corporate state was in many respects a paper fantasy—a concept of a supreme, regulatory state which was much better suited to the elaborate charts in his Ministries than to successful application in the country—but the state was sufficiently pervasive, the economy sufficiently limited, the police sufficiently brutal, and the society itself sufficiently élitist to insure that very few people could survive the displeasure of the government.

Salazar saw to it that the rest of the world did not take Fascism here very seriously. At first, he had the advantage of all the obvious comparisons—it was difficult to fault Salazar for his warped paternalism while Hitler ruled Germany—and in time the art of comparison became a kind of official strategy. Repression was always less demonstrably harsh in Portugal than in Franco's Spain, punishment less demonstrably fiendish than in, say, Brazil or Greece under the generals. There were no mass murders here, as there are in today's Chile. In fact, compared with someone like Augusto Pinochet, the military dictator of Chile—who in one year has ordered the elimination of so many thousands of enemies, real and imagined, that Chile now approaches Indonesia in terms of the percentage of its population sacrificed to a policy of political genocide—Salazar and Caetano seem almost benevolent. Yet the records here show that more than thirty thousand Portuguese were imprisoned for political crimes since Salazar first took over, and those records only account for people with enough money, connections, or reputation to assure themselves of trials—which they always lost anyway. Thousands of poor Portuguese, peasants and laborers, simply disappeared into prison. Many of them died there, of disease or torture. Those who managed to live are free now and talk about ten and fifteen years of solitary confinement in filthy black dungeons. One liberal lawyer who wanted to run for President in the elections that Salazar staged in 1958 survived nineteen days with a heart attack in a cell the size of a coffin. The lawyer considers himself fortunate to have lost only his health; most of the prisoners who survived these "coffins," which were carved into the thick stone walls of Caxias Prison, outside Lisbon, were sent home maniacs. There is a network of tunnels under Caxias, divided into cells and linked to a system of electric pumps, where political prisoners have lived for months in water—first to the knees, then to the waist, the chest, the chin, until their last resistance broke and they signed confessions for the PIDE, who patrolled the tunnels in rowboats. Some prisoners were starved. Others were sleep-tortured. (A young Communist who was interrogated continuously for seventeen days and nights says that he holds the record.) Important prisoners were tortured brutally and systematically by teams of PIDE—four PIDE, then six, then eight—until they talked.



Portugal is a little country, with only eight million people, and everybody here except the most remote peasants in the rugged northeastern province of Trás-os-Montes knew about the political prisons at Caxias and up the coast at Peniche. Everybody knew someone, or had a friend who knew someone, who had been there. Every village had its PIDE—a surprising number of them the sort of demented dropped-out seminarians who were the

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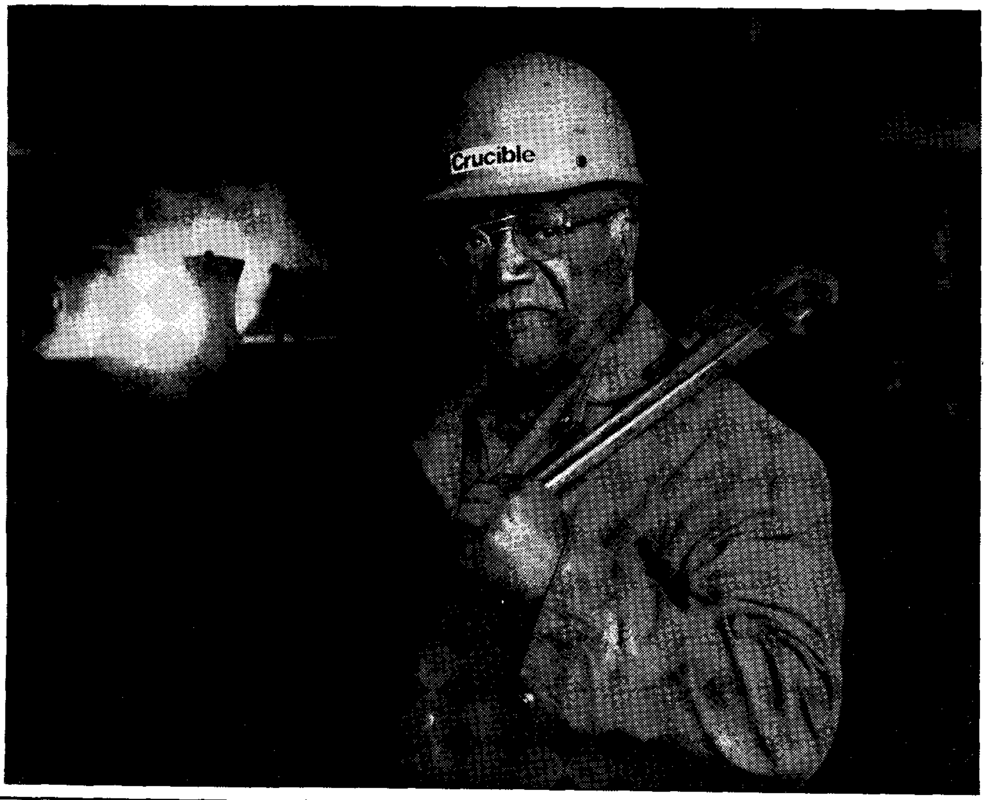

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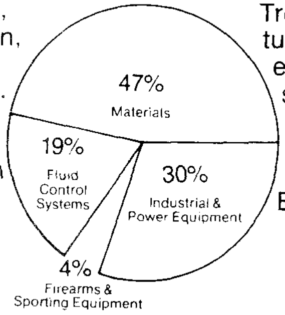

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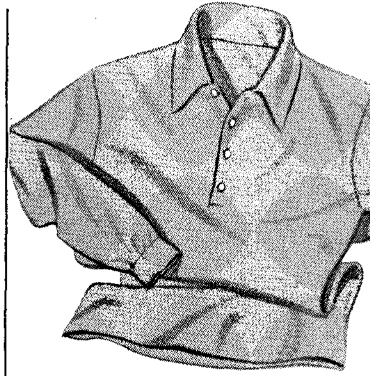

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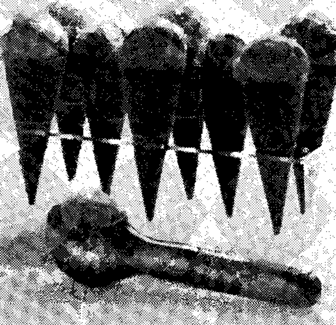

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villains in nineteenth-century Portuguese novels. Every village had its informers—poor people, mostly, who traded lives for the incredible luxury of twenty dollars a month, which was the going rate for small-time informers when the regime fell. And every village had its heroes. Portuguese children grew up on stories about them—stories about peasants who were dragged from their beds at night and shot in front of their families, stories about underground leaders who were carried off to prison shouting "Free Portugal!" Those stories became the local legends with which people here sustained their hopes for a better future, but they were also the source of much of the quiet terror with which the people submitted to a half century of Fascist rule.

REVOLUTION here was inevitable, and the Portuguese were ready for it, but they did not make the revolution themselves, which is probably why, quite sensibly, they refuse to blame each other for the past. The revolution here was made by a few hundred young career officers in the armed forces, and the voice of the people, for the moment, is not the people's but the voice of revered survivors of the Communist underground and of liberal and radical children of the upper classes—the "good families," they are called here—who, with rare exceptions, had their own political awakening abroad. They were educated to a new politics in universities in France and England, and brought that politics back to the universities in Portugal. They were radicalized in Africa, at war in Portuguese Guinea, Mozambique, and Angola, fighting beside the young officers who later became the revolutionary Movimento das Forças Armadas. And, in turn, they nurtured in some of those officers the beginnings of a democratic conscience. They entered politics at home in the late sixties, when Caetano, taking over from the slowly dying Salazar, announced that Portugal would have elections. "Our Prague springtime," as they called it later, lasted through one month and one fixed election, but by then they had taken the irrevocable first step of speaking out publicly against the government. During the fierce repression that followed the election, they found themselves on the run, working in clandestinity. Some of them discovered that they had joined the underground. They organized demonstrations and hunger strikes and church vigils. A few formed revolutionary brigades to sabo-

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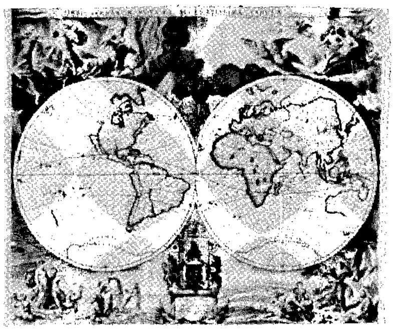

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tage the war effort, and they carried out some thirty actions, which ran from the stealing of two hundred colonial war maps for the African independence movements to the bombing of troopships, truck convoys, induction centers, and even Army headquarters. They called themselves people's brigades, but they got their information about the war effort from a young ex-priest with a doctorate in moral philosophy, and their instructions from a young woman doctor who was one of the country's best endocrinologists and—until he and the ex-priest were caught and tortured—from a scholarly architect from one of the country's most prominent families.

The war in Africa was their Vietnam. Portugal had been fighting a losing battle with liberation movements in its three African colonies since 1961, and the war became the focus of an opposition so varied that it not only created the conditions for a revolution but provided everybody except the most retrograde peasants and fanatic Fascists with a good reason to accept, if not support, that revolution. The cost of the war has been enormous, in lives as well as money. Portugal has lost a far greater percentage of its young men in Africa than America lost in Indo-China. (No one can really begin to calculate the number of Africans killed in thirteen years of fighting.) Several hundred thousand men have fought there, and, inasmuch as Portugal depended on its colonies for only ten per cent of its imports and on the colonial market for less than fifteen per cent of its exports, it was hard for most of them to see who had benefitted from their presence besides South Africa and Rhodesia, which use the ports and railway lines in Mozambique, and the multinational oil companies that exploit the rich reserves of Angola. At home, even the financial oligarchy—Portugal's famous "five families"—which holds monopolies on the country's key industries and controls its banking, was finally willing to sacrifice some of its advantage in Africa for the greater advantage of a new capitalism, oriented toward Europe. This was precisely what the old Salazarist general staff, still committed to the isolation of the country's interests, could not sanction, and the economy, drained of nearly half its budget and the energies of its best young men, could neither finance nor absorb. A family like the Melo clan, with its giant conglomerate of a hundred and twenty companies, and its banks that controlled ten per cent of the country's gross na-

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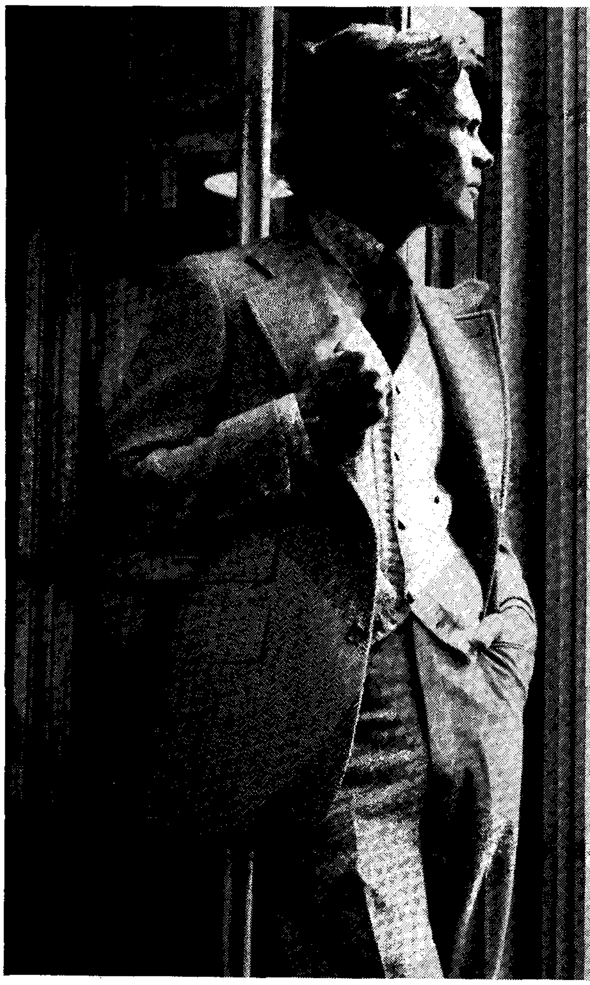

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tional product, had been favored by Salazar with the sort of monopolies that went out of style in the rest of Europe with the French Revolution. But now that these families had decided to enter "Europe," which is the euphemism here for the twentieth century, they were talking very modern economics. They wanted Portugal in the Common Market (some forty per cent of Portugal's exports already go to Common Market countries), and they wanted sophisticated systems of credit, production, and distribution. Talking about things like currency areas, international financing, and balance-of-payment calculations, they confused the dim-witted old generals and admirals who propped up Caetano's government, and they threatened the protectionist instincts of the rich aristocrats who still own fifty per cent of the agricultural land here and were then the regime's strongest supporters—the same men who were most stubbornly committed to continuing the war.

By last year, Portuguese colonialism was finally and irrevocably linked to the economic crisis and the repression at home. Portugal had the queer distinction of being at once the last great colonial power in Europe and the most backward state. The country had the lowest per-capita income in Western Europe and the highest rate of inflation. Thirty-four per cent of the population was illiterate, and the extent of the poverty was incalculable. In Lisbon, eighty thousand people lived in shantytowns. (Reporters here have a story about a conscientious censor who came upon the word "shanties"—*barracas*—in an article and changed it to "wooden chalets," which then became the official definition.) Peasants from the provinces had simply left the country. Nearly two million Portuguese have emigrated since the end of the Second World War; a million of them have left since 1960 and joined the *Gastarbeiter* (literally, "guest worker") force in industrial Europe. Most of them went to France—people here call Paris the second city of Portugal—where conditions for foreign workers are the worst in Western Europe. Still, they were getting better salaries in France than ninety-two per cent of the population at home. No one in power here while they were leaving seems to have anticipated the scope of the emigration or its effect on the country. For years, the absentee landlords of the vast wheat-producing estates, the *latifúndia*, in Alentejo Province, had sat secure in their Lisbon palaces, assured by the government of

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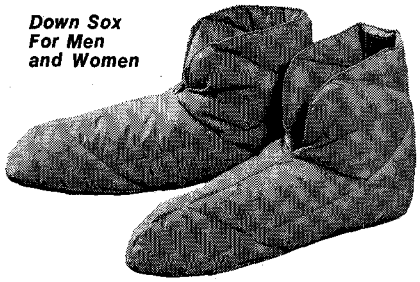
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cheap labor, and unwilling to sacrifice any of their profits to overhauling archaic farming methods, or even to maintaining the land properly. Then, suddenly, they seem to have noticed that their peasants had disappeared, leaving them with lower crop yields from land already depleted, through neglect, of organic matter—and, consequently, with fewer profits with which to restore that land and modernize production. Wheat is terribly scarce here now, along with just about every other crop in the country. Farming has suffered most in the northern provinces of Minho and Trás-os-Montes, where the land was already ruinously divided into tiny peasant holdings. The peasants in Trás-os-Montes are a national embarrassment. They are the most retrograde people in Portugal, and the Fascists, who had to contend with a strong underground among the southern peasants, had a great interest in keeping them that way. So did reactionary local Catholic priests, obsessed with Communism. There was never anything like a coöperative-farm movement in the province, or even a concern with modern farming. When times got lean on the farms in the northeast, those farms were simply abandoned. Trás-os-Montes lost a quarter of its population in the sixties and the early seventies. Nearly all the young men moved away to factory jobs in France, Germany, and Sweden, leaving wives and mothers who still wait sullenly at home, dressed in mourning, and who have inspired the closest thing the country has to a joke about the agricultural disaster: Why do women in Trás-os-Montes marry? They marry to be left alone.

By last year, food was prohibitively expensive for most Portuguese. The industrial workers around Lisbon, Setubal, and Pôrto, forbidden from striking, or even organizing independently of government syndicates, could not afford to feed their families. Sons who had emigrated sent home money; *Gastarbeiter* salaries entering the country every year had become Portugal's principal income, running to four hundred million dollars last year and creating damaging illusions about the health of the economy. But sons who were drafted for four years into an Army of two hundred and ten thousand men and sent to war in Africa had almost nothing to contribute, and they suspected, too, that the war was exhausting capital that might otherwise be used to develop new industries and provide jobs for them when they got home. They suffered, in the war, the same

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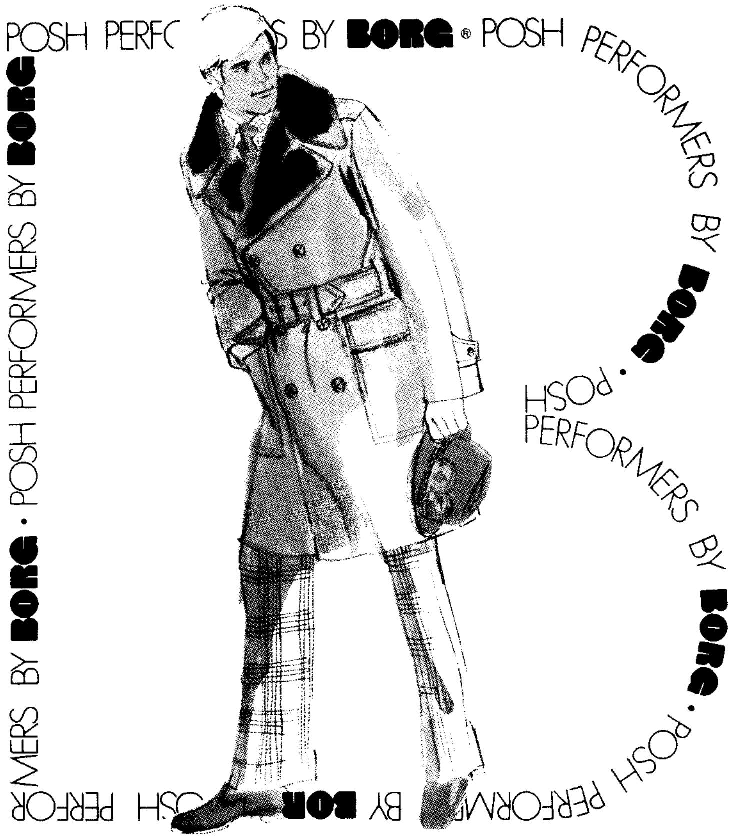
malaise that afflicted the young career officers, some of them on their fourth and fifth tours of duty in remote outposts, and the young conscripted officers, the *milicianos*, who had been sent away to fight for a government they despised and a cause that shamed them.

It was not easy for Portuguese soldiers to reject their empire. Portuguese have been in Africa for more than five hundred years. There were Portuguese settlers in Africa before the first white men reached America, and by now there are a million of them. The Portuguese were not particularly concerned about leaving Guinea, a swampy and desolate little stretch of West Africa. Only a few thousand settlers lived in Portuguese Guinea, and the place was of no interest to anyone at home. Portuguese soldiers in Guinea had virtually stopped fighting months before the revolution anyway, and more than eighty nations had already recognized the country under its new name, Guinea-Bissau.

Mozambique is different. It is a huge country, and two hundred and twenty thousand Portuguese live there in predominantly white towns and cities, at a careful distance from the country's eight million tribal Africans. The Portuguese have never developed, or even really settled, Mozambique. They are a service people—a population of port, road, and railway men, who provide landlocked Rhodesia with an outlet on the Indian Ocean, and South Africa with both a trade route to the countries of black East Africa and a buffer against them. Actually, Mozambique has always been more important to South Africa and Rhodesia than to Portugal. The settlers there resemble the Afrikaners much more than they do the Portuguese at home, who, whatever their sins, are not particularly racist, as Europeans go. The propaganda posters that covered downtown Lisbon before the coup—posters of blacks and whites frolicking together on a beach outside Lourenço Marques—mocked the reality of life in Mozambique. The whites there are archetypal *colons*. They encouraged only those Africans who were necessary to support their own closed society and to maintain their privilege, and ruled over the rest with the same sort of malign neglect that Salazar and Caetano practiced on the peasantry at home. They inspired the largest, most cohesive, and most deeply committed black guerrilla movement in any of the three colonies—it is called the Front for the Liberation of Mozambique, or Frelimo—and the war for liberation was fiercest there and the reprisals harshest. Portugal, which started fighting in Mozambique with a few thousand troops, was maintaining sixty-five thousand there by last April. Soldiers had been ordered to massacre entire villages in the Army's unending and mainly unsuccessful search for the evasive Frelimo guerrillas. (News of the massacres, reaching Portugal, provoked so much anti-war feeling that Caetano was obliged to go on television and make what people in Lisbon call his "My Lai speech," claiming first that there were no massacres and then that there were no villages.) Most of those soldiers say that finally they were too sickened by their own desperate barbarism to go on. They were maligned by the settlers, who treated them like mercenaries, paid for a dirty job that they did not do well. The longer they stayed in Mozambique the more justice they acknowledged in Frelimo's cause. None of them doubted that some settlers would try to continue the war themselves if Portugal left the colony, and that there would be a lot more bloodshed, with South Africa and quite possibly Rhodesia involved. They were uneasy, and even guilty, about Mozambique. But by last April it was clear that most of them would rather abandon the colony than fight for it any longer.

Angola, for them, represented the real sacrifice, because Portuguese feel closer to Angola than to any of their other colonies. It is a vast, rich territory, fourteen times the size of Portugal, and Portuguese have been farmers and ranchers and miners there for generations. They have lived and worked more intimately with the local Africans than settlers in Mozambique or Guinea ever did, and they have intermarried to the extent that at least a third of Angola's "white" population of three-quarters of a million is mulatto. Yet the Portuguese have never really owned large sections of the territory that they claimed on their maps of Angola. Tribes in the north have always resisted domination. As late as the nineteen-thirties, the only Portuguese in a good part of northern Angola were soldiers, and no settlers arrived there until the end of the Second World War, when coffee prices tripled and southern planters began to covet the rich northern soil. Angolans say that the war for independence began over coffee. When planters imported thousands of native farmhands from the south to work for them, northern tribes started fighting—first against the farmhands, then against the Portuguese. In 1961, they claimed to have massacred a thousand settlers; the Army replied by killing twenty or thirty thousand Africans.

By last year, there were really three wars going on in Angola. There were three liberation movements, each of them at odds with the others and each claiming to represent the country, and the stakes were high. Angola has diamonds and iron ore; land that can produce substantial banana, cotton, and coffee crops and support some of the finest cattle in Africa; and, of course, oil. America, Britain, Sweden, Belgium, and Japan as well as Portugal have investments in Angola, and presumably each country is putting its weight behind whichever liberation group promises to be friendliest once the Army leaves. The Cabinda Gulf Oil Company alone extracts from seven and a half to eight million tons of offshore oil a year, and apparently pays local guerrillas a great deal of money to keep away from its rigs. Everyone in Angola now is scared of sabotage and dispossession. The leaders of all three independence parties claim that they can guarantee the property of the Portuguese settlers, but the settlers, who make a lot of money from their farms and ranches, do not believe any of them. By now, most settlers do not believe that a black government can even guarantee their lives. Some are determined to keep Angola white, and, like the whites in Mozambique, they are willing to raise a mercenary army to do it for them. Some still talk about the possibility of a black-white coalition government. But when the murder this summer of a white taxi-driver in Luanda, the capital, produced a wave of white terrorist reprisals and black terrorist counter-reprisals that eventually left a hundred and fifty people dead, many of the most optimistic Angolans became convinced that the war had gone on too long, and with too much hatred, for anyone to expect a comfortable solution to the country's problems. Whatever the formal arrangements are between the new Portuguese government and the liberation movements, there is likely to be as much violence in Angola as in Mozambique, and the violence will be black against black as well as black against white. Angola is going to be on everyone's conscience in Portugal for a long time after independence. The Armed Forces Movement knew this long before the revolution, and decided to put Angola last on its schedule of negotiations in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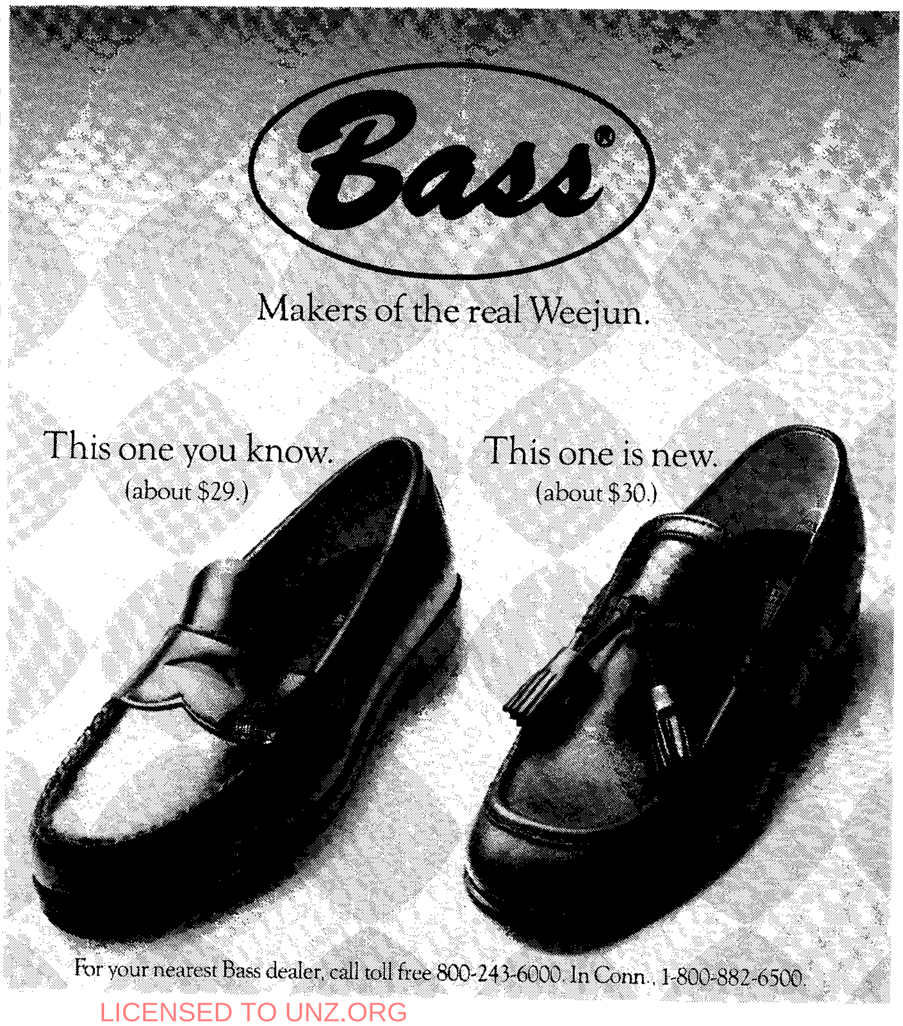
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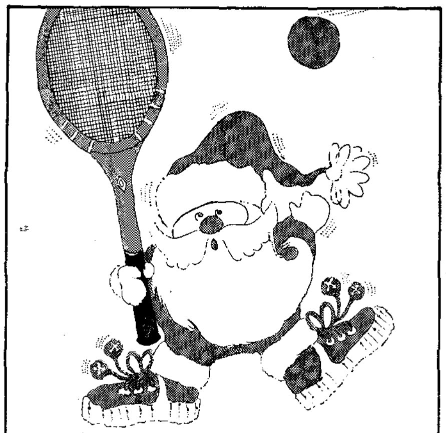
the colonies, figuring that by the time the status of Guinea and of Mozambique was settled the Portuguese would have shored up some of the patience they were going to need for the long and delicate process of negotiating an Angolan peace. It is still hard for a lot of Portuguese to reconcile their determination to end the war with their distress at losing Angola—which is not unrelated to their distress at the prospect of several hundred thousand white Angolans' fleeing to a motherland so poor that nearly a million people have had to emigrate since the war in Africa began.

No one here on April 25th knew much about the politics of the young officers who made the revolution, except that they were against the Fascists, which they proved by getting rid of them, and against the war in Africa, which they proved by stating their intention to stop the fighting. They immediately published a remarkable document called the "Program of the Armed Forces Movement," which was so explicit about political freedom and civil liberties and a new quality of life in Portugal that it could have been written by a committee of old republicans. They announced that they would "watch over" the revolution for a year, and that then the Portuguese people should be prepared to vote for a constituent assembly to draft a democratic constitution. They refused to associate themselves with any politicians or any party, or even any particular ideology, beyond making a vague pronouncement against monopolies, which offended no one but the handful of monopolists, who didn't believe them anyway. In fact, they invited everyone with a mind to organize—except the Fascists—to start a party, and they benevolently handed over office space to Communists, Socialists, Popular Democrats, Monarchists, and whoever else thought to ask them for it. The problem was that, for the most part, the Armed Forces Movement did not say who "they" were. Business assumed that, being soldiers, they were safely conservative. The left, thinking of Peru, convinced itself that they were Socialists. Actually, they were not very mysterious. Everyone in Lisbon seemed to know a few of them. But for nearly fifty years people here have had to depend on gossip for their information, and so it was not surprising that after April 25th they kept the habit. Within days of the revolution, one Brazilian newspaper had managed to come up with a fairly accurate list of fifty-four



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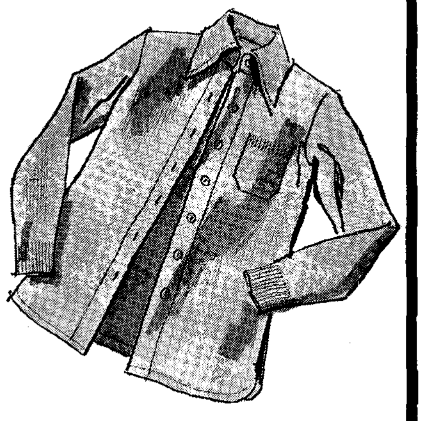

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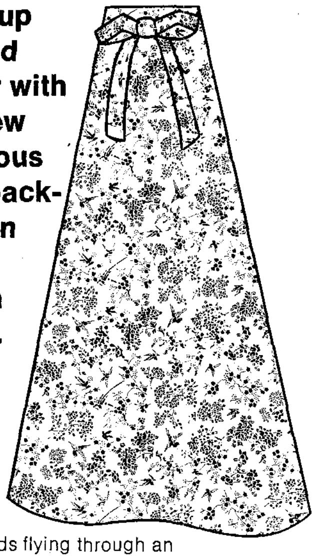

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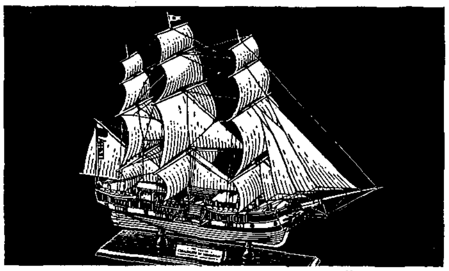

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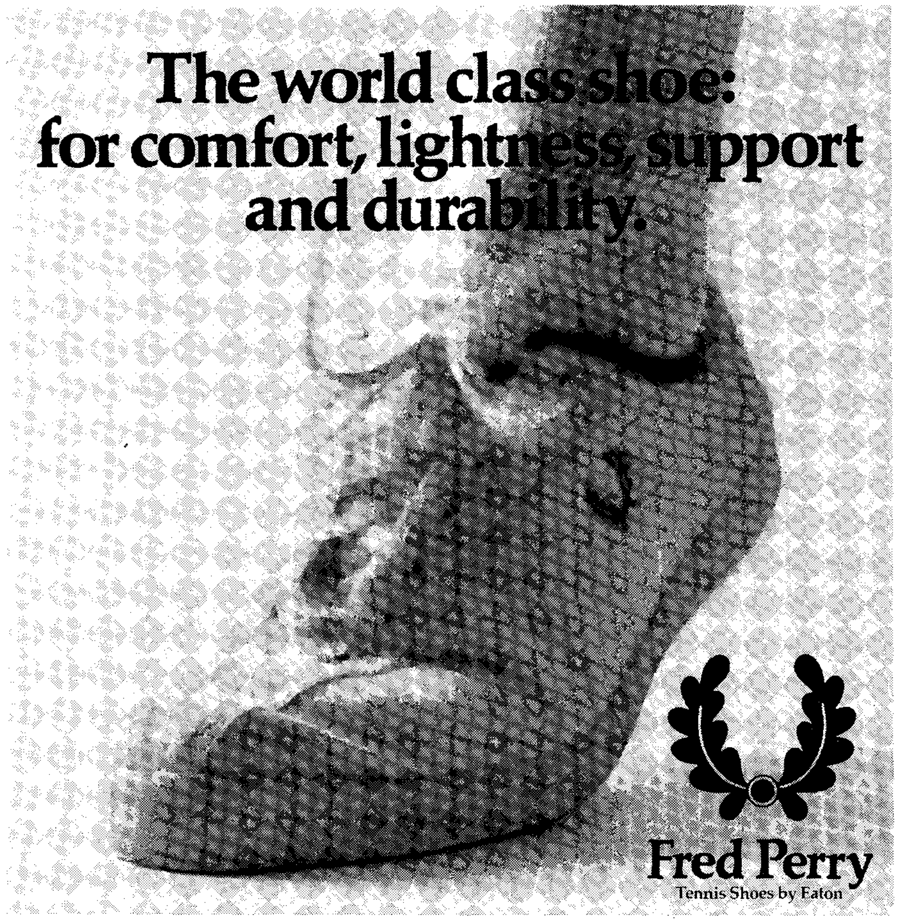
of the "captains"—actually, there were captains, majors, and a few colonels, but everybody here calls them "the captains"—in the Armed Forces Movement. The Portuguese themselves never considered putting together such a list. For the Portuguese, "they" were simply the brave young officers who spent their time racing around town from government palace to government palace on important missions, got up in the middle of dinner to go to meetings, checked in at the hospital first thing every morning for pills to wake them up or calm them down, and kept everybody guessing by insisting that they were without leaders and above politics.

The Armed Forces Movement was in fact an odd and often uneasy coalition—several hundred young men whose remarkable political differences were reconciled only by the stubborn solidarity that fighting together in a long war had produced. They knew their weaknesses. Their real commitments were to ending the war and to seeing the country through to elections before politics could split the movement and put the old generals back in power. And even those commitments had evolved slowly. The captains had begun meeting over a year ago, at home and in the colonies, with no intention of making a revolution. The last attempt at a military coup in Portugal had taken place in 1962 at the Army barracks of Beja; some of the officers involved were still in prison, and the young captains who started meeting last year had no particular inclination to join them. Their first demands were professional. They wanted better salaries (Army captains made about five hundred dollars a month in the war zone, and at home less than three hundred) and some return to the schedule of promotions that had been in effect before the war started and an extended draft of *milicianos* began to slow advancement down. They were sick of the war in Africa, and filled with a kind of social disgust for a ruling class that demanded so much of them and did so little to reward them. The old tradition of an upper-class military had been dying under Salazar and Caetano, and these young captains were not the younger sons of aristocrats but the older sons of workers from Lisbon and Pôrto, of clerks and small shopkeepers in provincial towns, of peasants who had made enough money to keep their children in school. Most of them had entered military academies because they lacked the money, or the background, to enter universities. In a country that



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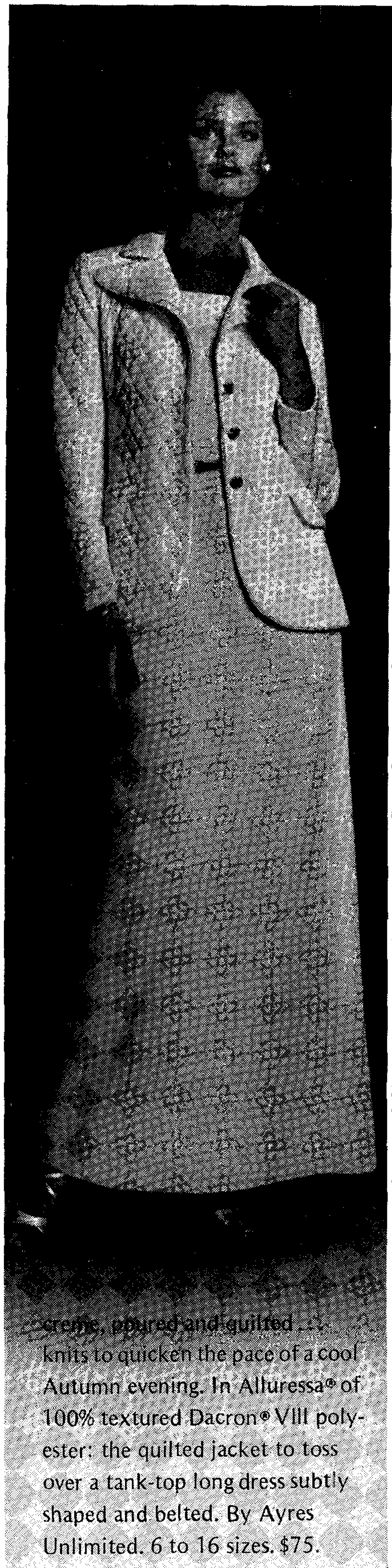

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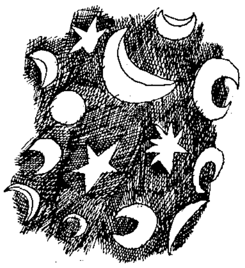
kept getting poorer, the Army was often their only option. They were a close and curiously isolated group—separated by class from the old generals and colonels, who were remnants of the days when the "good families" sent children into the Army, and separated by ambition from their own roots. The old generals had a class interest in the preservation of empire, but thirteen years of war had taught the young captains that their own interests were not the same. They were content at first to equate those interests with higher rank and better salaries, and they presented their first demands quite correctly and formally. Caetano's fatal mistake was to ignore them. The nearest thing to a reply the captains got was a new law offering permanent commissions to *milicianos*, at ranks and salaries equal to their own. When they started to meet again, in their barracks, the captains were talking about a revolution that would end the war.

It was easy after that for the captains to organize. The war had turned the Army into a kind of bush fraternity, and the captains themselves had developed a kind of group loyalty that is never really possible in civilian life. Once they had started meeting, they were able to talk freely and in confidence. (They were probably the *only* people in Portugal who could talk freely.) Even the war worked for them. They were fully mobilized, with a full complement of wartime weapons, and their communications systems and lines of contact and command were basically established. They had studied guerrilla warfare in French and American counterinsurgency texts that were developed in Indo-China and then passed on to friendly dictators in South America and Europe—studied so well, in fact, that they were capable of creating and maintaining a nearly perfect clandestine revolutionary organization. And they had the company of thousands of young, radical *milicianos*, with smuggled books, who wanted nothing better than to teach them revolutionary politics.

All told, there were some eight hundred career officers in the Armed Forces Movement, two or three hundred of them active members. They elected a coördinating committee of twenty officers which included some of the majors and colonels—Colonel Vasco dos Santos Gonçalves, who is now the Premier, was one—who had committed themselves to the revolution. These twenty officers directed an operation that extended from Portugal through Guinea and Mozambique to Angola. They secured the Army's communication lines for the Movement. They devised an information-and-command network based on revolutionary cell discipline, setting up a Movement cell in every Army unit and providing only one officer in that cell with a contact in any of the others. (The captains took their cell discipline very seriously. One young *miliciano* in Guinea, where there was such a shortage of career officers by last year that all but one of the combat officers were *milicianos*, was asked by officers in four cells to be their contact in his own, and he took on all four jobs rather than compromise the network by telling any of them about the rest.) Finally, the coördinating committee instructed the Movement captains to start holding the kind of discussions that would be just suspicious enough to distract the government's attention from the clandestine network that was being built. When the PIDE ignored these meetings, the captains bombarded the government with petitions about salaries and Army politics. When the PIDE finally started coming around, the captains kept them busy listening to long, tedious discussions about the conduct of the war. Toward spring, the coördinating committee began to draft a program. The committee had to come up with something that would meet the approval of traditionally liberal Navy men, ultraconservative Air Force officers, and Army captains who had started reading "Das Kapital," and, at the same time, it could not afford to confuse the great majority of the Movement officers, who had been depoliticized to start with and whose major ideological contribution to the revolution now was likely to begin and end with lifting the ban on *Playboy* magazine. The committee itself was at that point nearly as much of a mixed bag as the Movement that elected it. The only things that all twenty members could agree on absolutely were that the war must stop and that the government was rotten—and that any consensus on a partisan program was impossible. Some of them figured, though, that a program concerned mainly with guarantees of civil and economic rights and democratic due process would be hard to argue with before the revolution and equally hard



to vitiate afterward. Colonel Gonçalves, who was the committee's theoretician, fought for that kind of program. And after considerable debate, with some officers reluctant and others enthusiastic, the Armed Forces Movement decided to turn Fascist Portugal into a democracy.

GENERALS are curious symbols to the people of Portugal. The Portuguese like to revere their generals, the way Americans like to revere their Presidents, Englishmen their kings and queens, and Frenchmen their *patrie*. They expect their generals—and their admirals—to be men of honor, men of great authority and great distinction and a kind of imperial fairness: the best of the Old World for a people trapped there. For the conservative Portuguese, one of the first and most damning failures of the Fascist state was that the generals and admirals it produced were small, self-serving, conspiratorial men, who robbed the people of their illusions. The very few generals who did survive the mediocrity of the old regime with their personal, if not their political, integrity intact were treated by the people as a kind of national treasure and national landmark, and consequently no Portuguese were at all surprised that the young officers of the Movement chose one of those generals to represent them publicly. Only strangers here consider it odd that a group of young men making a revolution should entrust the future of that revolution to a general who throughout a long career had been closely associated with the policies of the old regime—who, in fact, had been such an aficionado of Fascist order that he had fought as a volunteer in Spain with Franco's forces and had spent the better part of the Second World War as an observer with the German Army. The fact is that General António de Spínola, the last of the old-style generals and the new President of Portugal, was probably the only man here with enough personal prestige to unite the country behind the captains' revolution. Spínola was a hero to the poor and a consolation to the rich. The right trusted him, the left respected him, and the vast majority of the Portuguese, having no politics at all, did both. The officers of the Movement knew that he had no particular commitment to democracy, but, being Portuguese *and* soldiers, they believed in him as a man of honor. They asked Spínola to pledge himself to the principles of the revolution, and once he had done so,

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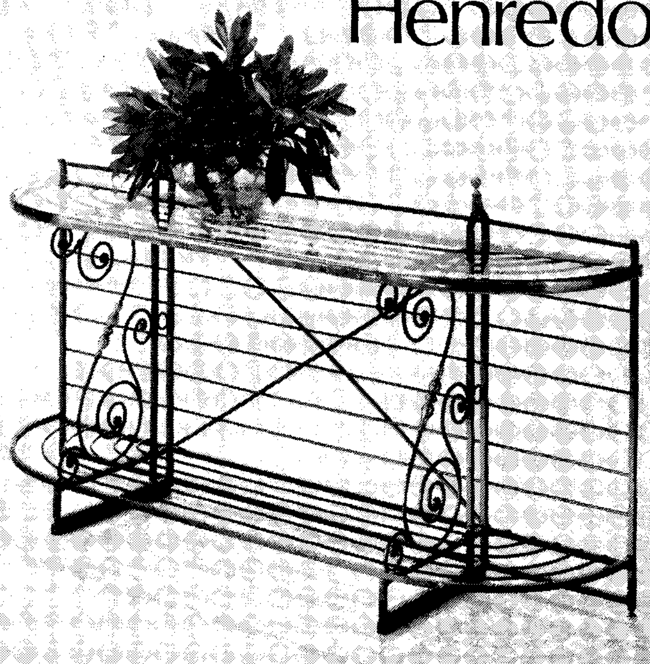

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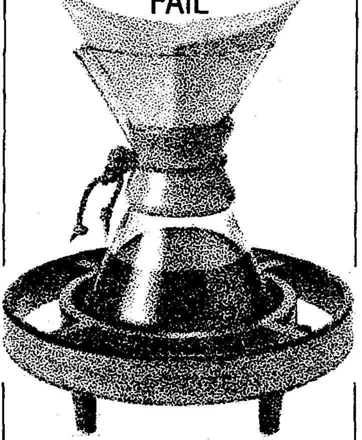

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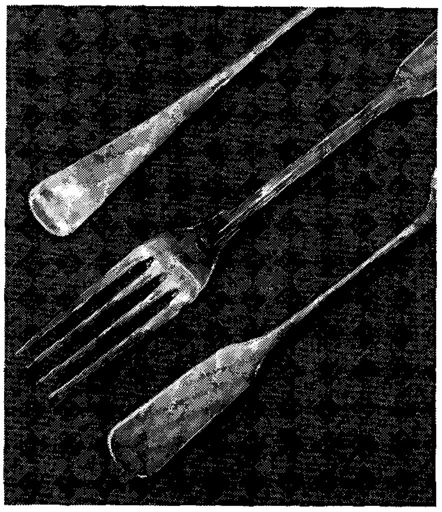
they expected him to keep his word.

Spínola was approached during the months of planning when the captains in Portugal and in the colonies were recruiting their comrades, lining up the *milicianos*, nurturing the proper devotion in their troops, and making their contacts with the underground at home and the politicians in exile abroad. He was one of nine generals and admirals and thirty colonels who eventually gave their support to the Movement. And, while some of the people on the coördinating committee were skeptical about him—the first time Spínola's name came up as a possible President, no one on the committee voted for him—he had more partisans in the Movement than any of the other officers of his rank. He was a legendary commander—much more the man of monocle and sneer and riding crop of his old combat photographs than the gold-braided Wystan Auden, pleasantly jowly and avuncular, of the official picture that went on sale all over Portugal last May, after the Movement decided to make him look modest. Soldiers liked to serve under Spínola for the adventure of his company.

When the war in Africa began, Spínola was on extended leave from the Army, directing a steel monopoly for António Champalimaud, the richest man in Portugal. He had invested heavily in Champalimaud's steel venture, and one story goes that he was double-crossed by his boss in a stock manipulation, lost his money in a single day, and volunteered the next morning to fight in Africa. He was sent to Angola. It was just after the first northern massacres, and soldiers who were with Spínola when he presented his credentials say that he marched into the governor's office, snapped off all the air-conditioners, threw open the windows, and announced, "You will feel the heat of this country. Then you will know Angola." His legend in Africa began then. He was given to great bravery—most of the generals in Africa rarely went near the fighting—and dramatic displays of authority. But he had a curious, almost arrogantly egalitarian streak, and he was not a racist. He loved Africa. And if he fancied himself a kind of Portuguese Il Duce, which is what some of his officers say now, he saw quite clearly that the Fascists had ruined Portugal, and he knew that the country could not survive another year of war. He wanted to restore Portugal to some of its old glory—which he came to associate with peace in Africa and participation in the "new" Europe. When the



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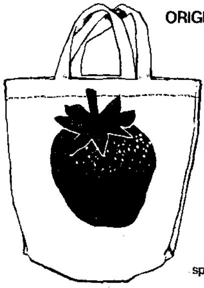

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captains started meeting, he was writing a book called "Portugal and the Future." He had a vision of a great federation of Portugal and her ex-colonies, and if that vision was naïve, it was because Spínola was enough of an old chauvinist to believe sincerely that few Africans, given a choice, would turn their backs on Portuguese tradition and Portuguese culture. He wanted a referendum on federation in the colonies. (He thought that he could even win a referendum in Guinea, which for all practical purposes was already independent.) It was his illusion of a peace with honor, and he insisted on it in his conversations with the young captains of the Movement. Their program, in its final form, was carefully worded to acknowledge the colonies' right to self-determination but not their right to independence, which was what all the fighting had been about. The captains accepted this—some as a first alternative, others because they wanted to believe Spínola, but most because they knew that Spínola's conservative views were their own best security against a counter-revolution.

"Portugal and the Future" caused a sensation here when it came out last February—a book about the complete bankruptcy of the regime's policies by one of the regime's only heroes. People say that Caetano himself wanted the book published, that he wanted to test reactions to the suggestion of a change in policy. It is doubtful, in any case, that he would have dared to stop the publication. One of the great ironies of the crisis in Portugal last year was that an Army that had tolerated thirteen years of futile war would never have tolerated the censure of its best general or its best officers. This is why Spínola could publish his book in a country where no one else was allowed to criticize the government. It is also why hundreds of officers could spend a year holding the sort of discussions for which any civilians would have immediately been sent to prison.

MARCELLO CAETANO knew that there was trouble coming. By late last year, he had lost any pretense of a hold over the country. Salazar had had a surpassing instinct for power—he regarded himself as the only man in the country smart enough to tell people what to do, and often said so—but Caetano, the assiduous law professor who for thirty years had schemed to inherit that power, had never developed the same instinct for it. A dictator like Salazar can never really have a suc-

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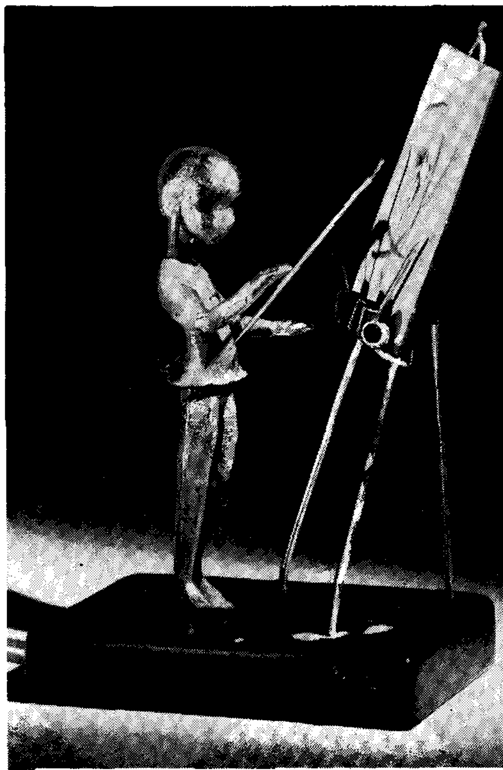
cessor. What made Caetano his most promising follower was precisely that Caetano was so accomplished as a follower. Caetano considered his crowning achievement under Salazar to have been the creation of an exact replica, for Portuguese girls, of Mussolini's Fascist youth movement; it remained his only achievement long after the country was his. The Portuguese probably preferred Salazar, who was dreadful but predictable. Caetano, taking over after Salazar had a stroke, in 1968, made a furtive and uncertain leader. Repression under his regime had an arbitrary and desperate quality that was in some ways even more unnerving than the repression under Salazar. Caetano tried to appease the Portuguese with promises of liberalization, and then, to appease the old Fascists who guaranteed his power, he reneged on those promises and ruined the people who had made the mistake of trusting him. He continued the war as much for fear of displeasing his general staff as for his own beliefs in empire, but he fought a losing war for fear of displeasing a few monopolists who were making money from its continuation. He was simply unable to coördinate all the pressures on him. He wanted a Fascist state with the good will of the people. And in the end he had no priorities but to keep the system going. Long before the coup, the economy had collapsed, and the administration of the country had collapsed with it. Whatever was left of the economy was geared to frantic stock-market speculation, which itself reflected a lack of confidence. The corruption that Salazar, for all his notorious puritanism, tolerated for the sake of a compliant following had become the way of life here, and even of survival. And what had been a "Presidency of the Premier"—Salazar and Caetano both took the title of Premier, leaving a figurehead Presidency for old generals and admirals—was becoming, by default, a Presidency of the Rheumatism Brigade. By last winter, Caetano was running Portugal on orders from Américo Tomás, a doddering but fanatically Fascist admiral of nearly eighty, who had previously been of most service to his country as a ship christener and dedicated ribbon cutter.

Spínola was never by temperament a revolutionary. He went to Caetano some time before the coup to say that the armed forces were disgusted, that they wanted him to take over the government and would probably see to it, in one way or another, that he did. The captains had given Spínola the option of confronting Caetano, and now he gave Caetano the option of saving some face, for himself and Portugal, by surrendering quietly. Caetano agreed, evidently, because it was decided that a fairly well-regarded and conservative civilian named José Veiga Simão, who was the Minister of Education, would replace him, while Spínola would replace Tomás. They nearly did. Veiga Simão was in the process of moving out of his old office when Tomás got word of the plan and stopped it. Backed by most of the general staff, Tomás forced Caetano to stay on. One of Tomás' last official acts as President was to fire Spínola and the head of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, General Francisco da Costa Gomes, who at that point were the only two general officers to refuse to pledge loyalty to the old regime's policies. The other obvious act for Tomás was to purge the Army.

On March 15th, on orders from Tomás, the Republican Guard broke into the Army Military Academy, in Lisbon, where the coördinating committee of the Movement was holding an emergency meeting with the local captains. Seven officers were arrested that night, and thirty-three were arrested on the next night, when some confused Movement captains at an Army instruction center in Caldas da Rainha, north of Lisbon, panicked and decided that they had better start the revolution at once. Their coup began and ended at Caldas, but their arrests provided the Movement with the cover it had lost when Spínola made his move. When the officers began to meet again, it was ostensibly to plan a "demonstration of solidarity" with the Caldas prisoners. And they were so vocal about their plans that even Admiral Tomás believed them. The PIDE, who had been put on alert, were ordered to resume rounding up civilians who might cause trouble here on May Day; they arrested fifty Communists, and no one paid much attention to the soldiers who were meeting every day in their barracks and talking a lot about Army solidarity and a demonstration on May 2nd. By the time the PIDE knew for certain that the coup was coming—on April 24th, they had warrants out for at least fifteen of the twenty coördinating-committee officers—it was too late for anyone to stop it.

Thirty-six hours before the revolution, the captains had their instructions to stand by; twelve hours later, they began to pass those instructions on to the *milicianos*. At 10:55 P.M. on April 24th, radio stations all over Portugal broadcast a song called "E Depois do Adeus," which means "After the Goodbyes," and the officers woke their troops and ordered them out on night exercises. Some told their men en route that they were going to take over the country; others waited until their units were deployed. One Lisbon-based Army unit quietly entered the national radio and television studios on the Alameda das Linhas de Torres, and at 12:20 A.M. they signalled the start of the revolution with a beautiful song about a town called Grândola, in Alentejo, which had provided the regime with so many martyrs that it had become a symbol of Portuguese resistance and Portuguese liberty. More than three-quarters of the military at home and in the colonies joined the revolution, and the companies that refused to join surrendered without a fight before the day was over. People were already in the streets of Lisbon, celebrating, when Caetano signed over his powers to Spínola.

THE captains knew what they wanted: they wanted to be all things to all Portuguese. They wanted to balance the right and the left, the rich and the poor, the soldiers and the civilians so precisely and so equitably that no one group could accumulate the power or the paranoia to start trouble during their custodial year. What they got instead was a kind of unstable equilibrium of interests, personalities, and ideologies. For a while, people here went around quoting António Champalimaud, who replied to a summons from the new Minister of Economics by saying, "Look, I won't talk to you until you tell me who is running this country." The fact is that nobody was running the country. There were days last spring in Lisbon when policy was made by whoever got to the phone first, and retracted by whoever got there next. The Army, in its new passion for democracy, had managed to create so many competing centers of authority that no one in government could function any other way. There was Spínola's Presidency, which carried such vaguely defined responsibilities that the General, being an enthusiastic believer in himself, took them for a sort of Gaullist mandate. There was his Junta of National Salvation, which was supposed to embody a cross-section of the "democratic" generals



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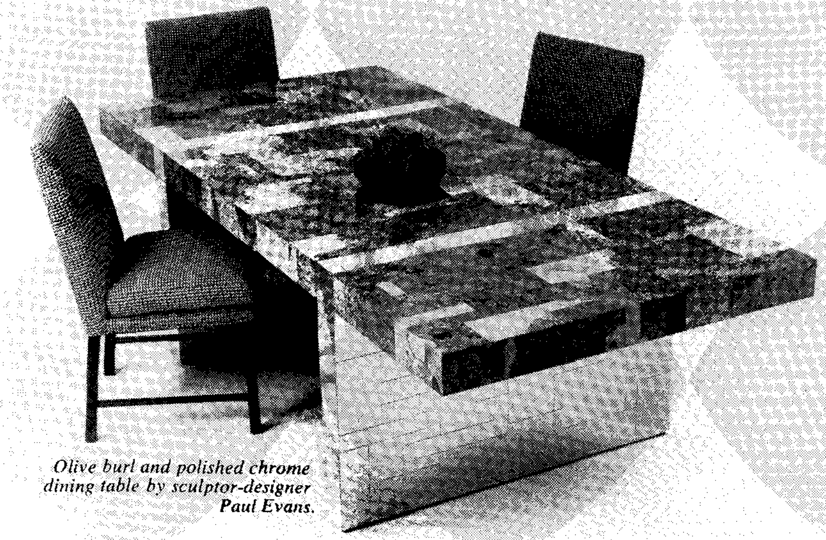

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and colonels of the revolution and in fact was able to accommodate an Air Force general whose understanding of the revolution was such that he felt obliged to fly to Brazil on a state visit and reassure the generals there by comparing April 25th to the Brazilian coup of 1964, which had overthrown one of the oldest democracies in South America. There was a Council of State—it had veto power, but no one was absolutely sure over what—which included the seven generals and admirals of the junta, seven extremely liberal officers from the coördinating committee of the Armed Forces Movement, and seven establishment civilians, whose only real bond seemed to be that no one else paid any attention to them. There was a provisional government of civilians, which included a Communist Labor Minister of Soviet persuasion, a Socialist Foreign Minister who modelled himself on François Mitterrand, a capitalist Economics Minister with American ideas about money, and a weak Prime Minister who adored the President. And there was, finally, the Movement, which did not want to enter any of the arguments and consequently did not know what to do about Spínola when he went off barnstorming the country, talking as if Portugal were his.

The confusion, of course, tended to leave Spínola and his junta with a lot of power. Portugal's problems obviously could not wait for an elected government. But the captains' particular naïveté lay in assuming that a coalition government, without a mandate, could agree on a solution to those problems, or that a junta of powerful and conservative generals would act within the limits of the Movement's program in determining what civil freedom meant. After a month of lavish and uncomfortable praise of the program, Spínola and his junta simply began to disregard it. They challenged the captains on nearly every issue. They tried to censor television; the captains had to put their own men into the studios to stop them. They turned against the press, this time with a decree permitting the suspension of newspapers and journals for "ideological aggression;" when they shut down a small Maoist paper, the captains deferred to them, but when they shut down Lisbon's three best daily newspapers for reporting an anti-war demonstration, the captains had to force them to lift the suspensions. They released Caetano and Admiral Tomás from their elegant confinement in Madeira and flew them to a safe Brazilian exile; the captains had to bring the ex-Ministers of

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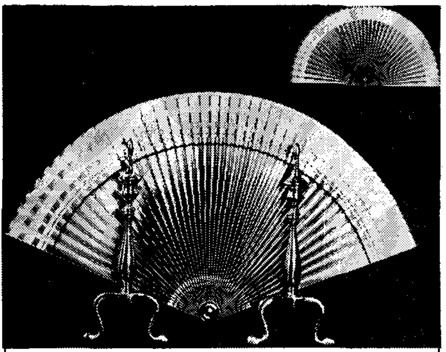
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Defense and the Interior back from house arrest on Madeira to insure that two Ministers, at least, would be around to stand trial in the name of the old regime. They took it upon themselves to replace the old military governors and company commanders with Spínola loyalists; the captains had to replace the worst of the new commanders without publicly acknowledging that the President and his junta had acted on their own.

Spínola's argument was that *somebody* had to make decisions and run Portugal. He tried to equate political license in the country with the economic crisis, and because the crisis was genuine he got a good deal of popular support. Rich Portuguese conservatives, warned by the attempted coup at Caldas, had already managed to send a hundred and twenty million dollars out of the country by April 26th, when the new government put temporary restrictions on bank withdrawals, and now they showed no inclination to bring that money back. Portuguese banks with branches in the French factory cities were busy experimenting with schemes that would tempt the *Gastarbeiter* to keep *their* money out of Portugal. Strikes plagued the country, and while some of them were settled in May, when a monthly minimum wage of a hundred and thirty-two dollars was established, small businesses with no margin for the increased salaries simply started laying off workers. Soon the big companies, whose employees had demanded more money than the new minimum, started laying off workers, too. Some threatened to shut down altogether.

A few foreign companies—as much as twenty per cent of Portuguese business and industry is owned by foreigners—did shut down. They claimed that inflated prices for machinery and materials had already cut their profits disastrously, but their workers accused them of shutting down as a tactic to force the new government to provide guarantees against labor demands. There is evidence that some foreign businesses went to the trouble of masterminding their own strikes, following the timeworn C.I.A. precedent of provoking chaos to produce reaction. In fact, when Timex and Standard Electrica, which is an International Telephone and Telegraph subsidiary, had ugly strikes in their Portuguese factories, most liberals here said that C.I.A. agitators were involved. It is impossible to exaggerate the fear these Portuguese liberals have of the C.I.A. The fear is pervasive, and it is com-

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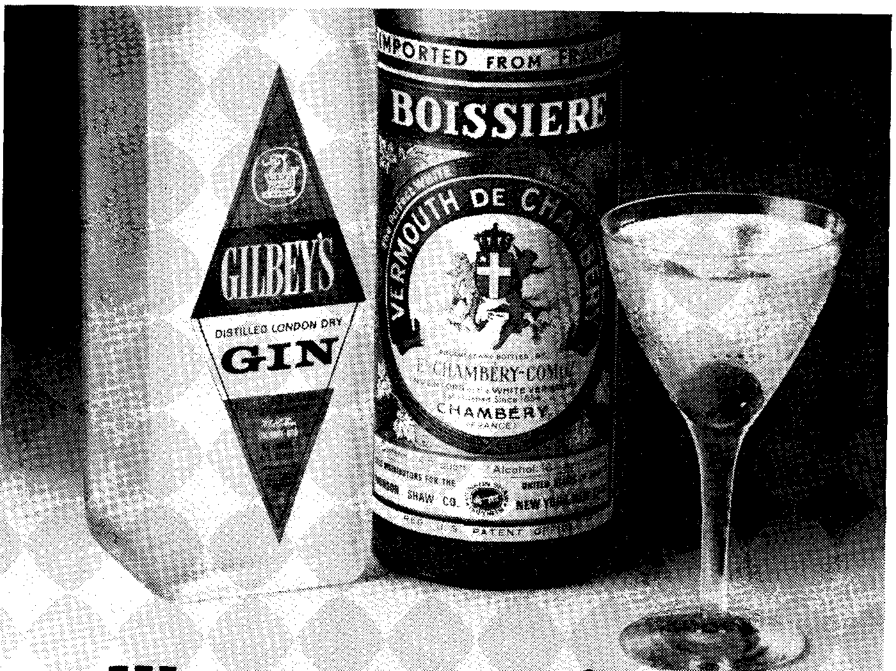

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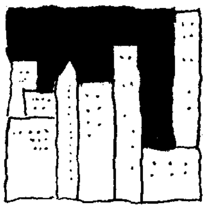
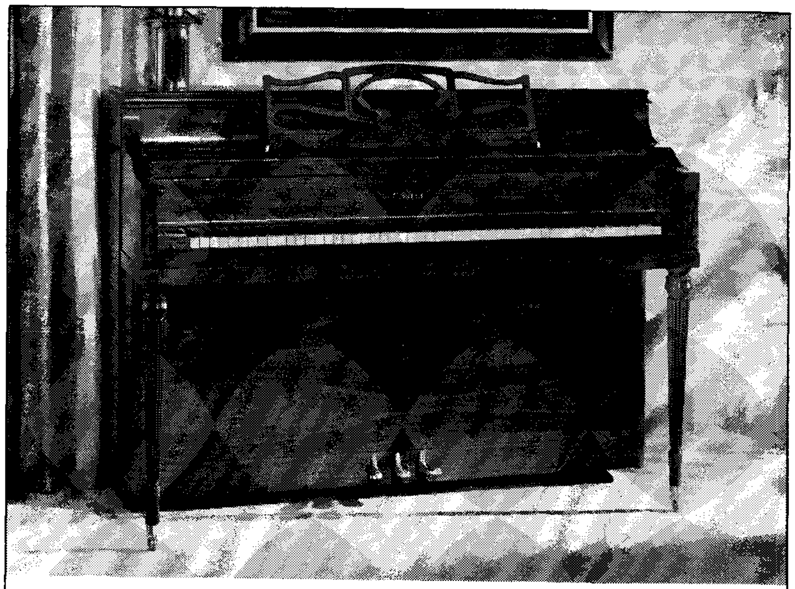
pounded by rage and a sense of helplessness. People here identify American policy and the potential power of their own rightists, some of them figuring that the C.I.A. and the Portuguese right are already working together to discredit the revolution. They study the C.I.A. as a kind of object lesson in inevitability. There are people in Lisbon who knew the details of the C.I.A.'s activities in Greece and its plot against Salvador Allende in Chile months before those details were confirmed in Washington. They identify, in a way, with the Chileans and talk a lot about the danger of "another Chile" in Portugal. They tend to compare this first year of their revolution with Allende's three years in power, and the comparison frightens them, because they know that their own economy is just as vulnerable to manipulation as Chile's was then. They can live with the fact that the United States likes Spínola, and even that American government loans and American credit are going to be extended and withdrawn according to the political direction of their new government. But their worst fear is that the C.I.A. will operate here in fatally disruptive collusion with Portuguese businessmen, and that there may be very little anyone else can do about it.

Portuguese businessmen obviously underestimated the revolution. They may have wanted to see the old regime finished, but few of them seem to have had any notion that the coup that liberated them from Salazarist economics would also liberate their workers from the old constraints on strikes and collective bargaining, or that the captains' movement really meant to protect the working class. They trusted Spínola, in a way, to save them from the revolution. The captains' talk about Socialism alarmed them, and the provisional government, with its Communist Labor Minister, alarmed them even more. It was a sign of their alarm that so few Portuguese businessmen took their customary month at the seashore this summer. They stayed in Lisbon, meeting for expensive lunches in cool restaurants to complain about lost money and working-class ingratitude and to swap horror stories about the new government. (The story that seems to have disturbed businessmen here the most involves an American garment manufacturer in Lisbon who was locked in his plant for four days by his workers and had to be rescued by Marines from the American Embassy after his desperate calls to the police, the Army, and a dozen government offices finally produced a reply from someone in the Labor Ministry to the effect that his problem fell into the category of labor-management disputes and could not be scheduled for arbitration for the next two weeks.) The businessmen were justifiably troubled about the effect of continuing strikes on an economy already so damaged, and about the stock market, which has been closed since April 25th to prevent a crash. A lot of very ordinary Portuguese were beginning to complain about the strikes. Postal strikes, bakery strikes, transit strikes, and strikes in all the public utilities had hurt them personally, and, being creatures of old-regime discipline, they lacked the appetite and the tolerance for so much revolutionary excitement. They naturally put the blame for the strikes on the Communists, who in reality had ordered their members back to work when the minimum wage was first offered and the rest of labor was still demanding nearly twice as much. There was no way that anyone in a government that guaranteed the right to strike could reassure these middle-class Portuguese. They thought that the new government, trying to hammer out an economic program, was ignoring them, and so they turned to Spínola, too.



By July, it was clear to the captains that their reluctance to assume power had benefitted no one in Portugal except Spínola and his partisans. Spínola had already vetoed their choice of a liberal ambassador to the United Nations, and had appointed Veiga Simão—the man who had been ready to take over the government with him a few months earlier. And Spínola refused to stop talking about a colonial referendum, despite the fact that negotiations with Guinea had broken down in June because of his position, and that the leaders of the Armed Forces Movement were now convinced that independence was the only way to end the war. He made his bid for power early in July, just as the captains were starting to discuss the possibility of taking over the provisional government themselves. Spínola had his friend and Premier, a lawyer named Adelino da Palma Carlos, formally present the Council of State with a number of proposals that would give them both direct control over the country's policies. Palma Carlos asked for the right to name—and, by implication, dismiss—his Ministers, claiming, with some justification, that it was difficult to work with a Cabinet whose Socialists and Communists felt free to challenge decisions publicly that they had helped make privately. He asked that his Cabinet then be freed of the present limitations on its authority. And he asked that Presidential elections be moved up to the fall—a plan that would certainly put Spínola in power. The seven Movement officers in the Council saw Spínola's hand in the proposals; they refused to accept them, and, to Spínola's surprise, they were supported by the two Navy men from the junta, who had always been considered the junta's liberals but never before the captains' champions. Spínola, characteristically, abandoned the bitter Palma Carlos—who resigned, taking with him four Ministers, among them two from the moderate Partido Popular Democrático, the P.P.D., which until that moment had expected to have the General as its Presidential candidate—and immediately began to maneuver one of his own most ardent Army partisans into the Premier's office. He was confident for about a week, but he had misjudged the extent to which even some of the conservative young officers within the Movement had come to resent his manipulation of their revolution. The naming of a new Premier turned into a showdown between Spínola and the Movement, and in the end Spínola had to back down. Most civilians here had never heard of Vasco dos Santos Gonçalves on July 13th, when he was named Premier, and those who had knew little more than that he was a pleasant, middle-aged Army engineer whose hobby was philosophy. They learned that day that Gonçalves was not only the captains' choice but the captains' leader in a movement supposedly without leaders, certainly a democrat, very probably a Socialist, and an acknowledged critic of Spínola's politics. Half of Gonçalves' new Cabinet Ministers are officers, most of them Movement men whom the junta, by its own standards, considers radical. The Communists and the Socialists have each lost a Cabinet seat, including the controversial Labor Ministry. But people here regard their second provisional government as considerably to the left of their first one. Some of them are delighted, and some are terrified.

THERE is more tension in Lisbon now than at any time since the revolution. People are still celebrating, but there is something anxious about their mood and their endless speculating over the future. Gonçalves, work-



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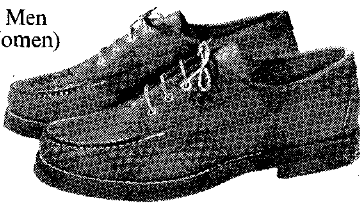

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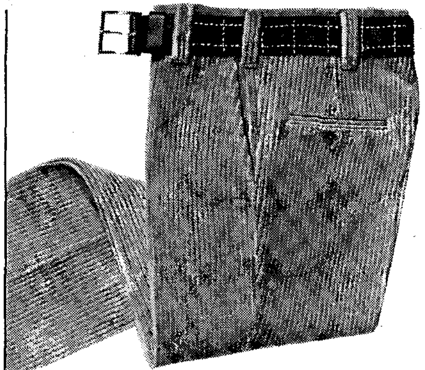

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ing from within the Armed Forces Movement, has the authority now to make some necessary and realistic adjustments of the Movement's policy. His new Cabinet has already put into effect emergency strike curbs, and Portuguese liberals have accepted them far less skeptically than they would have from a Spínolist government. The coalition Ministers are evidently more comfortable with their new colleagues from the Movement than they were with some of the old civilians. And the Movement itself, having taken over the provisional government, has been free to grant independence to Guinea-Bissau and Mozambique and to promise it to Angola, and Spínola has been obliged not only to support the decision but to announce it himself. None of this, though, alters the fact that Spínola and the Movement are now openly at odds. The right has finally begun to organize, and will continue organizing, now that Gonçalves' government has outraged conservatives by ordering the Army to defend the independence of *Mozambique against rebellious white* settlers. There is a strong new conservative party, the Centro Democrático Social, which is getting a lot of money that a month ago would have gone to moderates in the P.P.D., and that money is solidly behind Spínola. So is American money and, presumably, American policy. And so are the right wing of the Army and most of the Air Force, which was always to the right of the other services anyway. The staff officers around Spínola have already said a great deal to qualify his promise of independence for Angola. When Angolan freedom fighters sent a man to Portugal last month to address a rally, representatives of the junta refused to let him enter the country, and when Portuguese liberals demonstrated in protest, the police opened fire, and a civilian was killed. But when a delegation of PIDE in prison at Caxias asked to see Carlos Galvão de Melo, the Air Force general who was last heard praising the Brazilian government, they were ceremoniously escorted to Galvão de Melo's office, and they said later that he had been especially sympathetic.

There is going to be another confrontation between Spínola and the Armed Forces Movement, and this time the future of the revolution will be decided. People are wondering now how long the few hundred officers who hold the revolution together can survive the strains of serving a rightist junta and a leftist government. The Movement itself could split if the

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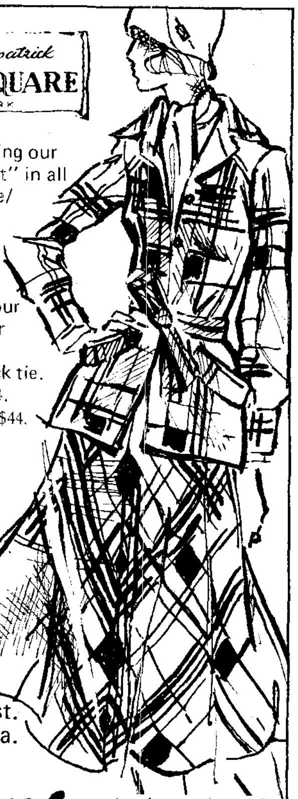

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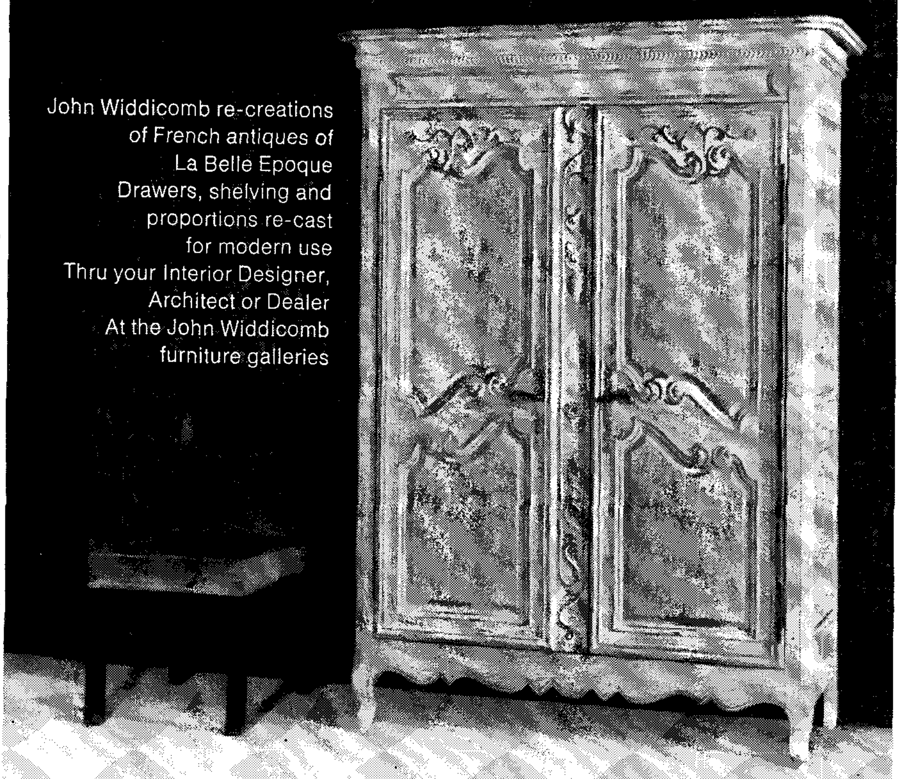
antagonisms here continue. There have already been defections, and both sides are busy trying to calculate how many Army companies Spínola could depend on if the revolution were to end in violence and how many Gonçalves and his young officers would control. The Movement is reportedly compiling its own list of rightist officers. The captains may not have been up to the job of purging Portugal of Fascists, but they may very shortly try to purge the armed forces of Spínola loyalists, and their list will include many of the officers who, by anybody's count, still control a substantial number of the country's soldiers.

Meanwhile, the meetings in Lisbon go on. An electoral commission meets to draft laws for the first free elections in half a century. And the various parties meet to draft platforms, tackle the problem of how to mollify the middle classes, reach the northern peasants who still have no idea of what a party is, and deal with Communist competition in Alentejo and the factory towns. The Partido Comunista Português is at this moment the strongest party in Portugal. It will never win the election, but it is still the strongest, in terms of organization and committed membership, because for over forty years it was the *only* party of the Portuguese underground. During all those clandestine years, it published and distributed its propaganda and established its cells in factories and on the *latifúndia* with a persistence and a diligence that bordered on both the fanatical and the miraculous. For the past ten years, it was able to carry on with two of its Central Committee members on the run, the rest in prison, and its leader, Alvaro Cunhal, in exile in Prague, after a legendary escape from the fortress of Peniche which took years of planning and involved, the Portuguese insist, a rescue at sea by a Soviet submarine. Its militants were the martyrs of the regime. Its survivors emerged from prison on April 26th to take up precisely where they had left off ten or twenty years earlier. People here would say that within minutes of the revolution the *entire* Communist Party had emerged—a sort of political Venus, born in maturity. By now, it has about fifty functioning headquarters and enough money from abroad to support three thousand full-time Party workers. It is an awesome, rather confusing phenomenon, conservative and authoritarian, and demanding the kind of discipline that no democratic party could maintain or tolerate. The real left here, which is a democratic



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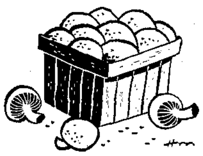
left, does not know quite what to do about it. When Mário Soares' Socialists or the brilliant young Catholic radicals in the Movimento de Esquerda Socialista, which is called MES and is the heart of the intellectual left in Portugal, go to the factories and the farms to organize, they discover that the Communists have been there before them—and have always been there, as far as most of the workers and peasants can remember. When students from the innumerable new little Marxist-Maoist-Leninist-Trotskyite factions in Lisbon try to talk to the workers about agitating for the *true* revolution, challenging everybody, rejecting leadership, they discover that the workers prefer to take their orders calmly, that the workers love leaders, that the workers consider democracy bourgeois, argument divisive, and dissent from the Communist Party's platform treasonous. And when the parties of the left get together for big public meetings and present the workers with programs to consider, alternatives to argue, ideology to refine, they discover that *half the workers are bored and the* other half are asleep because they have been out late the night before at a Communist rally in the local bullring, singing the "Internationale" and enjoying themselves enormously by shouting out the latest Party slogans.



The Communists have twenty per cent of the vote here. They are certain of that vote, and there is not much that the democratic left can do about it except look for its own votes elsewhere. The left here is simply too liberal for most of the workers at this moment. The Portuguese worker is still in many ways a product of his church and his old government. He is a formal person, who wears his Sunday suit to a meeting (at the Communist rallies here the only people who look scruffy enough to fit the left's vision of the proletariat are reporters) and respects authority and is much more comfortable taking orders than challenging them, or even discussing them in anything resembling a democratic fashion. The Socialist headquarters in Lisbon is a noisy and exhilarating place, filled with young men and women who race in and out of rooms shouting at each other. But the Communist headquarters is sombre, with "Do Not Enter" signs on the doors of the inner offices, and a waiting room for the rank and file where a girl sells hammer-and-sickle T-shirts, plastic dolls, and little toy wooden churches from the Soviet Union. Nearly everyone there is a man—except, of course, the girl who sells the trinkets. The Portuguese worker likes to take his wife to a rally for an evening out, but he would consider it improper to take her to the Party office, and he would undoubtedly be embarrassed at the Socialist headquarters or the MES meeting rooms, where he would be expected to talk politics with young girls in bluejeans. In fact, he would be reluctant to talk politics with anyone outside the Party, beyond announcing that strikes are counterproductive for the Party and that the Party will prevail. He would certainly never criticize Cunhal, who he knows is a decent and committed leader. Cunhal is his hero, along with all the other militants who resisted the old regime and suffered so much for their struggle. There is something refreshing about him, finally. In a country where everyone else in politics is jockeying for power, he is probably the only person who would honestly consider it opportunistic to ask for recognition from his party—when *recognition in fact belongs to the men and* women who have earned it by their long fight.

When Portuguese liberals joke about the Communist Party, they say that it will turn out to be the only party in the country conservative enough to support Spínola. Certainly the Communists are *the* law-and-order party. Of all the groups here, they stand to gain the most from caution and to lose the most, in terms of privilege, from any kind of chaos. They had the example of the French Communist Party very much in mind when they agreed to coöperate with the provisional government. And they know that the more the government moves to the left now, and the more the big businessmen and bankers panic, the greater the risk of counter-revolution becomes. In fact, their best security for a while would probably be a working arrangement with a fairly conservative and stable government. A generation or two of Western-style development in Portugal would strengthen the working class and its ties to the Party, and serve their own interests quite nicely. Being survivors by training, they have the time for it, and they have seasoned instructors in the game of détente politics, which has deeded Portugal, with its foreign businesses and its military bases, to Western Europe. They know the consequences of encroachment. They are not going to jeopardize a new and

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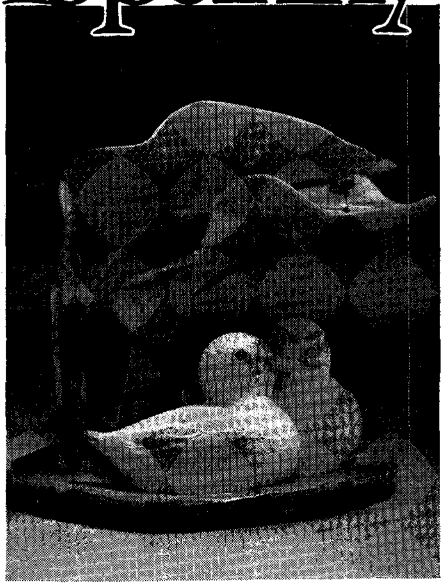

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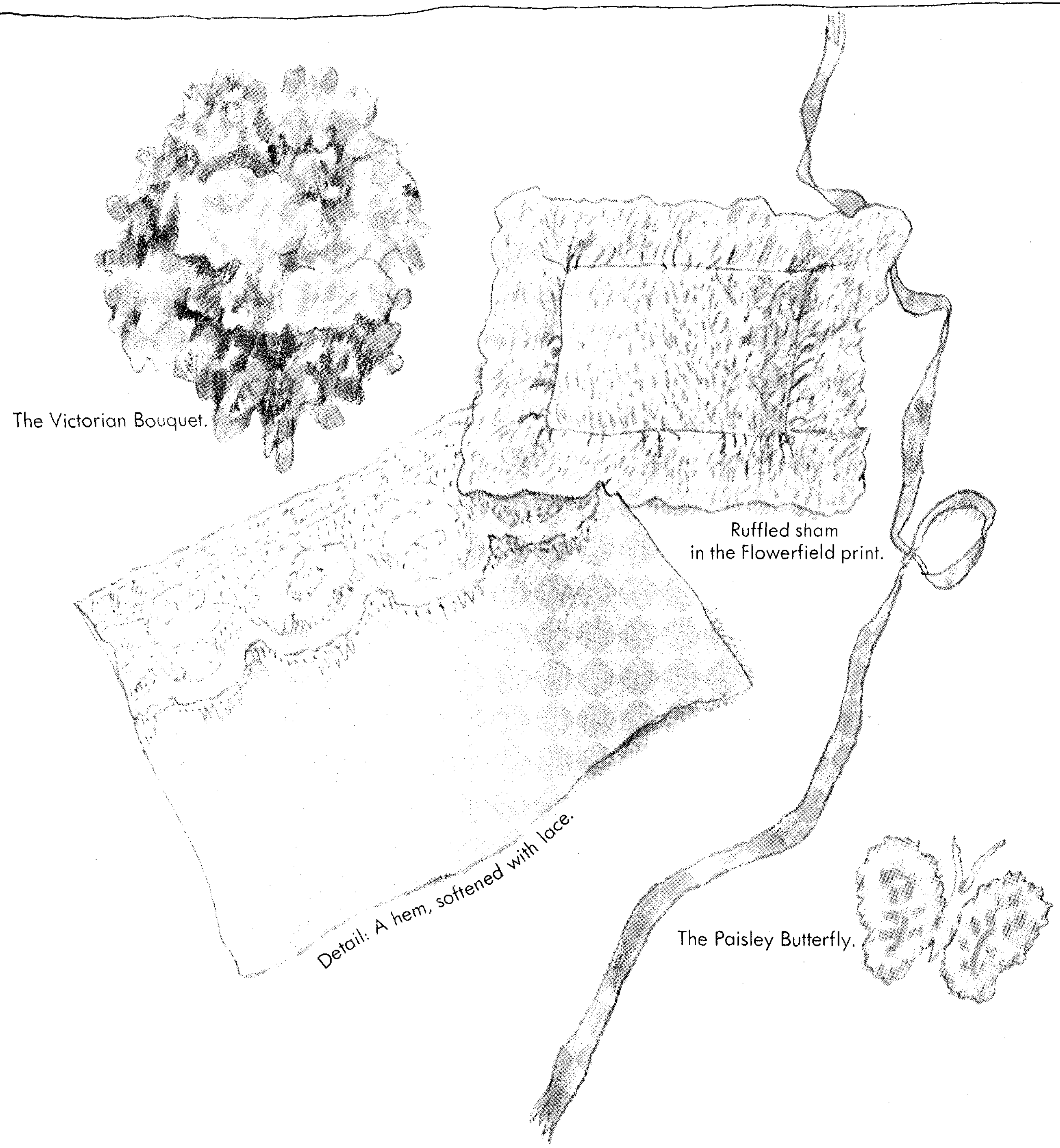

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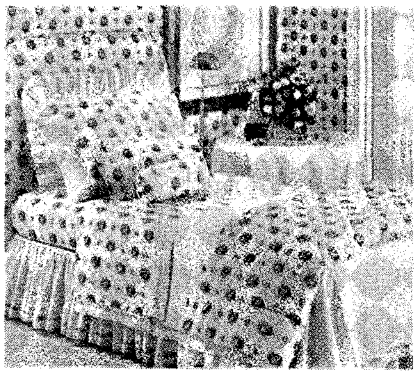

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tenuous legality for the sake of acting impulsively, or even speaking openly against the new government, and so they will not join the rest of the left in its persistent demands for change.

The new Portuguese left has no patience with the Communists' caution. The new left wants radical changes in Portugal *now*. In many ways, the economic structures of the Salazar state are curiously well suited to a transition to Socialism, and most of the young politicians on the left sense that a few years of modern European capitalism here will do a great deal to complicate the process. Land reform on the *latifúndia;* the breakup of the old monopolies; even a limited prosperity for the Portuguese masses—these things are going to involve a lot more people, through investment and ambition, in a capitalist economy and are bound to affect the style of Portuguese Socialism.

The Socialists here argue constantly about the problem. They have few of the Communists' inhibitions, because Socialist parties are considered "respectable" and "safe" in Western Europe. Their own party is as healthy and as argumentative as a big family. And their leader, Mário Soares, who is a nervy and ambitious man with the appropriate number of past imprisonments for a politician in the new Portugal, is the left's most likely Presidential candidate against Spínola—despite the fact that a lot of the young Marxists in the Party accuse him of being a sort of "bourgeois Socialist," of the Scandinavian variety. Soares founded the Partido Socialista in exile only two years ago. Since April 25th, it has turned into the liveliest and most inclusive party in the country, with a political committee of hard-line labor organizers, Catholic syndicalists, old republicans, and young Marxists, but it still has little grass-roots contact and even less experience. In June, when the Socialists held their first big public meeting in Alentejo, they asked for some prominent local Socialists to make speeches, and managed to choose a businessman whom everyone in the audience knew as the town's leading Fascist sympathizer and then a rich lawyer who usually spent his time at private weekly meetings of the big estate owners. The Socialists are aware of this sort of problem. They count on the fact that the young Catholics from MES, which is not incorporated as a party, will join them during the campaign. People in MES have been working under various covers in the provinces since the early sixties—many of them through a Catholic group called

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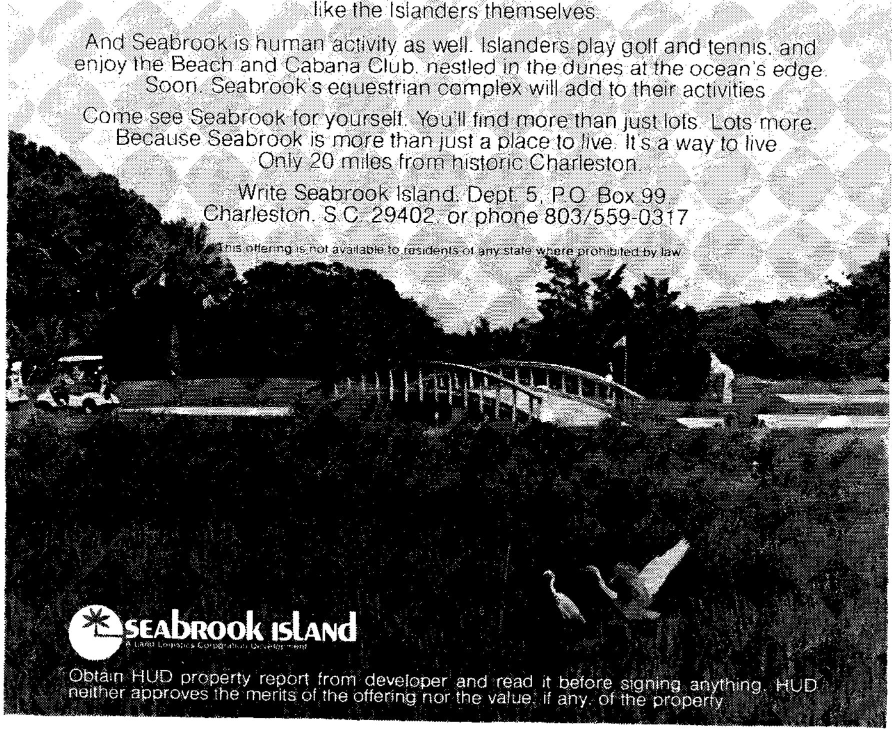

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PRAGMA, which managed to pass for a while as a cultural coöperative. They have spent time secretly organizing in the old government-controlled labor syndicates. In fact, they are the only people in the country who succeeded in taking clandestine control of some of those syndicates away from the Communists. They have status as revolutionaries. Some of them joined the sabotage brigades that caused the Fascists so much trouble. And their leaders—gentle Catholic intellectuals who were largely responsible for the fact that in all the sabotage actions of the anti-war brigades there was only one death, and that one accidental—are now heroes of the new left, the way Cunhal is a hero of the Communists. Their politics are populist and paternalistic, and their vision of the lower classes sometimes seems positively Rousseauan: the people are good; let the élite inspire them. But the fact that some of these children of the "good families" have bridged centuries and managed to reach those classes still counts in Portugal as a considerable accomplishment.

PEOPLE here are reluctant to make political predictions. If Portugal does get safely through the fall and winter to elections, a lot of what happens then will depend on the election laws that are being written now. This is a country where women were not even allowed to vote in Salazar's staged elections unless they were considered "heads of households." If there is universal suffrage now, as the program of the Armed Forces Movement promises, several hundred thousand illiterate peasants in the northeast, the majority of them women, will have a vote, and if they vote at all, they will vote for whomever their very conservative local priests tell them to. On the other hand, if the voting age is lowered from twenty to eighteen, hundreds of thousands of literate young people in the industrial cities will be voting, and their vote will, on the whole, be liberal. Then, too, the Portuguese do not seem to want a parliamentary system. They want a strong Presidential state, and they will probably get one. Strangers here find it hard to believe that a people that has just emerged from half a century of one-man rule would want to centralize power, but the first democratic republic in Portugal fell and Salazar took over because of a parliamentary system that produced a series of shaky and ineffective governments, and most Portuguese are so eager not to repeat the experience that they would gladly sacrifice the unnerving

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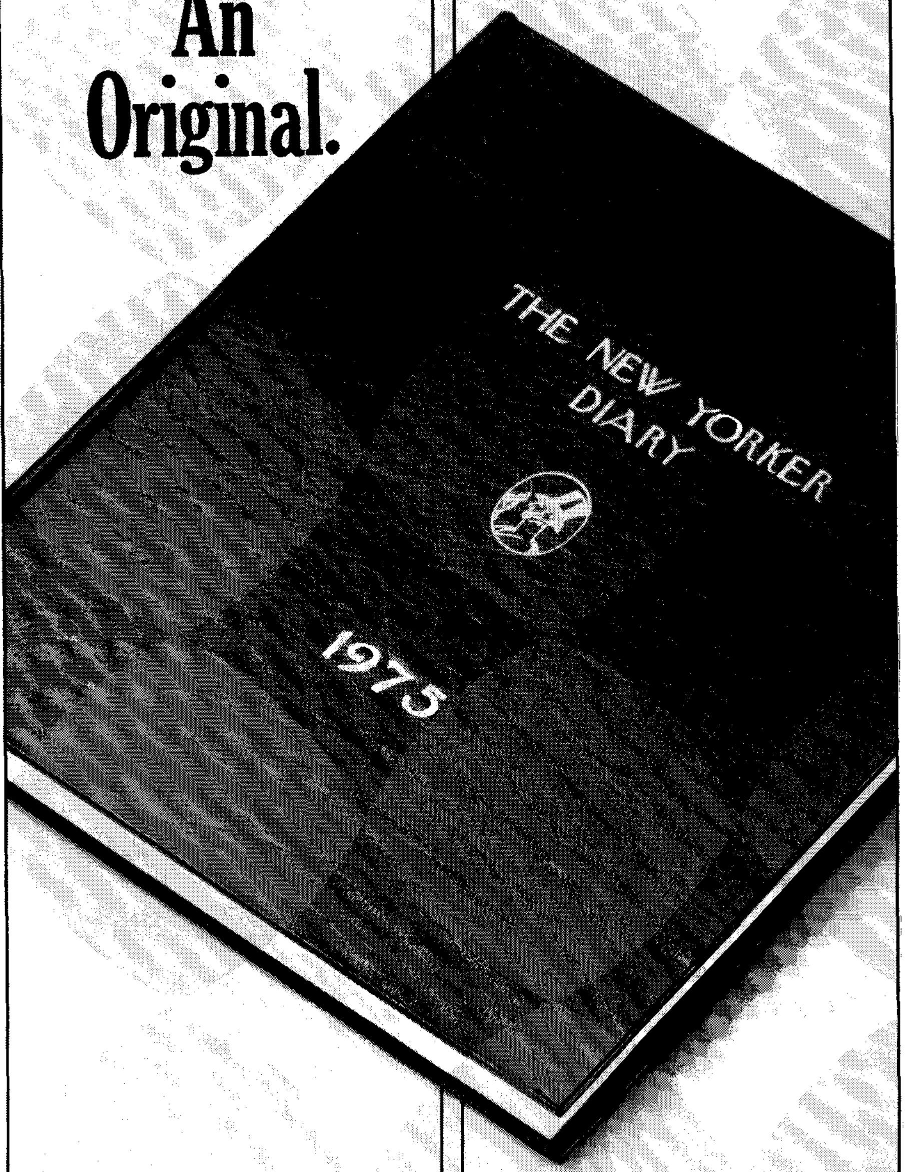
freedom of an Italian, or even an English, system for the kind of authoritarian democracy they admire in France. There are many options open to them. A coalition of the left might win fifty-one per cent of the vote here, but it probably could not govern with such a narrow majority. Some people say that a coalition of the left and the moderate P.P.D.—what Italians call the Historical Compromise—could get seventy-five per cent of the vote and put Portugal on a steadier course. (The civilians in the Cabinet now have that sort of coalition.) At the moment, the P.P.D. is being pushed to the left anyway by the new conservative party, but in a campaign for the constituent assembly next spring the P.P.D. will be competing with conservatives for the center vote and could just as easily move to the right, alone or in a new coalition. The "center" is clearly the biggest voting bloc in Portugal now. If the elections were held tomorrow, more people would vote for the P.P.D., as the party of the center, than for any of the other parties. Unless the new Centro Democrático Social moves in on the P.P.D., it can count on at least thirty-five per cent of the total vote—and that means that, if the elections take place, the Party will either run Portugal or be the key to a coalition that does. In some ways, the P.P.D. is the most European of the new Portuguese parties. Its leaders—Francisco Sá Carneiro, who was the Deputy Premier in the first provisional government, and Francisco Pinto Balsamão, who publishes a splendid liberal weekly called *Expresso*—are hardly spellbinding; they are smooth, moneyed, manipulative, and fairly progressive men who believe that capital produces its own particular kind of efficiency and freedom. There is something to be said here for men like them—if for no other reason than that most educated Portuguese would rather read *Expresso* than any of the dreary propaganda papers of the other parties. The P.P.D. leaders know the economy better than most Portuguese politicians do. And they know European economics, which is what the Portuguese are going to have to know if they really want to enter Europe. The more enlightened businessmen have their money behind the Party. The middle class feels secure with it. And a lot of the armchair liberals like it, because its platform at the moment runs to a kind of welfare-state capitalism that would soothe consciences by dealing with the terrible problems of Portuguese poverty, give everyone his civil



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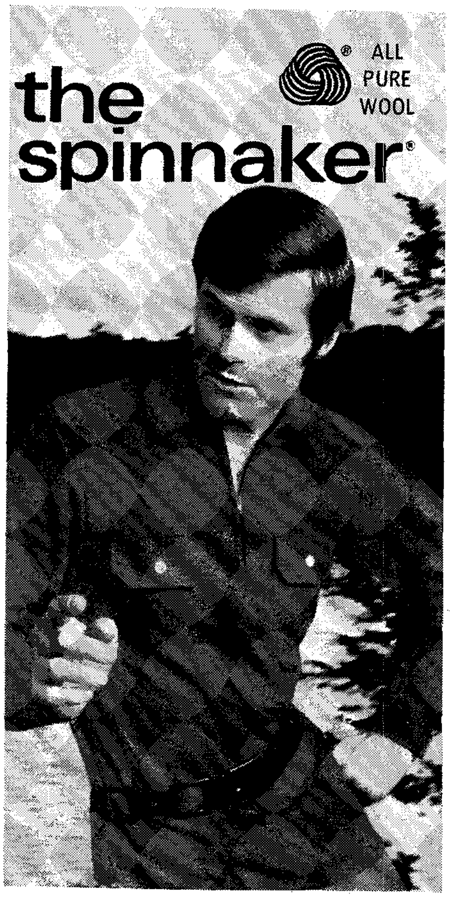

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rights, reform the country's anachronistic institutions, nationalize a few industries that should be nationalized anyway, and at the same time leave the economy open to people who want to make a lot of money.

No one knows, finally, what is going to happen to Portugal. No one knows whether the past few months have been a dream that will end soon or the first reality in forty-eight years. This is why there is such a fine, plucky quality about the people who park their cars on the island of the Avenida da Liberdade and work all night at their party headquarters. The ironies of the revolution are still too threatening for most of them to even contemplate. Spínola, committed for so long to the idea of a glorious Portuguese federation, now stands to gain the most from independence in Africa, which will end the war and consequently do a great deal to dissipate the captains' Movement. He stands to lose the most from stability and economic order, since it is really the threat of chaos that keeps him so powerful. A lot of people know that the Armed Forces Movement wants to purge the military of Spínola's followers, but they try to go about their business as if this were an easy, agreeable matter. They do not like to talk about the very real possibility of civil war in Portugal; they prefer to gossip about whether the new Premier is a Marxist and whether the things he said to Kurt Waldheim when they talked about Africa tallied with the things Spínola said.

There is something innocent about a revolution. It is a little like childhood—a moment when everything is possible, a moment between awakening and disappointment, the kind of moment that makes people feel tender and protective. People who have come to Portugal since April 25th have this feeling. They know that the moment is ending, and they want to preserve it for a little while longer, because it is so promising.

—JANE KRAMER

•

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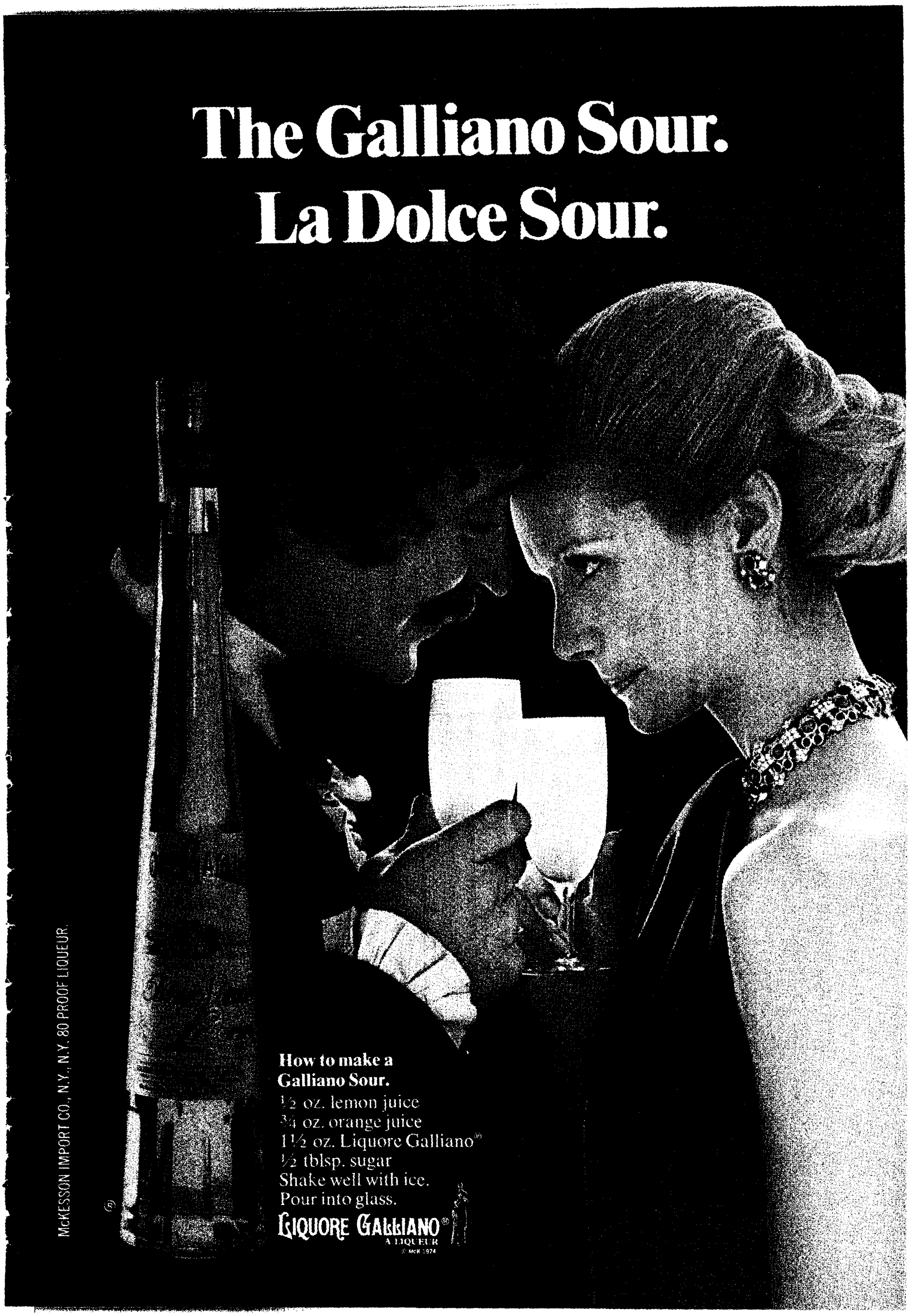

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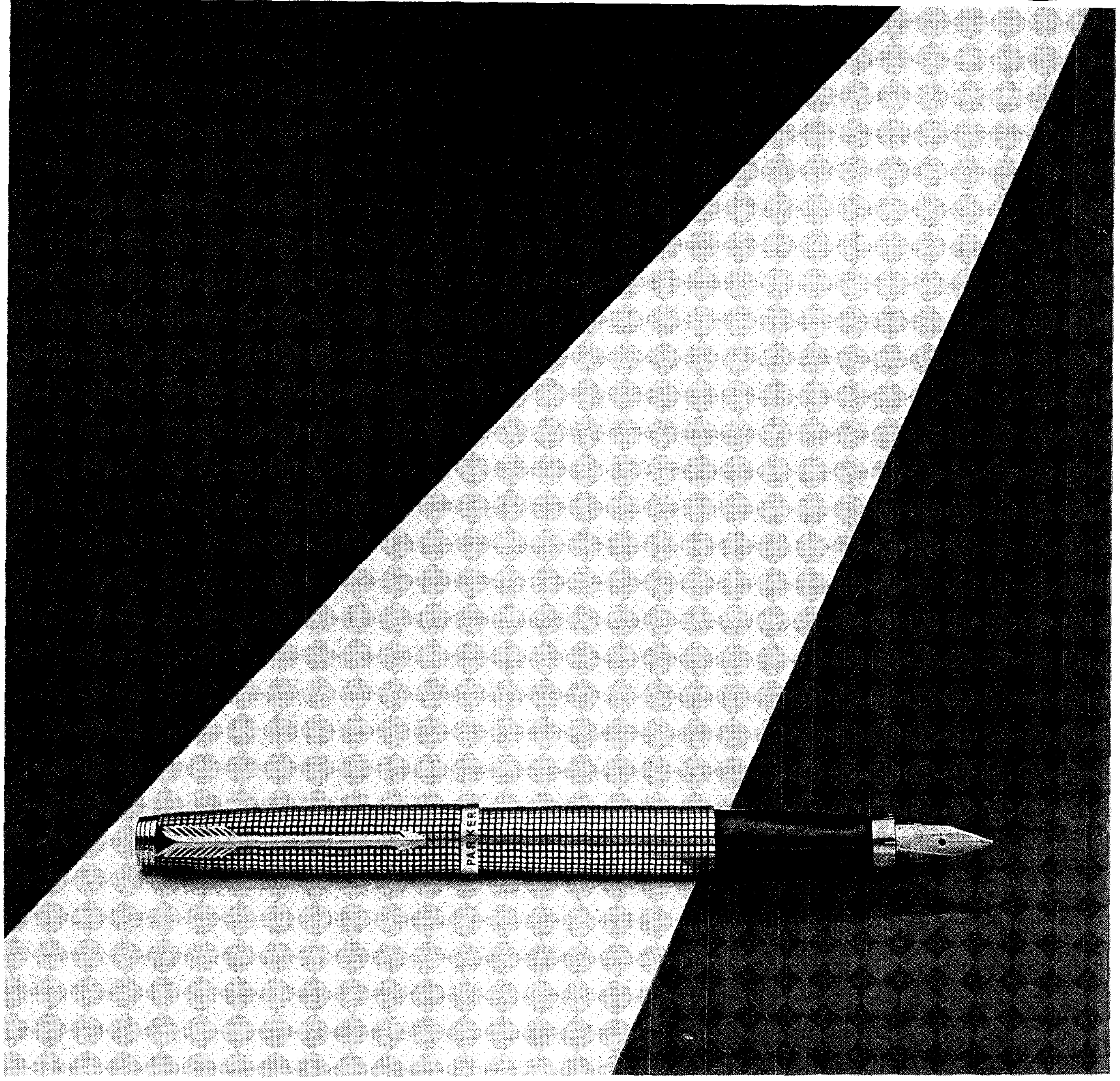

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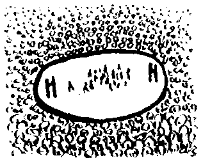
FOOTBALL

News from the Hot (and Cold) Fronts



INSTANT tradition—an exciting new concept, a magnificent breakthrough by American business know-how. It was early on exemplified by Father's Day, Mother's Day—the inventions of a nation of shopkeepers which were transmuted into Holy Writ by the passing of a handful of years. It has been exemplified more lately by the creation of Monday Night Football—a television divertissement that has immediately become itself a portion of Holy Writ. It is a tradition that involves the spending of a great deal of money, and toward the end of its run last season, as *one perfunctory meeting of professional* footballers followed another on the screen, the suspicion took form that at least somebody was not getting his money's worth. But a tradition, no matter how self-made it is, must go on, and for its first autumnal venture this year, Monday Night Football persuaded Notre Dame and Georgia Tech to move up by a matter of weeks their fall match and to carry it out not on a Saturday afternoon but on a Monday evening. And thereby television may have undone the whole (so to speak) game. For Notre Dame, sharp as a razor (Gillette, presumably, inasmuch as it has helped finance televised sporting events), made what we here in the East have seen of National Football League exhibition performances and World Football League playing-for-keeps performances look like highly unskilled labor. After a brief rebellion, during which Georgia Tech's celebrated wishbone offense churned out a most efficient touchdown, Notre Dame disarmed this weapon and brought on its own weapons, chief among them Clements, at quarterback, whose sleight-of-hand in getting the ball to where it should go was the most professional show that has been put on this September. Notre Dame 31, Georgia Tech 7—an act that will be hard to follow, Monday night and Saturday afternoon both.

First afoot in the Home Counties this year was Army, proffering, up at West Point, a new coach, new uniforms, a vast flotilla of new players, and a new offense—wishbone, which, since it will not have to be tried out for a month on Notre Dame's skill at handling the system, may work for the moment. It worked against Lafayette on Saturday, 14–7, though mostly, it is probable, because of the above-and-beyond-the-call-of-duty punting of a very young recruit, Hoopengardner, whose high, hanging-in-the-air kicks were run back by Lafayette a total of three yards, and because of two diligent Army defense men, who at important moments twice sacked the Lafayette quarterback the way Rome sacked Carthage, and so set up Army's winning touchdown. (It would have been Army's merely tying touchdown if a last-seconds pass by the sacked quarterback had fallen into the arms of a compatriot who was free and clear in the Army end zone instead of whisking just inches too high for him.) Anyway, it was the first triumph for Army since the Navy match of 1972, *in which Tom Cahill, who had been* the team's faculty adviser through some difficult years, engineered a victory by a margin no larger than the breadth of your hand. Homer Smith, the new adviser (not Homer Jones, as the *Times*, thinking of a hero dating back to the Trojan Wars of football, once called him), will from now on be sending his squad up against forward lines that will outweigh everyone who plays for Army, but he has high hopes and a deal of good wishes. It is, naturally, quite a Saturday when all three Service teams manage to come out on top, and last Saturday was a novelty in that respect, too. Navy overcame Virginia (the first meeting of this pair also dates back to the Trojan Wars), 35–28, in Army fashion—the last-seconds Virginia pass that would have brought about a tie match sailed into the end zone, too, but a Navy man snaffled it. Air Force, the third Service team, had a breeze, 37–0, against Idaho. This is the sort of thing that was simplicity itself in the days when Homer Smith was second in command at Air Force. But Air Force ground rules about scholarship have not always been as firmly enforced as they might have been. At West Point, Smith will be dealing with *genuine undergraduates.*

Penn State, which represents Big Business in the East, put away Stanford, 24–20, though not without some effort, on Saturday, but Syracuse, which for ever so long shared the Big Business spot hereabouts with Penn State, was put away, 20–14, by Kent State, which is hardly the Midwestern representative of B. B. It's a reasonable guess that career men like Jim Nance will not be coming up to Syracuse until its labor-relations problems resolve themselves.

—J. W. L.

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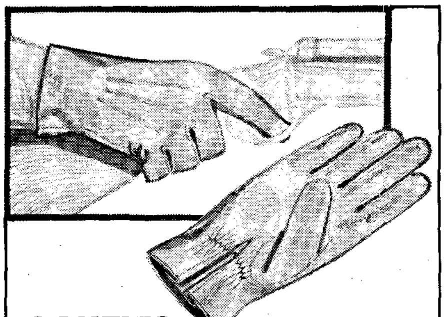

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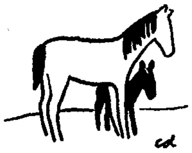
THE RACE TRACK

That Big Spruce Again

THE second running of the $250,000 Marlboro Cup, at Belmont Park last Saturday, was the most thrilling race of the week. It was the Governor Stakes all over again—Big Spruce winning from Arbees Boy, except that Forego, who finished fourth behind them on Labor Day, was third this time. To anybody with the gift of ESP, it was pennies from heaven. To the rest of us, it was a good show. The crowd of forty thousand (eight thousand fewer than came out to see Secretariat win the Cup a year ago) appeared to be having a wonderful time, the sponsor of the race was pleased, and Belmont had a five-million-dollar day in the mutuels.



In the paddock and during the parade to the post, Forego stood out, as he would anywhere, for he's seventeen hands high, but this time he looked exceptionally fit. True Knight was a bit on edge, Big Spruce had more sheen to his coat than usual, and Holding Pattern, whom I'd never seen before but who I thought would win, was lighter in body than I had gathered from seeing pictures of him. By the time the ten runners reached the starting gate, the footing had changed from sloppy to muddy, and a dozen strides after the break Plunk and Infuriator, two of the seven who ran in both the Cup and the Governor, were off in front, where they remained until the field swung wide on the turn into the stretch. Here Big Spruce came up on the rails and popped into the lead, just as he had in the Governor, and he maintained his advantage, passing the winning post nearly three lengths to the good. Arbees Boy, who is seldom out of the money but whom I can never take seriously (perhaps it's his name), stood off Forego's drive for the place. If you're interested in weights and measures, Big Spruce carried 120 pounds—two more than he did in the Governor. To counterbalance that, Lefty Nickerson, who trains him, ran him with calks on his shoes—a help in heavy going. Big Spruce is a big dark-bay five-year-old by Hebarger out of Silver Sari, and he's owned by Max Gluck, an industrialist and former ambassador to Ceylon, who races in the name of Elmendorf, his farm in Kentucky. One of the better runners on the grass last year, Big Spruce hadn't appeared in the winner's circle this year until the Governor, but the $70,020 he picked up there and the $150,000 he won in the Marlboro have made up for that. Nickerson believes he'll be wizard on the grass, so he'll go for the Man O' War Stakes at Belmont on October 12th and the Washington, D.C., International in November.

As you must know, the Philip Morris company, which makes Marlboro cigarettes, sponsors the race, putting up the entire purse. The horses are selected to run for it on their past performances and pay no entry or starting fee. Second money is $55,000, third $30,000, and fourth $15,000. There will be another Marlboro next year.

In England, many of the stakes races are similarly sponsored, a variety of interests putting up the prize money. These include bookmakers—among them the William Hill Organization (the late Mr. Hill was the biggest bookmaker of them all) and Ladbrokes, the oldest betting establishment and the most posh. The Irish Hospitals Sweeps sponsors the Grand National Steeplechase and the Cambridgeshire Stakes, both of which are big future-betting events. Then, there's the Hennessy Cognac Gold Cup, for a steeplechase at Newbury; the Benson & Hedges Gold Cup, at York (John Galbreath won that in 1972, with Roberto); the Schweppes Gold Trophy; the Scottish & Newcastle Breweries Handicap (I like that one); the Moët & Chandon Silver Magnum (the rider of the winner gets the big bottle); and the Ebor Handicap, paid for by Johnnie Walker. The Totalisator Horserace Board company sponsors several races, and De Beers Consolidated Mines, Ltd., has made the King George VI and the Queen Elizabeth Stakes the richest race in the United Kingdom, with a gross value of nearly $300,000.

EARLIER in the week at Belmont, Desert Vixen came out of the shadow of several defeats and back to her form of last season, when she was the best of her age and sex. Taking on eleven other fillies and mares in the Maskette Handicap, she dominated the running throughout the mile, winning by a length and a quarter from Ponte Vecchio, the favorite, with Poker Night third, half a length behind. It was almost as exciting to watch as the Marlboro Cup. La Prevoyante, a wonder Canadian filly at two but not so good at four, came out of the starting gate like a scared cat and passed the first-quarter marker in 0:22⅗ and the half in 0:44⅘, with Desert Vixen close behind her. As La Prevoyante began losing speed (she finished eleventh), Desert Vixen withstood a sharp challenge by Ponte Vecchio. Twixt, Maryland's darling, who was under top weight of 124 pounds, giving four to Desert Vixen, was in the thick of the fight all the way, finishing fourth. It was a perfect prep for the Beldame Stakes, a weight-for-age affair, at nine furlongs, which comes up this Saturday. Desert Vixen, who won it last year, will no doubt be the favorite. Among those she'll meet are Chris Evert, the season's top three-year-old filly; Krislin, winner of the Delaware Handicap; and, needless to say, Twixt.

—Audax Minor

●

THE RESCUE

Around the old old islands
old old crocodiles swim,
eye sockets like croquet wickets
glinting in the sun.

Their wicked eyes transfix you,
little naked man
splashing from the sea wreck
of the great ship *Caliban*

to those green Encantadas—
at least, that's your idea,
despite the tricky creatures
grinning from ear to ear.

You head for the far bull's-eye
through circles of bright teeth—
there, at last you've made it,
hard land beneath your feet.

You stumble through the shallows
retching up bile and brine,
crawl across crusted ledges
aglitter with sea shine

and now, passing the tidemark,
shed weak and thankful tears . . .
Something's a little wrong, though,
there's not much greenness here—

just black volcanic scourings
to scorch the tender skin
and sun and rock and tortoises
and seabirds shrieking down

the winds that blow from elsewhere.
Is elsewhere home? You've come
where there's no getting back without
another, longer swim.

—Frederick Morgan

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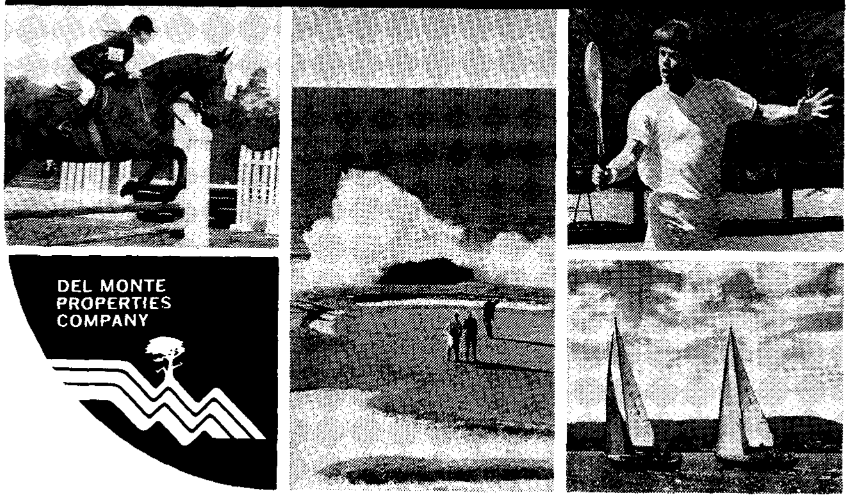

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BOOKS

Behind the Beyond

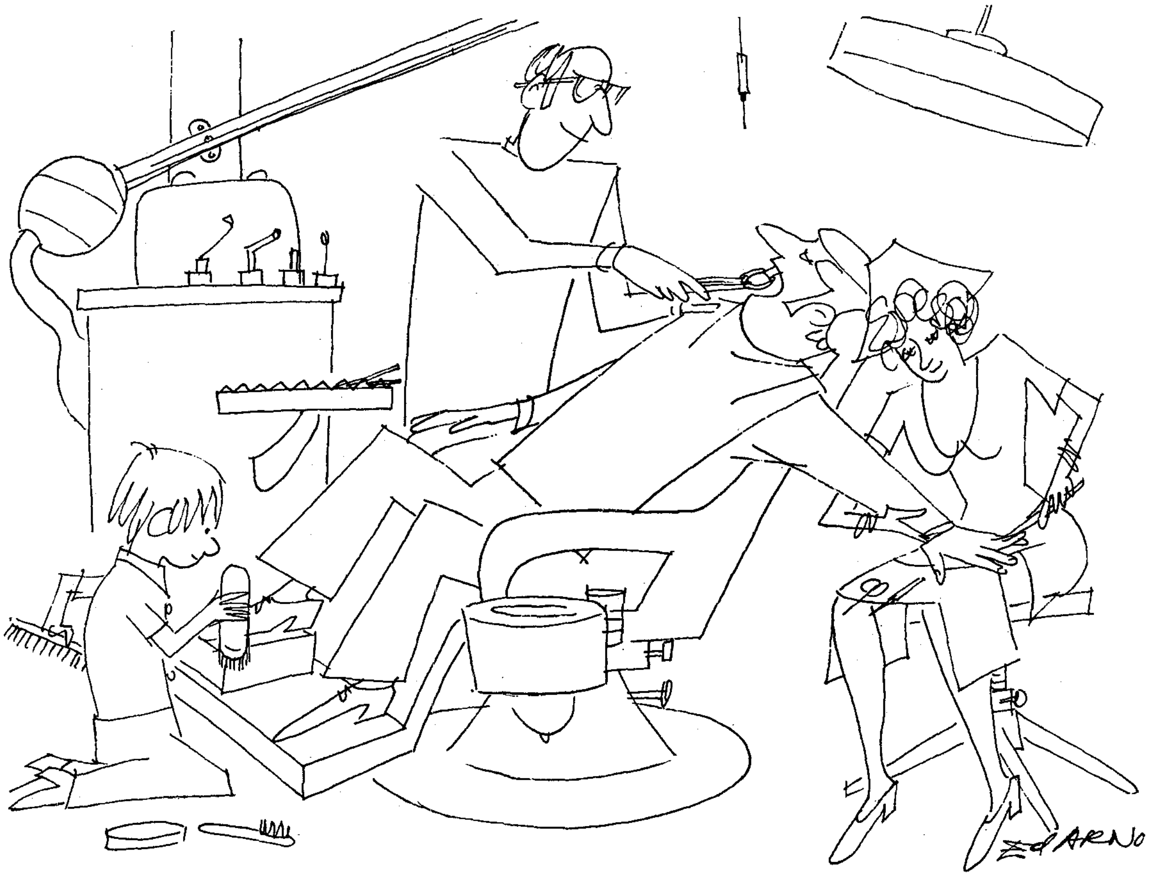
WE are removed from many people on this planet by more than distance, and we are apt to judge them by our standards. Neither planes nor television nor any other technological achievements have turned the world's population into understanding friends and neighbors. One can go everywhere without losing a self-centered view of the world; one can watch a thousand travelogues or *cinéma-vérité* documentaries and still distrust people who look or act "different." The tug of our own lives often is too much for us, and if anyone tries to pull us toward "them"—Asians or Africans, or our own Indians or Eskimos—we are quick to react: our informant is merely an anthropologist, who has made a career out of tribal observation, or a polemicist. Occasionally, an observer who has ventured into regions unknown to nearly all of us can educate us in the most disarming way—informally and patiently, without any academic or ideological agenda. One thinks of James Agee among Alabama's sharecroppers in the nineteen-thirties, of George Orwell doggedly pursuing the "lower depths" of Paris or London. They bring fellow human beings so close to us that we can recognize them as brothers and sisters under the skin, no matter how unlike us they seem; a hard-driven Alabama field hand comes across clearly, a man on skid row whom Orwell happened to meet is conveyed to us in a compelling manner.

Sheila Burnford's "One Woman's Arctic" (Atlantic-Little, Brown) is in that tradition. She tells what she has observed in strong, straightforward prose, she organizes her ideas and observations so that the reader learns more than he may realize; she avoids didactic insistence: the people I studied have certain traits and can be categorized in a certain way. She has spent years in the out-of-doors of her native Britain and in Canada's sparsely settled north woods. In her fifties, she is still active, adventurous. During the Second World War, she drove an ambulance. She hunts and fishes; she sails; she has a pilot's license; she wanders far and wide taking note of the natural world. Her first book, "The Incredible Journey," is at initial glance a tale for youthful readers—the trek of a young Labrador retriever, an ancient bull terrier, and a Siamese cat through the Canadian wilderness. What distinguishes the book is the author's special understanding of animals and the terrain these ones travelled. In her "The Fields of Noon," the reader is presented with tender, knowing sketches of dogs, of a canary, of open countryside, deep woods—in Scotland, in Spain, in Canada. More recently (1969), Mrs. Burnford turned her attention to human beings—the Cree and Ojibwa Indians of Ontario, whom she describes with empathy and shrewdness in "Without Reserve." Now she tells us of people in the Northwest Territories well above the Arctic Circle, where she spent two summers with the Innuit Eskimos, mostly in Pond Inlet, on remote Baffin Island. With her was Susan Ross, an equally hardy older woman.

Mrs. Burnford was, she says, there not to preach to the Eskimos, teach them her values, convey her kind of knowledge, buy anything from them, or enlist them as hunting guides: "I was there 'just to be there.'" She acknowledges "mild amateur interests in birds and wild flowers, animals, and artifacts." And she is sure that the Eskimos were puzzled by her: "We were two Kabloonahs, white women *d'un certain âge*, as the French so happily put it, with grownup families." It took a while to get used to the twenty-four-hour days of the Arctic summer. A visitor loses a sense of time: it is for others, far away, to look at watches and clocks. Not that the life of Pond Inlet is static or uneventful. The day has its rhythms—all related in the mind of the Eskimo to the movement of the sun across the sky but not fitted into a strict chronology. One responds to nature's moods with no notion of schedules or quotas to be met within a given "time frame." For the Eskimo, the world is awesome, man small and vulnerable; one tries to survive, and to stay in touch with the environment rather than subdue it.

Mrs. Burnford is quite aware of the subtleties of the changing landscape:

> Now the strait was ice-locked to silence and there were no birds;



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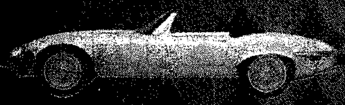

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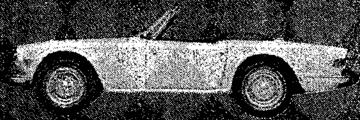

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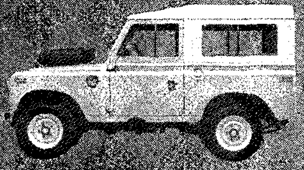

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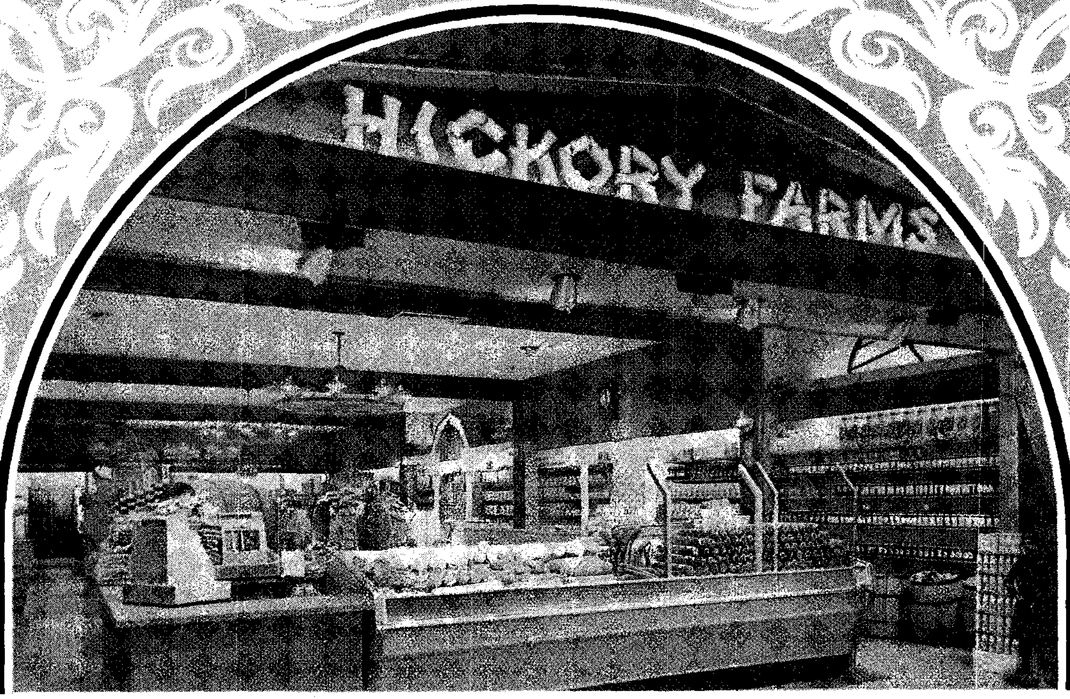

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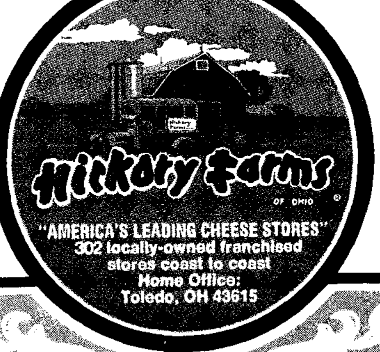

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soon there would be the sound of open water and shifting, groaning, creaking ice floes, the air filled with the music of dozens of different gulls and waterfowl. Now the rocky hillside was covered in snow; in a few days it would spring into brilliant life, carpeted with myriad wild flowers. One moment the glaciers opposite would seem remote as another continent; next time I looked it would seem that I only had to walk a mile or so across the ice to be at the end of their thousands-of-years-old road. Or the mountains would be cloud-wreathed, the sun striking in silver shafts across the ice below; then a pure white peak from the ice cap would rear through the clouds, catch the sun, and so change light and color again.

As for the Eskimos, "like a piece of blotting paper I simply absorbed whatever came my way, content to be given bits of information, not to question or inquire, more interested in the land, and in the people as villagers and friendly faces, than in their relationships, or in the workings and economy of the settlement." Yet we have an excellent account of how a community overcomes a vast range of obstacles. We are brought close to that community. "It was impossible to feel shy or a stranger for long." The Eskimos of Pond Inlet, like Eskimos elsewhere, are generous, hospitable, helpful to outsiders in whatever way, and no questions asked. Perhaps people constantly reminded of their extreme vulnerability are not carried away with themselves, or perhaps they are simply by nature gentle and easygoing. It is as if they regarded themselves as brief guests on this earth, with an obligation to help one another and to be prepared at any moment to leave. In the vastness of the Arctic, the entirely white mountains that appear so near seem to recede as one approaches. A strange and haunting medley pervades—the wind sweeping across the land, the ice moving, groaning, "the cries of gulls and long-tailed jaegers overhead; the excited, rushing patter of a flock of a hundred guillemots' feet on the water; the high-pitched scream of terns; sometimes geese calling far out, snows and white-fronts, or the amazingly melodic gossip of old squaws drifting across the water." Then the clouds that have been threatening vanish, the noise abates, the silence becomes a noticeable presence. "I felt suddenly overcome with the magnitude of it all compared with the infinitesimal dot that was me standing in the middle of a frozen sea; so infinitesimal that it seemed ludicrous that anything so nearly invisible could have cold hands or feel hungry—could do anything in fact except just *be* and no more. I have seldom felt so utterly

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content. I was often to experience this most peaceful acceptance of my microscopic unimportance. I think I began to understand then how this land binds so strongly, and is bound up with, its people. The two are one."

From Mrs. Burnford we learn who settled in the Arctic and what befell them, what it is like now, as more explorers, surveyors, engineers, and officials arrive. She raises a vexing issue that is a constant presence in every one of her books: How is one to regard the Eskimos, or the Indian tribes who live to the south of them? Are they our moral superiors? Are they hopelessly isolated and "primitive" people who barely hold on to life? Are they ill suited to another life situation? Only by implication do we learn that her attitude is essentially admiration and practicality: live and let live. The Eskimos have never wanted to move south, acquire land that is somebody else's, insist that others conform to their way of life. They have received all visitors and have been patient listeners and observers, if not the most willing and compliant of hosts. Whalers and hunters have come to the Arctic, and adventurers, gold-hungry explorers, missionaries, misfits, geologists looking for oil, and surveyors to plan wells, roads, and pipelines. And the reward for the willingness to extend a helping hand is the shantytowns of Alaska and northern Canada—inhabited by a demoralized people who have lost touch, who no longer have a purpose, who spend their time in bars or in the lineup in front of government agencies. Mrs. Burnford acknowledges that the white man can bring the Eskimo a longer life, a more comfortable and secure existence. But she speaks, too, of "laziness and greed, loss of skills, and eventually loss of racial pride."

This has not yet happened in Pond Inlet. There the author saw a people of enormous vitality and resourcefulness go about their chores. To stay alive is a constant achievement: today's supply of food, or bearable weather may be followed by near-starvation, wind, snow, and cold of an intensity we of the temperate zone cannot comprehend. The Eskimo is clever, alert, ingenious, quick of reflex. Mrs. Burnford, mother of three children, notes that the Eskimos do not make the child an object of veneration; children are allies, successors who need to learn quickly how to survive, even though by trial and error. A child perpetually protected cannot survive.

"Thirty years ago Rasmussen observed," says Mrs. Burnford, "that he had learned from an old Eskimo 'It is

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generally believed that white men have quite the same minds as small children. Therefore one should always give way to them. They are easily angered, and when they cannot get their will they are moody, and, like children, have the strangest ideas and fancies'—a somewhat sobering estimate, and one that time does not seem to have modified." But what the famous Arctic explorer said then can apply to the Eskimos as well; they, too, can be "small children," susceptible to blandishment. Six hundred miles from Pond Inlet lies an enormous base built by the United States Strategic Air Command. The base has been closed, but the city that arose around it remains, and so do many of the Eskimos who worked there before the airmen departed:

"Difficult to judge how many millions of dollars thrown away when they left," I wrote in my journal after wandering the site, still surrounded by its towering fence, the catwalks on stilts in case of "whiteouts" still intact, the Operations Room with tiered seats just like the movies. All electrical radio, radar, etc., equipment burned or hacked to pieces, shed after shed of twisted, broken remains. The cars and trucks were put into gear and sent over the hill to the gravel pit below, which then bulldozed over, so that no one could possibly benefit from them. Yet they left canteen furniture, bunks, etc. With such an example of white wastefulness to a people accustomed to making something out of nothing, everything out of something, perhaps it's small wonder that the Eskimos exposed to it were never the same again. . . . Small children asking for "pennies," tarty-looking teenage girls emerging from the Palace Theatre, one memorable character with the shortest of sawn-off shorts, purple fishnet leotards, and a small dirty baby in a filthy *amouti* on her back—puffy-eyed, flabby-faced boys shouting uninhibitedly Anglo-Saxon badinage after them.

So it goes: a great nation moves to defend itself, and a scattered, defenseless, but brave and sensitive people become, in a way, casualties of a war they never saw or understood. Perhaps some Arctic travellers would, instead, emphasize the marginal nature of Eskimo living, the many infants who die because no medical care is available or grow up to live needlessly risky lives. Mrs. Burnford, it is true, sought out a particularly sturdy and self-reliant community of people, and became a comrade and a partisan. She was a guest in their cabins, a welcome friend who ate their raw fish, their seal meat, their muktuk (the skin of narwhal), travelled with them behind a dog team. Her Arctic is a place where genial people come to respectful terms with a splendid stretch of unspoiled land; and for all its challenges of weather it is

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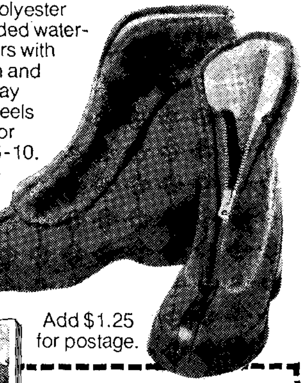

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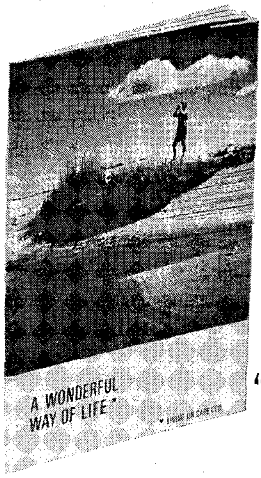

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As one reads Mrs. Burnford's books, a question comes up that she has anticipated: What did the Eskimos or the Indians with whom she spent so much time think of this not so young woman, the mother of grown children, who wanted to see and photograph and tape-record birds of the Arctic? But the Eskimos, reticent and polite as they are, do not question other people; people are entitled to privacy. Perhaps Sheila Burnford was one of the more pleasant surprises for Pond Inlet. However isolated, however resigned to "fate" or accepting of "nature," they have learned to live with a modicum of white visitors, and no doubt to expect lectures, sermons, questions, instructions, even commands. Instead, two women arrived, stayed some months, demonstrated the most intense affection and concern, even a bit of envy, then left in obvious sadness. One wishes that this book could be read by those whose land, character, and spirit the author conveys so well. But surely her Arctic friends know how much she hopes, for the sake of all of them, that there will be a middle ground between the precarious, brief, but dignified life of the hunter or fisherman of Pond Inlet and the life of the Eskimos she saw near that Air Force base, only a few hundred miles away.

—ROBERT COLES

BRIEFLY NOTED

GENERAL

WITHOUT CLOAK OR DAGGER: THE TRUTH ABOUT THE NEW ESPIONAGE, by Miles Copeland (Simon & Schuster). As Huey Long said of himself, this book is *sui generis*—nothing like anything else published about spying and secret services. The author, a graduate of the O.S.S. and C.I.A., admits that the book was conceived in exasperation, because the rest of us have everything all wrong and he wants to set us straight. (Luckily, his style is not cranky but clear, funny, and frank.) Intelligence-gathering, he tells us, is mostly that—using your brains. He offers a sad illustration from the Second World War: an O.S.S.-Resistance team around Clermont-Ferrand risked their lives to report on the success of Allied bombing of north-south railways, while a far-removed deskman could determine the situation by checking the price of oranges in Paris, which rose when rail service was interrupted and fell when it

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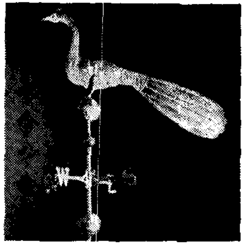

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was restored. Copeland tells about several nations' Intelligence activities, and maintains that espionage is only a tiny fraction of their work. Further, he systematically debunks the glamour of that fraction: a spy ("agent") is usually a minor figure who has been seduced into betraying secrets for money, and derring-do is a proof of failure. Readers with highly colored imaginations may be disappointed by the book's matter-of-fact practicalities, but those who harbor an invincible opposition to the C.I.A. will doubtless consider it a whitewash. That it is not. The corruption of human beings and the covert manipulation of men, women, and institutions is not an attractive business; while Intelligence work (as Copeland portrays it) may not be bloody, it is no career for a sensitive conscience.

IN SEARCH OF THE RED APE, by John MacKinnon (Holt, Rinehart & Winston). The red ape is the two-hundred-pound more or less arboreal orangutan of Borneo and Sumatra, and the least known of the great primates. Mr. MacKinnon, a young English zoologist (and a grandson of Ramsay MacDonald), is one of the few scientists who have succeeded in studying the massive, manlike creature in the wild. His book recounts two protracted observational stays in the jungles of Borneo and a sojourn (accompanied by his resilient bride) in Sumatra, which were rewarded by many opportunities to watch orangutans—usually a mother and child or a small family group—feeding on treetop jungle fruit, playfully swinging through the trees, loudly courting and mating, or curled up asleep in leafy nests. His manner is light but serious (somewhat like that of the early Gerald Durrell), and whether he is describing the beauty of a jungle moment or the misery of an attack by leeches, he is utterly convincing and enjoyably instructive. Photographs, most of them in good color.

THE GERMANS, by Erich Kahler, edited by Robert and Rita Kimber (Princeton). This is an excellent book that perhaps appears after its time. Its late author, a distinguished scholar and himself a German who fled from the Nazis and then taught, wrote, and lectured in this country, surveys the German past to find out what was wrong—why did Nazism happen *there*? He describes character flaws in German tribes first recorded by the Romans, develop-

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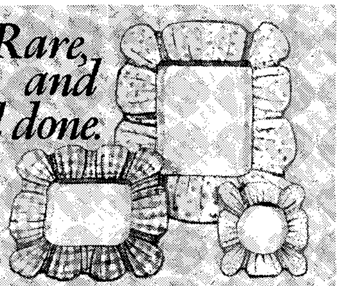

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mental flaws in medieval German political history, the failings of Luther, and so on. The book is intelligent, thoughtful, readable, and learned, but when Kahler extols France's powerful royal government (in contrast to the fragmentation of Germany before Bismarck) he seems to forget the savagery of the armies of Louis XIV (not to mention that king's genocidal persecution of Huguenots) and the rapacious conquests of Napoleon.

THE ETRUSCANS, by Werner Keller, translated from the German by Alexander and Elizabeth Henderson (Knopf). Science has known little about the Etruscans until recently, because archeology in Italy long dedicated itself to Roman antiquity, and the Romans preferred to minimize their cultural debt to the people from whom they borrowed their civilization ("Rome" itself derives from an Etruscan word) and whom they later conquered. The first unification of Italy, by the Romans, was considerably bloodier than the second, by Cavour and Garibaldi, but Etruscan families survived to play their part in Roman history; Maecenas was of Etruscan descent. Mr. Keller tells us that specialists now think the Etruscans came from the Middle East, bringing an advanced technology in drainage and irrigation; they reclaimed malarial swamps and brought new land into cultivation. Their agricultural surplus supported cities of considerable size, which in turn bred new wealth, for the Etruscans were remarkable artists and artisans, whose wares were in demand. Their decline was caused by the Etruscan city-states' inability to unite early enough against the assortment of foes their prosperity attracted. Mr. Keller does not overvalue the Etruscans, but he does mention innumerable Etruscan contributions to the West, among them the rectangular grid plan of cities, and various religious motifs, from bishops' croziers to the visual representation of demons, that passed, through Rome, into Christianity. And he thinks it more than coincidence that Renaissance art arose in the Etruscans' home, Tuscany.

THE GRAND TRADITION: SEVENTY YEARS OF SINGING ON RECORD, by J. B. Steane (Scribners). This is a book that will delight all those who love singers and singing. It is not so much a history of the subject as a critical analysis—and a very acute one—of the technical equipment,

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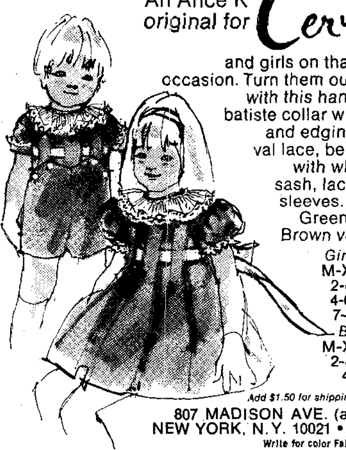

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MYSTERY AND CRIME

SCORPION, by Christopher Hill (St. Martin's). A thriller set and firmly rooted in contemporary England—a gray, squalid, high-priced, demoralized country where nothing works. The only hope, in the opinion of an increasing number of the frightened middle class, is a right-wing M.P., John Wright. Yet to a clearer-sighted few Wright is no savior but a dangerous demagogue of the sort so often thrown up by crisis, and something must be done. That job is given—though he is the last to know it—to a young, idle, dilettantish homosexual whose only talent is a dead-shot marksmanship. He is an oddly appealing hero, tough and capable, and, in the splendid convolution with which Mr. Hill ends his story, a most resourceful rogue. This is a first book, but it is an expert piece of work.

SPY STORY, by Len Deighton (Harcourt Brace Jovanovich). Mr. Deighton returns to international espionage by leading us into the computerized insanity of the Joint Anglo-American Strategic (Naval) War Game Studies Centre, in London, and showing us what the staff is really up to. The action, hobbled by much technical information, tends to move by fits and starts, and our mystification by what we seem to be seeing is almost total, but the information is grimly instructive and the mystification is irresistibly beguiling. It might be added that Mr. Deighton has never written more cleanly, and that he has also pretty much curbed his tendency to long-windedness.

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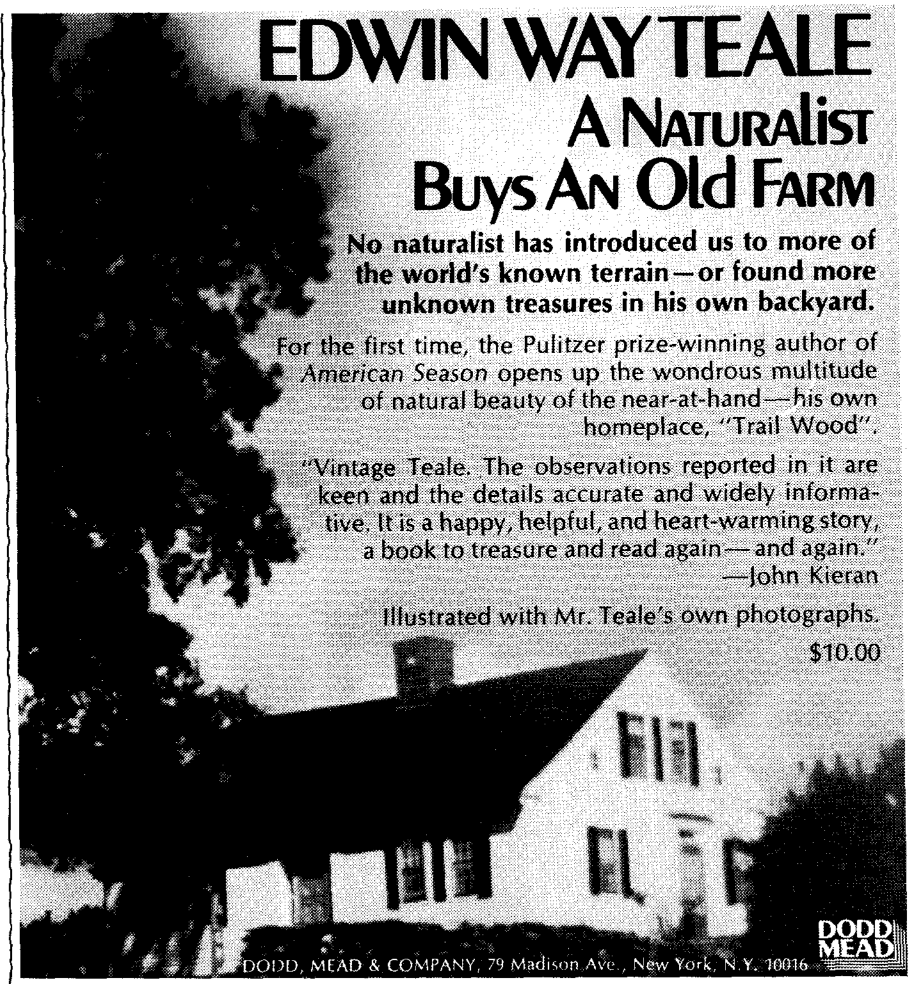

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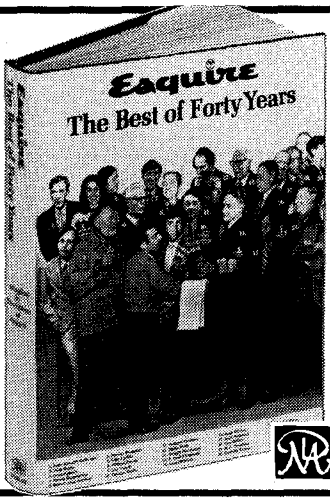

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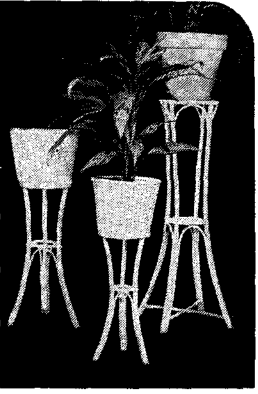

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Q. SIR, 2000 years ago where did people live and how did they spend their time?

A. 2000 years ago there was no luxury buildings with music in the elevators or single bars where married men hung out.

There was only rocks and caves. More rocks and caves than you could shake a stick at. In fact, shaking a stick at a rock was a good job already. Not everybody could get that job. You had to have a little something. Standing around and looking was also a good job. But that was easy. That was light work. It had to be light work. You couldn't do it in the dark.

And the caves...uhhh. Did we hate each other. The tall blue eyes were in the tall light caves, the short brown eyes were in the short dark caves.

Q. Well, how did everyone communicate?

A. Rock talk.

Q. ??????????

A. Here, I'll hit you with a little rock talk. "Hey you, put down that rock! Don't throw that rock at me. I'll call a policeman." That was your basic rock talk. And rock music followed. Take a couple of rocks and hit them against each other or against people and you got some nice sounds.

Q. Sir, in 2000 years did you begat any children?

A. I gat 42,000. And not one comes to visit me on Saturday or Sunday. Not one calls to give me a "Hi, Pop." But it's all right. Children, let them be.

Q. Sir, when was Scotch discovered?

A. It was during the ice age. We had so many tons of ice we didn't know what to do. So we made drinks. All kinds of drinks. After a few drinks, we all chased around. That's how the chaser was born.

Q. Sir, to what do you attribute having lived 2000 years?

A. Exercise and garlic.

Q. Garlic?

A. Yes. You know, the scientific way how you die? The Angel of Death comes late at night. He rings your apartment bell. You let him in and he kills you. But I'm smart. Before I'll retire and pull up mine crazy quilt, I'll eat a nice pound and a half garlic. And when the Angel of Death taps me on the shoulder and says, "Come along with me," I turn around and talk right in his face."Who is it?", I say. After that he leaves me alone for quite awhile.

Q. Sir, you also mention exercise?

A. Exercise, exercise, exercise. Who would we be...How would we be ...What would we be without exercise?

Q. What do you do for exercise?

A. Everyday early in the morning, I open a window and take a deep breath. Then I fall to my knees and pray fiercely that my brains should not drift too far from my thoughts and my heart should not attack me.

Q. So basically your exercise is praying?

A. You got it Sonny. And, before I run out of breath...a dangerous thing at my age...I better stop. I'll take me a little Teacher's. After all, you monied me for all of this...Let's be pleasant.

Q. Sir, is it true that you have just made a new record with Carl Reiner entitled, 2000 AND THIRTEEN, and that your latest movie, BLAZING SADDLES is breaking records all over the country, and that you have just completed principal photography work on your new comic masterpiece YOUNG FRANKENSTEIN?

A. No!

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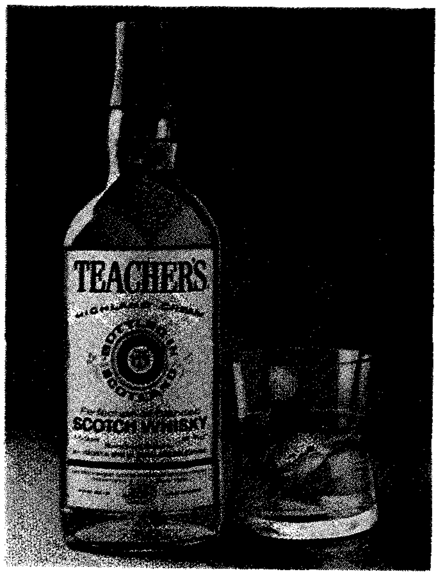

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